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SAVAGE CHILDHOOD

A STUDY OF KAFIR CHILDREN

BY

DUDLEY KIDD
AUTHOR OF "THE ESSENTIAL KAFIR," ETC.

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THIRTY-TWO FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
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LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1906

PREFACE

THE beginnings of things are always interesting and instructive. The mind cannot rest until it reaches the beginning of a process. We cannot fully understand the structure of an animal until we study the development of the embryo; zoology and morphology are bound to start with embryology; we cannot understand the mind of the adult until we study the development of the mind of the child; psychology is bound to start with child-study: we cannot understand the social or religious life of civilised races until we study the development of the social and religious life of savage tribes; sociology and theology are bound to start with ethnography; finally, we cannot understand the life of the savage until we study the childhood of the savage.

An immense amount of work has been done in all the initial stages referred to above, except in the case of the childhood of the savage. On applying to the London Library and to the Childhood Society, I could not find any trace of an English book devoted to the subject.* A friend kindly searched for me at the British Museum, and, while he found many books dealing with the child as a subject for ethnographical study, he could not find the trace of a single English

* The Librarian of the London Library could only suggest the following works: Spencer, *Descriptive Sociology—Uncivilised Races;* Ploss (H.), *Das Kind in brauch und ,itte der Volker,* 2 vols.; Featherman (A.), *Social History of Races of Mankind,* Smithsonian Institution—Bureau of Ethnology, 3 vols.

book about the childhood of the Native Races of South Africa. If there be such a book it cannot be very widely known. Some attention has been paid to negro children in America, but contact with civilisation has introduced a disturbing factor into the problem. The American negro can hardly be called a savage. It has fallen to my lot to read through about a hundred English volumes dealing with the various tribes of South Africa; my impression is that if the folk-lore tales, together with all the observations which every traveller must of necessity make during his first few visits to Kafir kraals, be excepted, the information contained in all these books concerning the children of the natives could be recorded on a few sheets of notepaper.

In works on Psychology and Child-study the adult savage is usually taken to represent the zero of some anthropological and Centigrade scale. The reader is led, not unnaturally, to regard the child of the savage as a sort of absolute zero of temperature—a point at which all molecular motion is supposed to cease. As a matter of fact the savage is at his best, intellectually, emotionally, and morally, at the dawn of puberty. When puberty is drawing to a close, a degenerative process seems to set in, and the previous efflorescence of the faculties leads to no adequate fruitage in later life. If we consent, as we must, to treat the savage child as the zero of our scale, we need to remember that this is but an artificial, methodological device; if we would retain a sense of proportion we must remember that the adult Kafir, on this scale, is often a *minus* quantity. Childhood, so far from being beneath our notice, is the most important, instructive, and interesting period in the life of a savage. In nothing is this more marked than in the case of the imagination. Not a few observers have pointed out that the imagination in the Kafirs

runs to seed after puberty : it would be truer to say that it runs to sex. Our main aim in the education of backward races should be to draw out, discipline, and strengthen the various faculties (and specially the imagination) of the children so that, when the age of puberty arrives, these faculties may be able to resist the degenerative and blighting tendencies that must soon arise. The politician in South Africa pays attention chiefly to the question of the franchise of the native ; the statesman is profoundly interested in the education of the children.

Only those who have studied Kafir children can realise how fascinating, and yet how difficult, the subject is. The children are so shy of the strange white man, and the parents are so unwilling, or so unable, to supply reliable information, that it is peculiarly difficult to enter into the *vie intime* of the children. When it is borne in mind that the present volume records but the experiences gathered during fifteen or sixteen years of desultory study of the subject, and that the children described are scattered over an area about half the size of Europe, and also present striking tribal differences, it will readily be seen that the conclusions arrived at are but provisional. It would take a lifetime to study adequately the children of a single tribe. I am conscious of having only touched the fringe of the subject. Had health permitted I would have done several more years' work before publishing this study, which may, however, act as a stimulus to others to follow up the subject. Civilisation is spreading so fast that there is no time to be lost. European influence is already profoundly modifying many tribal usages. It is safe to say that in a hundred years' time people will be wondering why we, with all our boasted love for knowledge and with all our professed sympathy for our subject races, allowed our priceless opportunity to

slip by unheeded. I have, therefore, been more anxious to record the facts than to indicate their bearing on current anthropological theory. There is all too little time for the investigation of facts, while there will ever be ample time for the spinning of theories.

Not knowing where to find authorities, it has been necessary to rely almost entirely on personal observation and investigation. All information supplied to me by Europeans, except such as I had previously recorded, is duly acknowledged in the text—with one exception. To my friend, Mr. Douglas Wood, who reduced the Tshindao language to writing, I owe nearly every fact mentioned about the natives of Gazaland, as well as the literal translation of all the Surprise Stories in chap. vii. It is difficult to estimate how great this debt is, for I was only able to spend a few weeks in Gazaland. My thanks are also due to him for having collected some native tunes, as well as for the whole-hearted manner in which he threw himself into some special investigations I asked him to make.

Bryant's *Zulu-English Dictionary* appeared shortly after the manuscript of the present volume was finished. It was, however, possible to insert a few facts taken from that work before finally going to press. All such borrowings are acknowledged in the text. The appearance of that excellent dictionary gives me the more confidence in publishing my own observations, for it corroborates so many statements I have made. In fact, it might easily be thought that I had borrowed extensively from Mr. Bryant, were it not known that my account had been written before his work appeared.

In addition to much help received from English and American works on the subject of Child-study, I found Professor Sully's *Study of Childhood* most

stimulating and suggestive. My thanks are also due to Dr. A. C. Haddon for kindly suggesting several ethnographical points to be attended to. I owe not a little in the way of thanks to many missionaries who have so kindly and sympathetically aided me during the last fifteen years. Finally, I wish to express my thanks to many Kafir friends who, with considerable tact, obtained information for me from women who would have been disinclined to give information to a white man.

The period of life described in this volume is that which extends from birth to the dawn of puberty. The chapter on infancy is very incomplete from the medical and psychological points of view. It would require a separate volume—and a lifetime of study—to treat that period of life adequately. And it would be very difficult work, because the mothers would, not unnaturally, resent any close examination of their babies. All that I have been able to do with regard to the period of infancy is to take a few snapshots, as it were, and to clear the ground a little from the ethnographical point of view, so that future investigators may know the difficulties that face them owing to tribal customs. I hope to take up this period some day.

I had intended to prepare a chapter on adolescence, but it soon became obvious that the period of puberty would also require a volume to itself. Owing to the effects of an accident while travelling in South Africa, several years must elapse before it will be possible to continue the studies for this subject. This great difficulty with regard to travel must also be my excuse for doing such scant justice to the Kafir children from the photographic point of view. The few illustrations given may be better than nothing, but they are inadequate to convey a full impression of the peculiar charm of these delightful little people.

May 1906.

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CHAPTER I

BIRTH AND INFANCY

CHAPTER I

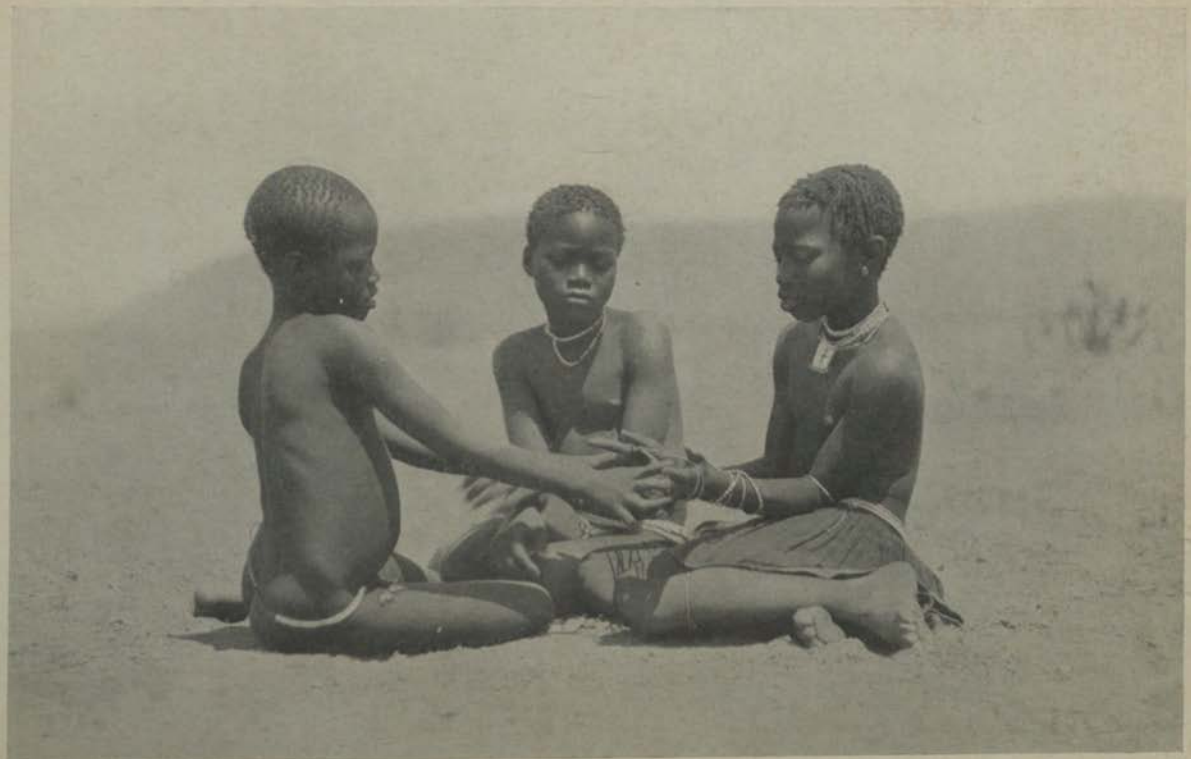
BIRTH AND INFANCY

THERE is a directness about a Kafir which enables him to pick out the salient features of a thing, and so, in common with the English schoolboy, he invariably chooses the one inevitable nickname for a person. When he calls his children in fun "Little animals," or "Little baboons," it is safe to say that he indicates the obvious, if superficial, character of his children. No one can look at a number of little naked Kafir children sprawling on the ground, playing games, setting bird-traps, tumbling over one another like so many little puppies, without laughing and saying beneath his breath, "What delightful little animals."

But though all this is so obvious that even the most hurried traveller cannot help observing it, yet it is but half—and the less important half—of the truth. The essential fact, which is often hidden even from those dwelling amongst the natives, is that there is also present the germ of a higher life. It is this that makes the study of the children so interesting, for this unexpected quality is for ever appearing at the most unexpected moments. The children do not "show off" before Europeans, and so it is as necessary to stalk them at play as it is to stalk wild animals in order to discover their habits. A single instance may be given to show this, and to point out how valueless are hasty and negative conclusions when studying the Kafirs. Wishing to find out whether the native children in Natal played the

string game called "Cat's Cradle," I asked a number of children who were romping together whether they knew the game. They said they had never even heard of it. So I showed them the first move in the game, and gave them the piece of string to play with. They simply tangled and untangled the piece of twine, and assured me that they did not know any game played with string. The children protested their ignorance of the game with a vigour that was suspicious. In childhood, before the higher inhibitions and controls have been established, there is a strong tendency for an idea to express itself in action. To put it in scientific language, an idea has an intrinsic motor-force —a fact that lies at the root of the imitative faculty. The knowledge that a strange white man was looking on might act as an inhibition on the spontaneity of these children, and might keep them from being perfectly natural. I therefore laid a trap for them by telling them that, since they did not know the game, I would go on with my work. Pretending to be busy with other things, I kept an eye on these children without their suspecting it. No sooner did they think that they were unobserved than they began to play the game amongst themselves behind my back. They made the first four moves exactly as we do in Europe. Like the *Heathen Chinee*, this was "The game they did *not* understand!"

Rarely can a European get sufficiently close to the children so as to find out their habits. Roughly speaking, there are three classes of Europeans living amongst the natives—magistrates, missionaries, and traders. The magistrate has a dignity to maintain that is scarcely consistent with the habit of humouring the children into a free intimacy with him; the missionary has a high seriousness about him which is apt to keep the children at a distance; he is so fully occupied that he is apt to give over the school-work



GIRLS PLAYING "CAT'S CRADLE" IN NATAL

to native teachers and thus loses touch with the children; the trader cannot be expected to have such a keen anthropological interest as to make him neglect his work in order that he may become intimate with the children. Let there be added to all this the fact that there is a gulf dividing Europeans from natives in South Africa, and it will cause no surprise that the children have not been studied as they might have been.

This gulf between the races may be deplored, but is not to be wondered at. There is something about the adult Kafir, and especially about the half-educated one, that naturally irritates the European. It is difficult to define accurately what this objectionable quality is. It is not only an aggressive self-assertion, though that is painfully present; it is not only an inordinate vanity, though that is most objectionable; it is not only a certain self-satisfied indolence, though that is seldom wanting. As a matter of fact, it is something much more primordial than any of these developed qualities. The Kafir is so unreflective, so full of animal spirits, so satisfied with the world, and lives so utterly in the passing moment, that he sub-consciously thinks other people must be as glad to see him as he is to see them, and he acts accordingly. Just as a dog runs up to every dog it meets to pass the time of day, and then with a spontaneity not always welcomed, comes and rubs itself against a man's trousers, wagging its tail as if all parties must surely be equally satisfied, so the Kafir imagines that all Europeans must be pleased with his presence. He is so sociable and unreflective that it never occurs to him that he might possibly be an unpleasant object to any other human being. From childhood he has been accustomed to hob-nob with every one he meets. He therefore takes what the European regards as liberties; but he does this by

sheer force of habit and without the least forethought, for he does not understand the reserve of a white man. But the average European attributes to the Kafir an advanced development of self-consciousness that the latter does not possess, and so misunderstands the familiarity. Thus the gulf grows wider.

The one thing that redeems these defects in the Kafir is his extraordinary good-nature. The excess of this virtue, running wild into an undue familiarity, makes the Kafir unpleasant to the European ; the same virtue, directed along a different channel, redeems the vice. A Kafir may be a very troublesome and unpleasant creature to manage as a labourer or house-boy : his indolence and stupidity may be very irritating at the moment ; but those who leave South Africa find that the irritating details soon get forgiven when compared with the vices of servants in other lands ; and there looms up in the mind a strong impression of the humour, cheerfulness and good-natured boyishness of the Kafir; these qualities are seen to redeem his defects. The European, chafing under the immediate difficulty, can no more be expected to take a calm and reasonable view of the situation than can a grocer, who has sent his Cockney errand-boy on some urgent business, and who is kept waiting an hour while the boy is playing marbles or climbing lamp-posts, be expected to admit at the moment that boys have their good points. But when the grocer has forgotten his cares at the tea-table and has become more reasonable, he is the first to admit generously that, after all, boys have some redeeming features.

The children of the Kafirs, however, have all the good-nature and cheerfulness of their elders without the unpleasant qualities ; consequently every white man has a good word to say for them. The children seem to be born good-natured and cheerful. It is surprising how little they cry, how easily they

are quieted, and how much of their life they spend in laughing. Apart from their helplessness and pretty ways, there is something about the merriment of Kafir children that is very engaging. It is a pleasure to see any human beings so spontaneous, so cheerful and so contented. The very colour of their faces seems designed to heighten the impression of delight shown by their grinning eyes and teeth. In fact, there is very little but dirt—a tolerably large exception it must be admitted—that is distinctly unpleasant about small black children. Such children are worth studying.

A Kafir was describing the customs connected with death and burial. He started with the obvious remark, "A man begins by being ill." This mode of starting before the usual beginning is characteristic of the Kafir. Likewise, in beginning our study of the Kafir child, let us start with the months previous to his birth.

I. BEFORE BIRTH

The Kafir thinks that evil may befall the child months before its birth, for the world is full of evil influences. A sick man walking along a path is supposed to leave an evil trail behind him, and any one touching his footsteps — especially a woman who is about to become a mother—can contract the sickness unawares. There are also hosts of witches and wizards who work charms to injure others, and should a woman come within the sphere of such influences she would pass on the evil to her unborn child. Even the food the woman eats may most profoundly affect her child. Consequently, when the woman walks about the country, she ties round her ankles certain small yellow flowers which have the property of undoing evil spells. She keeps in her

hut special pots of medicine, from which she drinks occasionally. But should any one look into one of the pots the reflection of the face would affect the mother and unborn child, so that the baby would have the likeness of the person who looked into the pot. The mother avoids eating buck lest her baby should be ugly; she does not eat the under-lip of a pig lest her baby should acquire a large under-lip; she takes care not to eat eland, or even to touch its fat, lest her baby's fontanelles should not grow firm and strong. Many women have a dread of porcupines, thinking that the eating of their flesh causes the children to be peculiarly ugly. The doctor therefore gives the woman medicated porcupine to eat, thus ensuring freedom from the danger. These are but a few of the restraints imposed upon the mother at this time.

It is thought that the sex of the child can be determined or modified before birth by the effect of certain drugs. Dreams are regarded as prognostic of the sex of the child; thus, should the mother dream of green or black snakes, or of buffaloes, the child will prove to be a boy; should she dream of puff-adders, or of crossing full rivers, the child will prove to be a girl.* The people pray for children to the *amatongo*, or ancestral spirits, and believe that fertility is a blessing within these spirits' power to bestow. Sterility and fertility both lie in the lap of these *amatongo*, for it is their duty to see to the continuation of the clan. The Kafirs are, of course, too shrewd not to know that there are natural conditions determining the birth-process, but they feel that the natural processes can be thwarted by witches and wizards, and that they can be favoured by the ancestral spirits. So whatever may be the proximate cause of sterility, or dwindling of the clan, the ultimate cause is supposed to be due to the failure of the ancestral spirits; for it is their

* *See* Bryant's *Zulu-English Dictionary*.

duty to look after the tribe and to thwart all evil influences and magical practices worked to do evil to the clan. The will of the ancestral spirits is therefore the final term in the problem.

In some tribes the people pray for many boys and but few girls, for if their prayers are answered they will be able to sell their daughters for sufficient cattle to make them rich, while their sons will settle down near the father's hut, and so make him a head-man of great importance. In other tribes the people pray for a few boys and many girls, preferring the greatness that comes from riches to that which comes from possessing a large kraal. Thus the people do not introduce any sentimental motives into the problem, merely regarding the children as a potential asset. A Kafir cannot understand how a white man might long for a girl because she clings so closely to her father. The man's desire to rise in the world rules his choice.

Shortly before the birth of the child the mother cuts grass on which to lie while secluded in her hut. And if possible she eats sweet-bread of the ox so as to make parturition easy. During the period of seclusion the mother may not drink sour milk, which taboo may last a month or two after the feast of purification. During the period in which milk is forbidden to her she has to wear a girdle made of grass or vegetable fibre. The husband is not allowed to be in the hut while the baby is being born, but several women usually act as midwives, the woman's mother being the most important person on such occasions.

II. THE DAY OF BIRTH

A Kafir child has but one birthday in its lifetime. Having no method of identifying the year—much less the day of the year—the natives in South Africa

cannot keep the anniversaries of their birthdays. It is difficult for any one but a child to realise how vast is this loss to the imagination. Birthdays are milestones on the journey of life, and many a European child expects to grow an inch in stature within a single day even as it thinks it will grow a year older in a single stride during one night. All those perennial and brooding fancies that centre round the next birthday, which play such a large part in the lives of European children, are unknown to the Kafirs, who are thus deprived at a single stroke of one of the supreme and aching joys of childhood. The loss is absolute and unredeemed.

If there are birthday joys there are also birthday sorrows; and though the Kafir child has none of the former it has a good supply of the latter—most of them concentrated and experienced on the actual day of birth.

The mother-love, which in Europe, from its very hunger and imaginative anticipation, is busy months ahead in planning for the future life, making tiny dresses and a dainty cradle for the expected child, has little more to do amongst the Kafirs than to make a mat of grass or of skin on which the child has to sleep at nights till it is about eight years old. It is not surprising, therefore, that there should be but little to mark outwardly the advent of a baby to the kraal. There is no fuss about ribbons, dresses, flounces, and doctors. Every one goes about the ordinary routine of work or idleness; and the mother, thanks to her magnificent physique, to her open-air life, and to her absence of "nerves," anticipates but little trouble, and requires no doctor in ordinary cases until the day after birth, when some ceremonies have to be attended to. A few women lend helping hands and advice, and thus amidst the smoke and darkness of the hut the child is born. The infant finds black, gesticulating

women ready to welcome it into the world. Friendly hands speedily wash it in water which has afterwards to be mixed with cow-dung; with this mixture the floor of the hut is smeared. Should the baby not breathe freely, it is held up by the heels and splashed with cold water till it cries vigorously.

The men regard the birth of the baby in a calm manner; they neither grow excited nor show any special enthusiasm over the event, for to do either would be undignified. The affair is not a man's concern; it is part of the domestic work of the women, who naturally make the most of their own importance at such times. It is one of the few occasions on which Kafir women feel their importance, and should the men be at all facetious the women tell them that it ill becomes men to fuss at such times, for they could not bear children if they tried. So the women are most pardonably apt to adopt a superior tone in the presence of the men. It may be that, alongside of many other factors, this somewhat trying attitude of the woman has led in other countries to that strange custom, the "couvade," in which the husband — instead of the wife — lies up after the birth of the child. In self-defence, and to avoid abuse, the man pretends that he is ill; he thus escapes the taunting of the women, who find themselves swamped by the husband's male friends, who hurry up to congratulate and condole with him.* No trace of this custom can be found in South Africa, though it is common in many parts of the world, and appears in European literature, as, for example, in *Aucassin and Nicolette*. But whenever I have asked the Kafirs whether this custom is observed in South Africa my inquiries have met with uproarious

* The above explanation is rather artistic than scientific. For a discussion of the "couvade," *see* Tylor's *Early History of Mankind*, pp. 293–304. Also Frazer's *Totemism*, p. 78.

mirth. Every Kafir consulted has scouted the idea that a man should trouble himself at all about the birth of a baby. Possibly the natives, having other ways of keeping their women in order, do not need the couvade. Anyhow, amongst the Kafirs it is the mother and not the father who is isolated. Instead of stopping to describe tribal variations of every detail, it will be well to give some account of the customs observed on the day of birth amongst the Zulus in olden times, relegating to the Appendix some important tribal variations and other changes of more recent date.

(*a*) *The Imparting of the Ancestral Spirit*

In olden days, as soon as the baby was born, some dirt was scraped from the forearm and other parts of the father's body and mixed with special medicines. This mixture was made to smoulder and the baby was "washed" in the smoke. This ceremony was of great importance, for it was the recognised way of imparting a portion of the *itongo*, or ancestral spirit, to the child. The natives think that dirt scraped from a man's body contains a part of his essential personality; it has therefore an intimate though undefined connection with the *itongo* (or spirit) of the grandfather and so of the clan.

The medicines to be mixed with the dirt from the father's body require very careful selection and preparation. The most important ingredient is a meteorite, which has to be well burnt and then ground to fine powder. The Kafirs think that this substance has the power of closing the anterior fontanelle of the baby's skull, of strengthening, and of making firm the bones of the skull, of imparting vigour to the child's mind, and of making the infant brave and courageous. The strength of the meteorite is thought to enter into the child's whole system. The next most important ingredient is the powdered whiskers

of a leopard. The skin of a salamander (a lizard which loves extreme heat), the claws of a lion and other ingredients are also added. Each medicine is supposed to impart to the child the special quality of the animal from which it is made.

The medicine is applied as follows. The baby is placed under a large blanket, and the medicine is caused to smoulder. The burning mixture is then placed under the blanket, so that the baby is bound to inhale the smoke. To make the matter doubly sure, certain portions of the powdered medicine are mixed with the baby's food.*

The people say that when this custom is neglected on the day of birth, the child is handicapped for life, for it has no *itongo*. They think it will become a silly, thriftless creature, and will never be free from trouble, for it will have no attention paid to it by the tribal *amatongo*. This is the greatest calamity that could ever befall a child. Natives declare that the children of Christian Kafirs are soft, flabby creatures who are for ever unfortunate and helpless in life. The cause of their universal misfortune is said to be the omission of the custom just described.

(*b*) *Reincarnation*

This brings up the question as to whether or not the Kafirs believe in the doctrine of the reincarnation, or the transmigration, of souls. It is sometimes said by those who have paid hurried visits to the native districts of South Africa, that the Kafirs believe in the transmigration of souls because they believe that children are born with a portion of the ancestral spirit. It is safe to say that the Kafirs absolutely deny both these statements. Any one who is familiar with the life of the Kafirs knows that the children cannot

* The ashes of this burnt medicine are kept carefully for a ceremony to be performed on the fifth day.

fully share in the life of the clan until certain ceremonies of initiation have been performed, usually after puberty, and that some children—especially twins—are never introduced as full members of the clan. Children are thus regarded as negligible quantities until after puberty; they take practically no part in the religious or social rites of the clan. They may look on at the rites, and are allowed to eat the meat of sacrifice, possibly because some preliminary ceremonies—as, for example, the rite just described—have commenced a process of initiation into the clan. But they are not taught religion in any formal way, and are freely allowed to break some laws of the clan.

It would seem that the misunderstanding has arisen from the confusion of two words for *spirit*, which differ widely in meaning, but which are confused in modern use. The words referred to are *idhlozi* (plural, *amadhlozi*) and *itongo* (plural *amatongo*). The natives themselves confuse the two words nowadays, but say that in ancient days their old people never did so. When they found the white people confusing the words, they found it difficult to explain the distinction, and copied the white men in confusing the words in their conversation; yet they say that even now if people say *idhlozi* when they mean *itongo* no one mistakes the meaning, for it can be gathered from the context.* The *idhlozi* is the *individnal and personal* spirit born with each child—something fresh and unique which is never shared with any one else—while the *itongo* is the *ancestral* and *corporate* spirit which is not personal but tribal, or a thing of the clan, the possession of which is obtained, not by birth, but by certain initiatory rites. The *idhlozi* is personal and inalienable, for it is wrapped up with the man's personality, and at death it lives near the grave or goes into the snake or totem of the clan, but the *itongo* is of the clan, and haunts

* *See* Appendix A.

the living-hut; at death it returns to the tribal *amatongo*. A man's share in this clan-spirit (*itongo*) is lost when he becomes a Christian or when he is in any way unfaithful to the interests of the clan, but a man never loses his *idhlozi* any more than he ever loses his individuality. If this view of the matter be correct, then it is clear how a hasty observation and inference, in which the two vastly differing senses of the words for "spirit" are confused, have led to the idea that the Kafirs believe in the reincarnation of souls.

It is said that Indian women rejoice greatly when it has been determined in the case of one of their children that it is not a reincarnation but something wholly new and fresh. So the Kafirs rejoice to think that something wholly new has appeared in the kraal—a gift from the *amatongo*. When asked whether the *amatongo* do not send back to earth the spirits of men who have died, the Kafirs indignantly deny that the *amatongo* would do such a thing; they say that those who have died have "finished up," and that the *amatongo* would not think of sending back worn-out things with a fresh lease of life. But there is this additional interest in the case of a Kafir baby, that while it has a new *idhlozi* or personal spirit, yet by certain rites it may become possessed also of a share of the ancestral spirit or *itongo* of its grandfather. Thus the child has the charm of freshness and of newness while it is linked on to the glory of the past and to the whole corporate life of the clan. To be without a share of the *amatongo* of the clan is the greatest calamity that a Kafir can conceive. Such a man goes through life unprotected. When misfortune after misfortune falls upon a kraal, when offerings to the ancestral spirits bring no change of fortune, the people say in gloom, "As for us, our *amatongo* have deserted us." There is no evil that may not happen in such a case.

(*c*) *The Baby's First Audience*

As soon as the baby has been doctored with the smoke from the father's dirt, it is allowed to receive visitors. But there are many people who may not visit the baby without special doctoring. The father is not supposed to see the baby till the "clean" day, to be described later, and no boys who have arrived at the age of puberty are allowed into the hut on any account. Big girls who are on the verge of puberty are also forbidden to enter the hut, lest they should injure the baby by evil influences. Women from neighbouring kraals are allowed to enter after having performed the following cleansing ceremony. The women have to gather special herbs with which to make a fire just outside the door of the mother's hut. When this fire has burnt out, the visitors have to scrape their feet in the ashes, and thus remove any evil influences they may have contracted on the journey. The children of the fellow-wives of the young mother are allowed in freely to see the baby on the day of birth, but they are not supposed to see the baby again until the mother has buried the umbilical cord, which she usually does on the seventh day after birth. It need hardly be added that no person suffering from any form of ceremonial uncleanness is allowed to see the baby till the many customs connected with the birth have been completed by a public feast, which may not take place for fully three weeks after the birth of the child. Boys who have not yet been initiated into manhood are allowed freely into the mother's hut, for they are on a par with small girls in many ways. Special herbs and grasses are hung up at the doorway of the hut, and all visitors have to nibble these medicines and spit them out, or puff their medicated breath at the baby as they approach it.

All the small boys and girls of the kraal therefore

hasten to greet the new baby on the day of its birth. They show the greatest delight on this occasion and bring the most strangely unsuitable presents, imagining that the baby has an interest in all things equal to their own. Thus the children run and get their choicest dolls—sorry creatures at the best—bangles, pretty stones, clay oxen, tobacco pipes, knob-kerries, and old pieces of food; they rout out their bags, which do duty for pockets, and select everything they value most, and so present to the baby the most absurd assortment of rubbish conceivable. After having lavished on it their most coveted treasures they smother it with kisses and call it all the diminutive names of affection they can think of, pointing out to the onlookers the daintiness of the fingers and toes, and praising every aspect of its beauty. They beg to be allowed to nurse it "just for a few moments," and literally dance for joy in the presence of the child. Jealousy is but rarely shown by the other children at the birth of a new baby, except occasionally in the case of the children of rival wives of a polygamist. Such hatreds are sometimes as inveterate and traditional as the feuds of Guelf and Ghibelline. But such polygamist hatreds apart, the children of the kraal show unbounded delight at the birth of a baby.

It is doubtful whether the Kafirs ever show in after life a love and joy so disinterested; and this abounding joy over the helpless babe should make those who write of savages as if they were devoid of all altruistic feeling, pause and reconsider their opinions, which would seem to have been evolved out of the inner consciousness. We have in this utterly unselfish joy the very raw material of morality and higher altruism, and a refutation of the pessimistic views as to the total corruption of savage children.

Boys who have been initiated into manhood never show any interest in babies—to do so would lead to

ridicule, for other big boys would call them girlish. The only man who shows interest in the baby is the uncle; in some tribes the paternal, and in other the maternal uncle. He is a great personage for he is a sort of guardian of the child. The uncle, as soon as he hears of the birth of the baby, may drive up a cow to the kraal and tell the people that it is a present to the new baby. In some cases he does not even trouble to visit the baby's kraal, but merely points out a cow in his own cattle kraal, and tells the people that it is the property of the young child. This present is often said to "bind up" the relationship.

(*d*) *Doctoring the Baby*

The baby, when its first audience is over, has to submit to other customs to which it always objects in very vigorous fashion. In most kraals a horn of medicines is kept with great care. The horn is taken from an ox which has been born in the kraal, or which belongs to the kraal in some special and intimate way. The women make incisions in the skin of both baby and mother, choosing such places as the top of the chest, the cheek, the forehead, and a spot over the heart; the contents of the horn are then well rubbed into these incisions so as to neutralise any evil influences contracted.

After this the mother makes a fire with some scented wood which gives off an abundance of pungent smoke. Over this smoke the baby is held till it cries violently. It is believed that some people at death become wizards or wizard-spirits, and that these evil beings seek malevolently to injure small babies; they cannot abide the smell of the smoke from this scented wood, which they meet as they wander round seeking for prey, and trying to take possession of babies. The wizard is therefore repelled by the odour, and goes on its journey, hunting for a baby which is not so evil-smell-

ing. When the baby cries in the smoke the mother calls out, "There goes the wizard." This smoking process has to be performed daily with closed doors for several weeks, while the mother sings special chants. The smell of the smoke is said to cling to the baby for about eight months, during which period it is immune to the attacks of the wizards. The smoking ceremony must be repeated every eight months until the second teeth begin to appear; after that date the child is thought to be able to take care of itself. Sometimes the smoking process is performed with medicines made from the bodies of wild animals. In that case the baby is also made to drink or eat such medicines. This rite is said to counteract evil contracted by the baby before birth.

(*e*) *The Birth of a Chief*

So far the description applies to any ordinary member of the tribe. In the case of a baby who is heir to the chieftainship, a special medicine has to be made in which to wash the child on the day of birth. The special medicine is prepared as follows. Before the birth of the baby, the chief tells his people to go to a distant district and to hunt for a large succulent bulb, often several feet in diameter, called *ipakama*. The chief arranges secretly with one of his councillors that a certain man of conspicuous character shall be lured to the edge of the large hole out of which the root is taken. At a given signal one of the diggers of the hole suddenly stabs with his assegai the man selected, and in a moment this unlucky person is thrown into the hole, and buried up while his flesh is still warm. The succulent root is then taken home, cut into thin slices, dried, and kept for subsequent use. The dried root is ground up into powder and mixed with water so as to form *intelezi*, a medicinal wash, in which all the future babies of the chief have to be

washed at birth. The small chief is washed daily in *intelezi* made from this root, and the ceremony is performed in what we must call the chief's bathroom, a small hut which is built inside the cattle kraal, and which is reserved for the chief's use. When the small future chief has been duly washed in this special medicine, other *intelezi* is taken and rubbed into a hole which is made at the base of the baby chief's right thumb. In after life, when the chief wishes to give orders, he points with this thumb, and it is thought that the *intelezi* rubbed into the thumb makes its authority felt, for the Kafirs say that no one can resist the thumb that has been so doctored.

III. THE CLEAN DAY

On the day after birth* the mother buries all the discharges connected with the birth of her child, reserving the umbilical cord for disposal at a future date. This day is therefore called "The Clean Day." The father is allowed to go to the door of his wife's hut on the "clean" day; after having grunted to indicate his approach, he stands in the doorway, and is shown the baby. He then asks his wife whether she feels that all is right, and if she should say that all is going on well he expresses his gladness at hearing that she is safely over her trouble. But should she say that she feels that all is not well, the father sends for the doctor.

As the father may not enter his wife's hut till a later date, the baby is brought to him in the doorway that he may perform the following rite. The man takes a feather of a vulture, singes it in a flame, and holds the smouldering feather under the nose of the baby.

* Mr. Hawkins of Zululand informs me that the mother buries the above-mentioned things on the day of birth. The custom probably varies with the clan.

A FUTURE BOMVANA CHIEF

The vulture is supposed to be a valiant and brave fighter, and by the inhalation of the smoke the baby is supposed to imbibe the qualities of the bird. After this the father produces the feather of a peacock, and treats it in similar fashion. Peacocks are feared by the natives, who say, "those birds live in the place from which our ancestors came." It is thought that the peacock is undismayed at all such sudden causes of alarm as thunder and other terrible noises. The baby, as it inhales the smoke of the peacock's feathers, becomes fortified against all similar alarms. If in after life the child shows fear at sudden noises, the father runs and fetches a peacock's feather, and burns it under the nose of the child.

It was said above that the father may not enter his wife's hut until her purification is complete. One exception must be noted. When a man has but one wife (especially when he has no grandmother at hand) he is terribly handicapped in having no woman to cook for him. In such a case the man is led to the hut by an old woman, who acts as his prompter. She takes him round the outside of the wife's hut until he is opposite that part on the left side at which she lies. The old woman then tells the man to stab several times through the wall of the hut with his stick. When he has done this, the woman tells him to say, "That is my uncleanness." This is said in reference to the baby; by this ceremony the father owns to the people of the kraal that the baby is his offspring. Having thus publicly acknowledged the baby as his own, he is allowed to go into his wife's hut as much as he pleases, and she is allowed to cook for him.

IV. THE FIFTH DAY

About the fifth day after birth—it may be as early as the third day in the case of a girl, and as late as the

sixth day in the case of a boy—the baby is taken from the hut out into the veld by a doctor who selects a spot where the lightning struck the earth at least a year previously. (A spot that was recently struck by lightning is of no use.) The doctor digs a hole in the ground at this spot and places an earthenware pot in the hole. In the pot he places special medicines which he has prepared; and with them he mixes some of the ashes of the medicines—which, it will be remembered, contained dirt scraped from the father's body—with which the baby was smoked on the day of birth. The doctor then adds water and churns the mixture with a stick. If the medicines froth up the doctor declares that the *itongo* of the grandparent last deceased is extremely pleased, and undertakes to protect and watch over the child throughout life. Should the medicine not froth up, the doctor says that the *itongo* is not at all pleased, and that the ceremony must be repeated again and again till the omens are favourable. But if the mixture froths up, the doctor pours some of it over the baby's body. Then the people all return to the hut and keep the medicine bowl with its contents for the next birth that may take place in the kraal. When they have reached home, the doctor scarifies the child on the sides of the head near the temples and on a spot at the base of the neck. Into these raw places he rubs some of the medicine contained in the bowl, and it is thought that the child is now fortified against most of the risks of life. The doctor then makes incision into the mother's breasts close to the nipple, and thus doctors her milk. When this has been done the baby is allowed to drink the mother's milk for the first time in its life. When the doctor has finished his ceremony he throws water over the mother and child, and departs.

Should the above omen of the frothing medicine

not work properly, there is great searching of heart as to what evil the father has done: he is supposed to have wrongly used the *itongo* that he received from his grandparents, or to have broken some tribal custom; it is therefore necessary, before the ceremony is repeated, to call in a diviner to find out what has been done amiss.

V. SEVENTH DAY

In olden days the baby was taken out of the hut, usually on the seventh night, and was shown the moon. If the baby showed signs that it noticed something in the sky the people said, "Now the mother must be getting strong." The mother would then shave the hair off the sides of her forehead, go out into the veld, and show these patches to the moon, saying, "See, your child is growing." But this ceremony was performed only when the moon was nearly full, and should the child be born at new moon the ceremony had to be deferred till the moon grew large. The moon enters largely into the customs connected with birth. In some clans the mother's seclusion is said to end when "the moon" (in which the child was born) "is dead": that is to say, at the period of the new moon following the birth of the baby.

But irrespective of the ceremony in connection with the moon, the mother is expected to go out of her hut on the seventh day, taking with her the umbilical cord which she has carefully preserved, and which the husband is on no account allowed to see. She pretends that she is going to fetch water, and chooses a time when no one is about. Going to the river bank she selects a spot where there is deep mud, and looking round to make sure that she is not being observed, she makes with her arm a hole in the mud as deep as she can. In this hole she buries the cord.

Having done this she walks away, taking special care not to look back lest evil should befall her child. If she were to look back, any wizard-spirits which might be wandering about to do mischief would see by the mother's glances where she had hidden the cord, which they would exhume so as to work evil magic on the baby.* To put people off the scent the mother fills her pot with water and returns home with a great load off her mind. She is now allowed to walk about the kraal, though she may not go into the country or visit other kraals until the end of the feast of purification. Still, many of the taboos concerning her and her child are somewhat relaxed, for the danger which is supposed to attach to all the life-processes and bodily secretions is diminished enormously as soon as the cord has been safely buried.

VI. FEAST OF PURIFICATION

As soon as the baby's anterior fontanelle shows signs of diminishing in size, or when the bones of the skull begin to get a little firm, the great feast, to which all the people have been looking forward, takes place. It was held in olden days at about the end of the third or fourth week, though nowadays it is often held much earlier. The natives in olden days were very shrewd, and did not like to slaughter the ox as a thank-offering to the ancestral spirits until they felt sure the child had a good hold upon life. They used to say that it was no good to thank the *amatongo* prematurely, for these ancestral spirits might recall the baby they had given to the people; therefore, with prudence, they reserved this feast till they felt fairly sure the baby had taken a strong grip on life.

* Natives have a firm belief that impressions can be felt in an especially strong way by the umbilicus, and so the cord presents a peculiarly effective medium through which to work magic on a person.

But it was thought perfectly legitimate to hold the feast of purification even on the day after the cord had been buried, should the people be so disposed.

This feast must be called the feast of purification, for though the ceremony has not the explicit and advanced theological significance which we usually associate with the word " purification," and which we get from Semitic religion, yet it is held on the day on which the mother shakes off the many taboos that have been resting on her. (There are, however, two taboos not thus removed: she may on no account go near the cattle kraal, nor may she drink sour milk for a further period of about three months.) But the feast is also a mode of communion with the *amatongo* or ancestral spirits, for they are supposed to have given the child to the clan, and to be quite as much interested in the increase of population as the people living in the kraal. The killing of the ox seems to have no purifying property " in the sphere of law," in the sense in which many Christians regard sacrifice as having cleansing efficacy. The feast spreads a sense of friendship and *camaraderie* amongst the members of the clan, and also between them and the *amatongo* of the clan, so that in this sense it is an at-one-ment. The ox is killed to thank the *amatongo* that the mother did not die in child-birth, to show gratitude for the addition to the clan, and to mark the day as that on which most of the taboos are withdrawn. But in a Kafir's mind all this is vague and ill-defined. The chief thing that appeals to him in the custom is the fact that he gets his much-longed-for feast of meat; and this is enough to put him in a good temper with all the world. The feast becomes therefore a time of general rejoicing.

It is sometimes said that the natives kill an ox on the day of birth. This is true in the case of tribes in the south-west, where a great ceremony is held on this

day* ; but by the Zulus it is only done on the birth of the eldest son. If the first child should happen to be a girl, no ox is killed, for the people say, " Why should we kill an ox for a girl ? She is only a weed."

(*a*) *Offering to the Amatongo*

When the ox is killed the people, using a large dish, catch the blood as it spurts out of the cut artery. This blood is taken by the father into his hut, and part of it is poured on to the floor at the part of the hut known as the *umsamo*. This is a small portion of the floor marked off at the back of the hut by a ridge of earth, and is supposed to be the special haunt of the grandfather's *itongo*. (His *idhlozi* lives in the ground near his grave.) No one may sleep on that part of the hut; it is the spot whereon are placed all meat and beer offered to the *amatongo*. Although no one may sleep on this portion of the hut, yet it is the place where pots and dishes are often kept. When some of the blood of the ox has been sprinkled on the earth at this spot as a libation to the ancestral spirit, the rest of the blood is cooked and eaten by the people.

(*b*) *Ceremony with the Gall-bladder*

At the feast, the father takes the gall-bladder of the slaughtered ox and allows a little of the bile to trickle from it as he touches with it a spot on the baby's right foot; he then raises the gall-bladder up along the right side of the baby's leg and trunk, allowing the gall to trickle on to the child's skin. A little bile is placed on the baby's head and a few drops are inserted into his mouth. The father then puts a few drops of bile on his own right foot, and, if any of his brothers are present, he calls them up and puts a few spots of bile also on to their right feet. After this the father

* This is referred to under the description of the naming of the child.

cuts the gall-bladder into a long strip and winds it around his right wrist.* All this is done in praise of the *itongo*, and to ensure its good will.

(*c*) *The Meat Feast*

When the father has finished the ceremony with the bile, which is regarded as essentially an affair to do with the *itongo*, he gives the meat to his friends, and a general feast takes place. When the meat has all been eaten, a doctor takes " great *intelezi*," or washing medicine, and sprinkles all the people, the huts, the cattle, and the cattle kraal. Thus all things are made sweet and are rendered free from any infection that might otherwise cling to them, for all evil influences are counteracted.

Impepo, a sweet-smelling flower which is made up into a sort of cake, is then produced and powdered. The powder is mixed with water, and every one rubs his body with the decoction, which has somewhat the smell of incense, though it is not burnt, but merely made into a sort of " rose-water." †

(*d*) *The Baby's Public Reception*

And now the baby can appear in public, for the evil influences which attach to the process of birth have been wiped away. A small charm called *isis-wepu* is tied round the child's neck. Until this charm is placed round the neck, only old women past age, and children before puberty, are freely allowed to go near the child; other people might bring evil influences with them. The child keeps this charm throughout life, and in times of sudden sickness, or when bitten by a snake, nibbles a small portion from it as a sort of " first aid," pending the arrival of a doctor.

* *See* section (*f*), p. 28.

† *Impepo* is said to be burnt in honour of the ancestral spirits on certain occasions.

In olden days a hair from the cow given to the mother on her marriage was also placed round the baby's neck; but this cow is generally killed at the time of the wedding nowadays, and so the custom has lapsed.

The process of smoking the baby over burning aromatic woods is performed on the day of purification for the last time. Through the smoking rite the child is supposed to imbibe the qualities of courage, eloquence and intelligence, and in addition to gain protection against wizards and witches, so that when it is falsely accused in after life it will be able to defend itself vigorously—and heaven help the Kafir who cannot do that.

(*e*) *The Mother's Last Ceremony*

The skin of the sacrificial ox is dried and made into a kaross in which the mother has to carry her baby. At the close of the feast the mother has to go to the river and fetch a large vessel full of water. Having arrived at the river, she throws a stone into it, telling the spirits and fabulous monsters that live in the water not to look at her. After throwing a second stone into the river, she fills her pot with water, and has to carry it home on her head without spilling a single drop; for should she spill any of this water her child would be attended by bad luck through life. Reaching her hut, she has to wash in the water, mix the water that streams from her body with clay and cow-dung, and with this smear the floor of the hut. Her hut is now also clean, and from henceforth the ordinary routine of life can be followed as if nothing had happened.

(*f*) *The Father's Last Ceremony*

About a month, or possibly two months, after the public feast, the father cuts off the dried gall-bladder which he had bound round his wrist on the day of

the feast, and burns it in the fire.* Beer is made and the father throws a little on the ground for the *itongo*, giving the rest to his friends. He then says to the *itongo* and people present, "To-day I am dedicating the baby to the *itongo*." When the beer is finished the father says to the *itongo* in the hearing of the people, "We have now finished this affair of the baby."†

VII. THE BABY

Hitherto the baby has been well-nigh forgotten amid the customs observed in connection with its birth. It is time to describe its appearance.

Kafir infants look like delicate bronze statuettes; the shape and figure of the bodies being usually perfect in their baby proportions. When born they have a delicacy and graceful daintiness that is most engaging. For a sculptor they would make excellent models. But after a few months the abdomen becomes unduly protuberant, and the appearance is decidedly comical till this unsightliness passes off. The babies are not swathed in yards of clothing, and so they can be seen as nature made them. The nakedness of the children never obtrudes itself on an observer, for it seems perfectly right and fitting that they should be left unclothed till they begin to grow up. The dark skin of a boy or girl of even six years old seems to prevent any impression of nakedness. The full dress of a baby often consists of a single row of beads suspended around its loins. No one who has seen a white man bathing alongside a black man can for a moment help feeling that the natural colour of the skin is dark, and that the white man has a bleached skin which must therefore be covered up in sheer decency.

Babies are, as a rule, of a much lighter colour than

* *See* section (*b*), p. 26.

† For Tribal Variations, *see* Appendix B.

adults. The palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, and the nails are often of a very pale pink colour and never darken in after life so much as the rest of the body. It is impossible to give hard-and-fast rules as to the way in which the skin changes colour in after life, for there are wide differences of colour amongst members of the same tribe, and indeed amongst members of the same family: but the following statement may be taken as the rough summary of a good deal of observation and inquiry on the subject. If a baby be born of a blackish colour its lips will be very red, and when the child grows up the skin will turn to somewhat of a yellowish tint, not unlike burnt sienna; if the baby be born with a skin of a reddish tint it will have lips of a purple colour, and the skin will afterwards turn to a rich chocolate; if the baby be born of a pale ash-colour the lips will be of a dark blackish tint, and the skin will turn very dark later on in life and may become even black.

With regard to the features, the nose is generally rather broad, the lips thick, the iris of the eye a blackish brown, while the "whites" of the eyes are often yellowish or slightly bloodshot at the angles. Kafirs never have blue or light-coloured eyes. The hair is always black and becomes crisp and curly at an early age. It is always kept short, the head being shaved periodically; the effect of keeping the hair so short is that the head appears as though covered with peppercorns.

The child is generally well smeared with grease, to which is frequently added a special kind of red clay. This somewhat improves the appearance and colour of the skin. The natives as a rule do not know why they use so much red clay. Some say they use it because they like it; this is true enough, though it seems probable that they learned the use of this substance from the Hottentots, who used to smear them-

AN INTERVAL FOR REFRESHMENTS

The baskets contain Red Clay, or Pondo Rouge

selves with red clay when worshipping the moon. Finding that the red paint made the skin cool, and prevented the ill effects of exposure to the weather, the Kafirs possibly forgot its significance, and adopted it for general use. Red clay may also have been used in the worship of the Hottentot hero *Heitsi-Eibib*, as a symbol of the Red Dawn, which was supposed to have been caused by the blood shed from the wound of the knee of *Heitsi-Eibib*, which he received when overcoming the God of Darkness.

The Zulus, however, give an entirely different account of the ancient use of red clay. They say that many children are infected before birth with a skin disease which does not become manifest till some little time after birth. This skin disease is accounted for in the following way. When the natives wish to fertilise their fields, a Crops-doctor selects a certain corpse, and tells the people not to bury it, but to make it into medicine. It seems probable that in olden days the natives killed a man for this purpose, though they do not like to admit this nowadays. The medicine made from certain portions of the man's body was distributed over the fields, and was thought to secure a very abundant harvest. This custom is but rarely practised now, and when it is adopted it is done with the greatest secrecy lest Europeans should hear of it. But there is one drawback about this way of fertilising a field; if a woman who is about to become a mother should happen to eat any of the corn which is thus fertilised, her child will be sure to develop a troublesome rash a few weeks after birth. As a cure for this rash the child has to be plentifully smeared with grease and a special red clay, the mixture acting as a specific.*

But the effect of the red clay does not last long, for the infants crawl about the floor and play in the

* *See* Appendix C.

ashes; as a result the skin soon becomes covered with scratches and assumes a dingy hue. Flies are for ever worrying the child and sores soon form at the angles of the eyes and mouth. For a time the child resents this pest, but soon gives in and pays no attention to the matter even though a dozen flies may be settling on its face.

VIII. THE NAMING OF THE CHILD

There is considerable tribal variation in connection with the naming of the child. In some tribes there is no ceremony at all, while in others the name is given in an impressive way. In the tribes to the south-west, when the mother's isolation is at an end, a great feast is made at which the chief presides. The mother and child are brought before him; he then fills his mouth with water and spits it out over the couple, saying to the ancestral spirits, "A child is born to you this day: may the kraal never die out." The chief takes a strap on which the head of the family ties a knot at the birth of every child. This strap, together with the navel-string of the child, is placed in a bag that is kept carefully in the sacred hut in which all the sacred objects of the clan are concealed. This knotted strap is the tribal register; should the child die or become a Christian, and so be lost to the clan, the chief takes out the piece of leather, loosens the knot and destroys the record of the birth of the child. It is at this feast that the name of the child is announced by the chief, the men present adding names as they may see fit.*

But no such impressive ceremony is observed in the tribes living in the south-east. The name may be mentioned by the mother when the people visit the baby on the day of its birth, or it may be

* This custom is described in the *South African Folk-Lore Journal*, July 1880, p. 61, and will well repay a careful study.

announced by the father at the feast of purification. But very little ceremony is thought to be required in connection with the matter, the name being mentioned in an off-hand way.

Natives have two names, one (the *igama*) given in infancy, which corresponds to our Christian name, and another (the *isibongo*) which corresponds roughly to our surname. The latter is not given till the child has passed the age of puberty. This name may have a prefix which indicates the clan, and the fact that it is not given till after puberty shows how the child is not regarded as an organic part of the clan till it reaches adult life. In those tribes in which circumcision is practised at the age of sixteen or seventeen, this second name is given at that ceremony. Amongst the Zulus, who have abandoned the rite of circumcision, the chief used to call up the boys at about seventeen years of age, and publicly give them their second names. In recent years even this custom has lapsed,* and the boys complain very much at the departed glory of ancient times. The birth name (*igama*) is soon forgotten after a person's death, for it is not so truly a person's name as his *isibongo* or surname.

According to the *hlonipa* custom, to be described below, it is thought indecorous to call a bride by her maiden name (*igama*). The friends therefore may decide that her first child shall be called, let us say, for example, *Mtunywa*, which is a boy's name meaning "A Messenger." The bride would therefore be called "Mother of *Mtunywa*." It might be thought that this method of naming the mother and unborn child would prove awkward if the first child should happen to be a girl and not a boy. But the Kafirs do not fuss about trifles, and so the matter causes no trouble. Should the first child prove to be a girl, then a suitable

* My informant is the Rev. J. Hawkins of Zululand.

name would be chosen, and the original name, *Mtunywa* would be kept in reserve for the first male child ; but the mother would still be called by the old name, Mother of *Mtunywa*.

The birth name may be chosen by the uncle, who frequently wishes to make his influence felt at all important stages in life. But any one who is popular in the kraal, and especially any one who gives the child a valuable present, may suggest a name, and if he be keen on the name being given, all the others yield and agree. In most cases, however, the mother and father choose a name, and all the people agree.

There are many methods of choosing the name of the child, but these methods are not clearly thought out by the people. One of the following five methods will be found to be in vogue in the case of most of the names usually chosen.

(*a*) The child may be named after another person as a compliment to him. This is a method commonly adopted, the grandfather's birth name being frequently given to the baby boy.

(*b*) The child may be called after some current event. This is perhaps the commonest method. A child may be called after the day of the week on which it was born ; the weather also accounts for a good many names chosen. Thus in Basutoland if a girl were born during very wet weather she would stand a good chance of being called *Puleng*, which means " Rain." Children born on a windy day are often called by the native name for Wind. But any other striking event may decide the name. Thus if the father had been quarrelling with his wife before the birth of a girl, she might be called *Lilahloane*, which means " Thrown away." By this the father shows that he disowns the baby. If there were great sorrow in the kraal at the time of the birth of the child, she might be called *Mokho*, which means " A Tear." It

is surprising to what lengths the natives go in such matters. If an uncle had been slighted at the wedding feast, and if he had been refused the honour he thought to be his due, he might turn up on the day of birth and insist that the child should be called *Ntebaleng*, or "Forget Me." He would regard this as a sort of restitution or reparation for the indecorous treatment he had been subjected to. All the above are Sesuto names, but similar ones might be chosen from any other tribe. For example, the Fingos might call a child *Mangali*, a word which signifies "To report"; this name would possibly be chosen if some member of the family had happened to bring another member into court at the time of the birth of the baby. If a Fingo girl were born at a time when a member of the family happened to be dying, she might be called *Nokofa*, or "Mother of Death."

The above set of names need cause no surprise, for Europeans often adopt a somewhat similar way of naming children. A striking and picturesque instance is that of the poet Tennyson, who called one of his children Lionel, because the news of the birth of the boy was brought to him by the nurse as the poet was looking out of his study window at the constellation Leo, while "the planet Mars glowed like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast." This is just what a Kafir would have done had he the knowledge and imagination of the English poet.

(*c*) A name may be given to a baby on account of its appearance. Thus a big strapping boy, full of lusty strength, might be called after some conspicuously strong man in fact or fable, much as English school-boys nickname a big boy Goliath.

(*d*) The child may be given a name in accordance with the character it is hoped it may develop. There may be some remnant of sympathetic magic in this habit, for it is a common thing for people to imagine

that there is some hidden and compelling power in a name.

(*e*) The name may be chosen with the intention of breaking some evil spell which has caused the death of several children in succession. Thus the Basutos may call a girl *Moselantja* (Diminutive, *Mosele*), which means the "Tail of a Dog." This name is regarded as very repulsive, and it is given to a baby when the previous children who died had been given nice names. It is thought that were another nice name chosen this fresh child would also die. The spell is broken by choosing a disgusting name.

There are other names given to children which do not come under any of the above five types. For example, a list of names is kept in reserve for children who are born after the mother has been successfully treated for sterility by a witch-doctor; special names are reserved for twins: some names have no clear meaning. Amongst the latter may be the Gazaland name for a boy, *Ndafatoona*, which means, "When I am dead we shall see"; or the name for a girl, *Tambudzai*, which means, "You are a brother." No reference has been made to names given to Kafirs by white men. Any name that comes to the mind at first sight is chosen by Europeans, and out of an endless list a few samples may be given, such as Jim, Joe, Moses, Brandy Bottle, September, Tin-can, Jackets, Blazes, and so forth.

X. FOOD

Very soon after birth, and before the other children are allowed into the mother's hut to view the baby, the old grandmother has to bring in the youngest girl to see it. The grandmother places the baby in the arms of the little girl, and should this child show any signs of jealousy towards

the baby, she is taken out of the hut and is not allowed to see it till the third day, when she is again brought in by the grandmother, who again places the baby in the arms of the tiny child. If she shows pleasure and no jealousy, all is well, but should she still show signs of jealousy the mother places the baby on the ground, takes the small girl into her arms and fondles it into a good humour. Then she takes up the baby and places it alongside the little girl, fondling both children together. She may then give the baby the breast, but had she not coaxed the child into a good humour the milk would have made the baby ill.

The baby is fed on sour milk, or *amasi*, for the first few days of life—this period varies from one day to seven or eight—but when the mother's milk has been doctored, as described above (on p. 22), the baby may drink it. But then it must not touch *amasi* again until the feast of purification. This milk must not be very sour, and must be broken up into very small clots by vigorous shaking in a calabash. (*See* Plate.) After the feast of purification the baby may also take some pap made from Kafir corn, provided it be ground very fine, and be well sifted. The grain is ground on rough stones, and so the flour contains a good proportion of stony grit; this does not trouble the digestions of the grown-up people, but seriously troubles the babies, till they become used to it. In Gazaland the baby is given thin porridge to drink as soon as it is born; it is then allowed to take the breast at once. Babies are not supposed to eat any meat, eggs, chicken, or such things, until the first teeth have all been cut. The people say that babies who eat meat turn out very wild and thieve like dogs. But small chiefs are fed on beer and meat when about two or three years old; only the meat has to be boiled down to a pulp or porridge which needs no mastication.

So strong is the objection to giving meat to babies that a mother, who has been eating meat out of her hand, will not even touch the baby with that hand until she has washed it. All food for children has to be very cool lest they should become thieves as they grow old.

It is difficult to make the small babies drink the sour milk and so the mother adopts the following method of persuasion. She places the baby on her lap and pours some clotted milk into the palm of her own hand; she then applies the edge of her palm to the baby's mouth, and slowly raises up her hand till the baby's mouth is covered by the sour milk. But even then it refuses to drink the nauseous stuff. So the mother holds the baby's nose between her thumb and finger, till it is forced to capitulate and drink the milk. As a rule there is tremendous spluttering and coughing as the result of this operation, and the baby's face and body become covered with mess. The mother calls up a dog, since she has no such things as napkins or pocket-handkerchiefs, and tells the dog to lick the baby clean. Small children are often allowed to drink the sweet milk of the cow, which grown-up people disdain. Occasionally, as, for example, when she cannot suckle her child, the mother provides a " bottle " for her babe by making a small sack of the dressed skin of an animal, such as a wild cat. This sack has a small opening at the bottom from which the baby sucks the sweet cow's milk. The mother usually holds this " bottle " in front of her breast as she feeds her baby.

XI MILK-CHARMS *

There are many taboos about the use of milk, for the consumption of such an essential food-stuff

* *See also* pp. 22 and 37.

naturally needs regulation. It would be interesting to know whether the natives originally thought milk to be such a delicate thing that it formed a good nidus for the virus of disease, or whether the restrictions were based solely on the cruder ideas of primitive thought in connection with the nutrition of the clan. The chief restrictions and taboos in connection with milk relate to women, for it is thought that when they are suffering from any form of ceremonial uncleanness their contact defiles the milk and leads to the sickness, not only of the men who drink from the same supply, but also of the cows that gave the milk. These taboos, which place women under great disabilities every month, for at least seven days, and which last after the birth of a child for many months, can sometimes be removed by the slaughter of an ox or goat. Failing this, the women are given special medicines by the doctors; when such medicines are mixed with the milk there is no danger of harm resulting to any one who drinks it. It is said that a girl who violates a milk-taboo is certain to become a thief.

Over and above these taboos which apply to women there is a wide-spread belief that it is not safe even for men to drink the milk at all kraals they may visit. A man is supposed not to drink milk except at the hut of his father, his mother, and his paternal and maternal grandmothers.* A woman is supposed only to drink milk at the kraal into which she marries. No woman is allowed to help herself from the milk-sack, though she may touch it in order to help a man to milk.

Passing on from these general restrictions, we come to four cases in which milk is offered to the ancestral spirits. No one is supposed to eat the *amasi* made from the new season's milk until the grandfather, or some other old man duly appointed, performs a certain ceremony. He takes a large wooden spoon with which

* This old Zulu custom is not observed strictly nowadays.

he ladles out some sour milk, pretending to drink from the spoon, but in reality taking care that the milk does not touch his lips. He then throws the milk on to the floor, thus emptying the spoon. This is known to be a libation to the ancestral spirits, though as a rule the man does not address them in any set words. Yet everybody in the kraal knows what is intended by the action.

Sometimes when a child is sick, the people take a calabash of goat's milk and place it in the hut at the spot where all the offerings to the ancestral spirits are placed. The milk is allowed to go sour of itself, and is then left on the spot for about three days, after which it is thrown away, for the ancestral spirits are supposed to have finished with it. This ceremony is thought to gain the interest of the *amatongo* on behalf of the sick child.

On other occasions, when the child is suffering from worms, the people take some milk from a cow which has a white belly. The milk is mixed with herbs and is placed in the hut as an offering to the ancestral spirits. It is left for a single night, and in the morning the sick child is made to eat some of the sour clotted mixture. It is said to be essential that the cow should have no dark-coloured hairs on the under surface of its body.

When people are anxious to grow rich they wash themselves and their cattle with special *intelezi*, or medicinal wash. The best form of *intelezi* for this purpose is made from the milk of a woman. The doctor tells the woman who is suckling a baby to collect a calabashful of her own milk; the doctor mixes this with certain herbs and offers it to the ancestral spirits by placing it in the hut at the proper place. After three days he takes the milk and makes it into *intelezi*, telling the people to wash themselves in it. Sometimes the people are told to wash the cattle,

and even the cattle kraal, with this mixture. The charm is said to be very efficacious.

These four instances of milk-offerings to the ancestral spirits are of great interest, for it is usually said that the natives never offer any milk to the *amatongo;* and a reason is given for this supposed fact. It is said that nothing which undergoes fermentation is offered to the ancestral spirits. But since fermented beer is one of the commonest offerings to the ancestral spirits it is hard to see why fermented milk should be withheld.*

Passing on, we come to milk-charms used by the mother to protect her baby. Mothers sometimes have to leave their babies sleeping under bushes while they themselves work in the fields in the sun. But they protect them, when they are forced to leave them thus, by squirting a ring of their own milk on the earth round the sleeping babe. It is thought that neither snakes nor passers-by can cross that charmed circle. When a mother is asked why she places this ring of milk round the baby, she generally says that passers-by will see the white ring on the ground and will avoid treading on the child. When it is pointed out to her that the milk sinks into the earth and becomes much less visible than her baby, she grunts and says that the observation is quite correct; but she still continues the practice.

In some tribes, when a mother is about to leave her baby sleeping in a hut, she goes up to it and squeezes a few drops of her milk on to its head, believing that this will preserve it from evil in her absence. It is interesting to speculate whether this custom originated from a vague and undefined

* Reference may here be made to Robertson Smith's *Religion of the Semites*, pp. 220, 221, 229; 355, 458, 459, where Semitic practices on the matter are dealt with, and where the relation of milk-drinking to Totemism is discussed.

feeling that the milk symbolically represented the mother-love which would protect a sleeping infant, or whether it was felt that the milk formed a connecting-link with the mother, and so in some vague way transcended the separating effect of distance.

When a mother has been absent from her child for some little time, she would not think of giving it the breast without first squirting a little milk on to the ground. It would not seem as if this were any offering to the *itongo*, for it is said that the evil influences which affect her breasts, and which are contracted by the mother during her absence from her baby, are carried off in the first few drops of milk, which are therefore allowed to fall on to the ground.

When the mother has been away on a journey, either with or without her baby, on her return home she kindles a fire and throws into it certain pieces of dirt which she has picked up on the paths at cross-roads. The baby is held in the smoke of this fire, while the mother squirts a little of her milk on to its head. She then takes some of the dirt she has collected on the journey and rubs it on the baby's body, and especially on the face. It is a common practice for sick people to transfer their sickness to certain objects which they either bury under the pathway, or place on the road. It is thought that other people passing along the road, and touching such articles, absorb the sickness, which consequently departs from the sick man. It is even thought (as has been pointed out above) that a sick person passing along a pathway leaves behind him quite unintentionally a contagion which can be contracted by the people walking along the pathway. Therefore the mother is careful to collect the dirt from the road and to burn it, so as to render the baby immune by the smoke. But quite apart from the absorption of any evil influence, it is thought that if

the mother did not smoke her baby on her return home, it would be afraid of its other brothers and sisters.

When a baby is in danger of choking, the mother at once puts it on her lap and squirts some milk up its nostrils and into its mouth, believing that this charm will stop the paroxysm.

These charms vary immensely in different tribes and even in different clans within the tribe. In one district the mother does not make a circle of milk round her sleeping babe, while in a contiguous district she would not dream of leaving her child in the veld without doing so. A Zulu mother will sometimes say that this special milk-charm was in common use in her grandmother's day, but that it seems to have lost its efficacy and so has been abandoned. When the Zulu abandons the custom, the Fingo, possibly, takes it up, and thus it is useless to go into elaborate details of tribal variations in the matter, for there may be thirty differences of custom even in Zululand.

A milk-charm may give way to a different one, as in the case of preserving the baby from snakes. It is a common practice in some districts to place a few leaves or twigs of a certain bush at the head and feet of a babe sleeping in the veld. This bush is said to drive away snakes, which have a peculiar antipathy to its odour. So strong is this belief that natives sometimes plant the bush close to the doorway of their huts so as to keep snakes away. But protection against snakes is most commonly obtained as follows: A poisonous snake is killed and the poison-gland is dried and powdered with roots and herbs. The baby's skin is scarified in many places and the powdered snake is rubbed into the flesh. This is repeated daily for a short time, and then the child is thought to be protected against the evil effects of snake-bite for fully nine months, after which period it has to be reinoculated.

It should be added that when the mother has only been away from her child for a short time she does not use any milk-charm on her return, but simply nibbles a little of the medicine hanging round the baby's neck and puffs her medicated breath into the baby's face.

Reference has been made above to the custom of administering medicine to a baby by making incisions in the mother's breast, into which medicines are placed; it should be added that sometimes a mother will drink medicines in the hope that the efficacy of the drugs may be passed on to the child through the milk which the child drinks.

There is a curious but firm belief amongst the natives that should be referred to at this point, though it has no connection with milk-charms. It is said that if a man, who has in his bag (which he carries round his neck) any very powerful medicines, should enter a hut where there is a small baby, the effect of the medicines will at once disturb the baby and make it cry with terror. In such a case the man has to take off his bag and present his medicines one by one to the baby, watching the effect of each medicine. At the presentation of some medicines the baby shows no signs of distress, and the man places these harmless medicines back into his bag. But at some of the medicines the child shows great alarm. Such medicines have to be placed on one side till all the medicines have been tested. Then small portions of all the medicines which caused alarm are taken and thrown into the fire, while the baby is " washed " in the smoke. The man then places all these strong medicines back in his bag, and the child no longer shows any signs of restlessness.

A SWAZIE CHILD AMUSING ITSELF

XII. TWINS

It is very difficult for any European to look at native customs practised in connection with the birth of twins from the Kafir point of view. A native thinks that twins are scarcely human; he thinks that they are more animal than human, and that the bearing of twins is a thing entirely out of the ordinary course of nature. The people do not like to talk about twins, and the fact of their existence is hidden if possible by the parents. In olden days one of the twins was always put to death, and frequently both were killed. It is natural, so it was thought, for dogs or pigs to have twin offspring in a litter, but for human beings it is disgraceful. A woman who has twins is taunted with belonging to a disgraceful family, and in olden days if she gave birth to twins a second time she was killed as a monstrosity. When one of the twins was allowed to live, an old woman, generally the grandmother, would kill the second child by holding her hand over its mouth. In other cases the father placed a lump of earth in the mouth of the child, thinking he would lose his strength if he did not do this. In other tribes the child was exposed in the veld, and was left for the wild animals to devour, or else it was thrown into a river.

But sometimes the twins were hidden and were allowed to live; yet no woman would care to marry a twin, for she would say that he was not a proper human being, and might turn wild like an animal, and kill her. Now that British rule has spread all over South Africa, the killing of twins is forbidden, though it is a custom that is extremely difficult to put down, for the matter is kept profoundly secret when possible even from neighbouring natives, and much more so from white men.

The following information about twins in Zululand

was gleaned from a chief's son who happened to be a twin, and who was spared in infancy owing to the proximity of Europeans. The information should therefore be fairly reliable.

The child that is killed is given no name, nor is the surviving child given a name till it is about sixteen years old; but it may not be circumcised until it has its name given to it. My informant's name was "Hatred," which shows the mental attitude of even his parents to his existence. There is never any mourning at the death of a twin, for that would anger the *amatongo*. If both twins survive, as sometimes happens through stealth, then, on the death of one, even though he were grown up, there would be no mourning lest the other twin should suffer through sympathy, for he is regarded as being of one flesh with his twin. The grave of a twin is spread with ashes, and, when the body is placed in the round hole in a sitting posture, it is covered up with earth and with a second layer of ashes.

A boy who is a twin is not beaten by others, for it is said to be an unlucky thing to beat a twin; indeed it is considered much the same thing as beating an *itongo*, or ancestral spirit. The parents say they know how to manage a boy, but not how to manage an animal; so when the boy is extra troublesome the people do not beat him, but simply put ashes on the nape of his neck, and give him some ashes and water to drink. Every time a twin has his hair cut, ashes have to be placed on his head. It is strange how largely ashes are used in connection with twins. When he marries there is no wedding dance. Twins are not counted in the number of children, for to do so would be most unlucky.

Twins are said to have no brains, and yet are thought to be unusually sharp and clever. Boys who are squabbling will often call up a twin and ask his opinion,

which is regarded as necessarily right, for he is so knowing. A twin is expected to make songs for the people. He goes to a kraal, for example, where there is soon to be a wedding; sitting down, he takes in all that is going on at the kraal, without saying a word. He then goes to a waterfall, accompanied by an attendant; having sat down, he listens to the noise of the falling water in a dreamy way. He then soon begins to chant a song, and on the day of the wedding teaches the people the song, which astonishes all the people; they say, "How did this boy get to know all these things to which he has alluded and which he has woven into his chant?" So clever is the twin thought to be, that grown-up people bring their quarrels to him for settlement, and consult him almost as though he were a diviner.

But there are some compensating disadvantages in being a twin. It is thought that epidemics always attack twins first. If the twin is not attacked with the sickness, the people say the epidemic will pass away without doing much harm. Twins are supposed to be able to foretell the weather, and the people who want rain will go and say to a twin, "Tell me, do you feel ill to-day?" If he says that he feels quite well the people know it will not rain. My informant told me that he was pestered by people who came to ask him about his feelings, and he admitted that when the wind was from the rainy quarter he felt uneasy; but alas for the theory, so did everyone else.

In war time a twin used to be hunted out and made to go right in front of the attacking army, some few paces in front of the others. He was supposed to be fearless and wild. His twin, if a sister, and if surviving, was compelled to tie a cord very tightly round her loins during the fight, and had to starve herself; she was also expected to place the twin brother's sleeping-mat in that part of the hut which the *itongo* loved to

haunt. This brought success in war. But the great chief Tshaka stopped this practice, for he said that the wild twin did foolhardy things and brought the army into needless danger.

The natives declare that twins have a soft occipital protuberance to the skull; that there is a special whorl of hair over the right side of the forehead, and that the hair recedes unduly from the forehead over the left temple. My informant certainly had these signs; he said that people who had never seen him before would, when sitting in his presence, suddenly say to him, "Hau! so you are a twin"; they would get up and leave him, for to eat or spend much time with a twin is unlucky; people sitting much with a twin would pass on to their wives the propensity of having twins.

This brings us to a very interesting instance of what has been called sympathetic magic.* A friend of mine in Gazaland was walking along a path near his hut when he met a Kafir carrying two mice in a bag. The "boy" said to my friend, "Where is your cat; I have two mice for it." On being asked why he did not eat the mice himself, as he had often done before, he said, "I cannot eat these particular mice because I caught them both at the same time in one trap." On being asked why he could not eat mice caught thus, he explained that it was all right to eat mice caught singly, but that if he ate mice caught in couples his wife would have twins. "Twoness" is thought (or perhaps, *felt*) to run through the course of nature, and the eating of mice caught in couples is supposed to infect the eater with this "twoness," which propensity he would pass on to his wife, who would consequently bear twins.

* There is, of course, nothing magical about the matter; the Kafirs regard such things as much in the ordinary course of nature as the rising and setting of the sun.

But this is not all. My Zulu informant, who was himself a twin, told me that it was thought that all the goats belonging to a twin had young in couples; and that if a twin wished to give a person two articles, he was not allowed to give them together, but had to put one article down on the ground, and give one article to his friend; then he could take up the second article and give that also; but if he gave both articles at once, the man who received the two articles would be sure to have twins. There are other beliefs about twins, such as the one that the eating of kidneys leads to the bearing of twins unless certain portions are thrown away.

When the above fervid beliefs and fears about twins are borne in mind it causes no surprise to learn that the people regarded twins as most unlucky, and sought to kill them in infancy. In addition to this, the people always killed off all sickly or deformed children, for they had—and still have—the greatest horror of deformity or mutilation of a grave nature. Yet strangely enough they practise certain mutilations; for example, some tribes, such as the Pondos and Fingos, cut off the last joint of the little finger of the right hand. Two or three of the Zulu clans also adopt this practice, saying that it is a sort of surname or badge of the clan, other Zulus not adopting the custom.*

XIII. DOMESTIC AND GENERAL

The Kafirs sleep on grass mats spread on the mud floor of the hut, and so it is not to be expected that the baby should sleep in a cradle. The baby sleeps on a mat of its own, which is tucked away under the mother's blanket. There is of course no nursery. The mothers are very fond of their children and kiss them a good

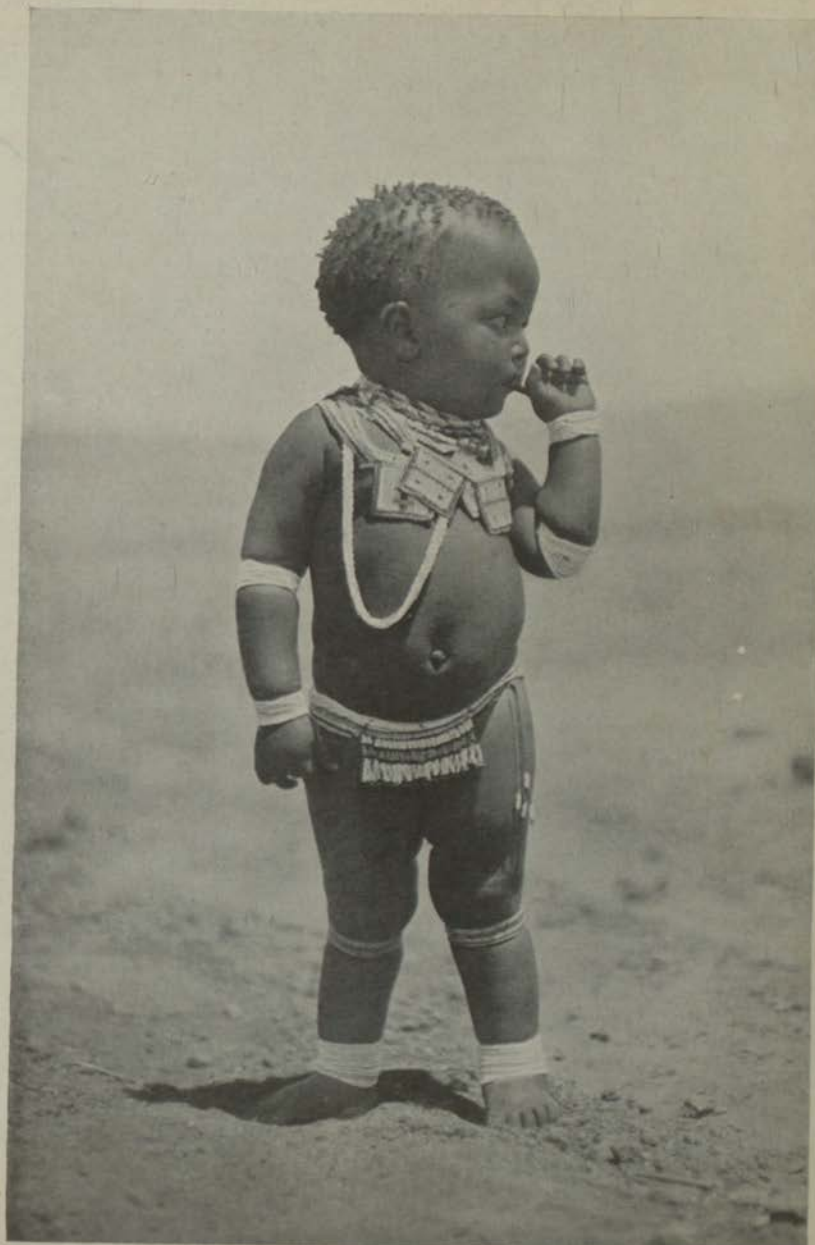
* For mutilations at a later date, *see* p. 91.

deal, loving to fondle them; but they do not kiss their sleeping children as English mothers do. The small children are put to sleep with lullabies, which, however, are not as a rule so formal as our "Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree top." Sometimes the mothers sing the ordinary chants of the kraal, altering them slightly and putting in diminutives where possible. They chant these songs very softly and add the baby's name, weaving it into the chant. As the song dies away in diminishing cadence the mother calls over again and again the name of the babe. The mother will sometimes take the praise-song of the child's grandfather, and will add the child's name and the word *Tula*, which corresponds to something between our "Hush" and "Shut up." Occasionally the mothers make up a special song somewhat as follows: "Hush my child, thy mother has not hoed her garden: has not hoed her garden for there are stones between the weeds, and the stones hindered her; thy mother has not hoed her garden." In some cases the mother keeps calling out to the child such words as "Keep quiet, child, keep quiet: child, keep quiet."

But the mother may sing any nonsense that comes into her head at the moment; she may sing about weeding the gardens, or fetching wood and water; or she may take up any other aspect of her daily work and sing nonsense about the cooking, the smearing of the huts, the threshing of the corn, or the brewing of the beer. Anything of this sort can be made into a lullaby.

Here is a Gazaland lullaby which Mr. Wood has sent to me; it is given in Tshindao and in English, so that both the sound and meaning may be grasped. The air of the chant is also subjoined.

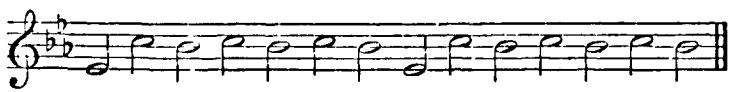
Woe, woe,	Woye, Woye,
ndo enda mugoa,	I'm going down South
kuna Mwandiemudza,	To Mwandiemudza,



ZULU GIRL SUCKING FIRST FINGER

mukunda wa Tshibuwe,	Tshibuwe's daughter,
O nameso matshena,	Who has white eyes,
ahongo a a mutshangwa,	Like a weasel's,
mutshangwa zie zano,	The cunning weasel,
wo one tsho ito ndebvu,	You see its whiskers,
ḓza pera kutumbuka,	Are fine and large,
dzo̍ ne nhumbu.	They need a doctor.

Refrain of Lullaby.



When the mother has chanted this song she gives one or two coughs in her throat and repeats the song. In reference to the weasel's whiskers, Mr. Wood says: "I think the idea is that the mother will go and get a full beard for the youngster. But she does not want him to have white whiskers like a weasel, as that would be a sign of age, and so she will get some medicine from the doctor to prevent the whiskers from becoming white."

In the morning the mothers give their babies a primitive sort of bath, but generally wait till the air is warm. The mother takes a calabash, and allows the water to trickle from it in a thin stream over the baby, which she holds up by one arm. If there should be no vessel handy, the mother fills her mouth with water which she squirts out slowly over the baby; the child always resents this indecorous treatment. Soap is, of course, unknown till the advent of civilisation.

Babies are carried in several ways. The commonest method adopted is as follows: the mother, or tiny sister who has to act as nurse, fastens her blanket round her hips and shoulders, allowing the blanket to form a pouch over the small of her back. The mother then lifts the infant by one of its arms, swings it round her

head and plumps the naked baby into the pouch in the blanket, placing the baby next to her own skin. The child is soothed by a gentle motion, the mother rotating the upper part of her body round her hips. If the baby is troublesome, the mother hits the baby with her arm at the end of each swing. The mother does not feel the weight of the baby when it is carried thus, and can work all day in the sun with the baby strapped on to her back. The baby does not seem to experience any discomfort from the fact that its head lolls out of the pouch of blanket and so gets exposed to the rays of the sun. Hats are of course unknown.

Women frequently carry children in another fashion; the baby is placed, either inside or outside the blanket, straddle-legged across one of the nurse's hips. Amongst the tribes near the Zambesi the father may carry the baby on a long journey, placing it on his shoulder or even on his head; but this plan would be considered undignified in the more southern tribes, where men do not carry the babies.

Children are very fond of sucking their fingers or thumbs (especially the index finger), a habit the mothers like, for they say it makes the child feel comfortable, and so not anxious to be suckled too much. When mothers see their babies sucking their big toe, they stop them, saying that a baby who sucks its toe will find the toe growing out sideways, and will therefore be a poor walker in later life. The childish habit of placing one foot on the top of the other is discouraged for a similar reason. The children are very fond of biting their nails, but this habit is regarded amongst the natives as a very bad one; it is said that a child that bites its nails will grow up lazy and irritable, and will become poor.

Small savage children are said to be unreasonably afraid of feathers. Various explanations have been given for this fact. It has been suggested that a

similar terror is sometimes shown by babies when they see dead leaves blown about capriciously by the wind. This motion of the leaves and feathers is supposed to be attributed by the child to the action of some uncanny evil spirits, no obvious cause of the motion being present. It is difficult to believe that a baby could have any conception of evil spirits. There seems to be a strange tendency amongst certain students of savage races to relegate to the action of spirits every deed of a savage that cannot readily be understood or classified, much as people with a smattering of science gleaned from newspapers put down all psychic phenomena to the credit of electricity or magnetism.

A Kafir told me that one day he had killed several birds, and on returning home pulled out a feather from the tail of one of the birds and showed it to his baby. This child was about four months old. To the father's astonishment the baby showed the utmost terror, and incontinently went into a fit, in which it nearly died. In this case there was no uncanny movement, for the feather was held in the familiar hand of the father. A child of four months old could hardly have argued to itself that evil spirits were moving the feather. The matter needs elucidating.

The first year of infancy has little else that calls for description except in the pages of a scientific journal. The baby feeds, sleeps and crawls about the hut; it learns to walk and talk at about the same age as in the case of European children. A hundred minute details might be examined with profit, and would doubtless throw light on many scientific questions. But such observation would be very difficult for a white man to make, for the mothers would resent any careful observation of their children by a European. They would be certain to imagine that the white man wished to work magic on the baby. We must now follow the child as it emerges from infancy.

CHAPTER II

THE DAWN OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

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THE DAWN OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

The baby new to earth and sky,
  What time his tender palm is prest
  Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that "this is I":

But as he grows he gathers much
  And learns the use of "I" and "me,"
  And finds "I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch."

So rounds he to a separate mind
  From whence clear memory may begin,
  As thro' the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

I. THE AWAKENING OF THE SELF

IT is most fascinating to watch the dawn of self-consciousness in a child. This delightful period, which lasts but a few short months in the case of European babies, may be spread out into many months or years in the case of Kafir children. In the case of the latter it is as though some retarding brake were put upon the driving-wheel of a biograph, while the pictures were being projected on to the screen, so that each successive picture lingered for an unconscionable time before the gaze of the audience. The difference is as great as that which subsists between a hurried tropical sunrise which may be completed in half an hour, and a leisurely Arctic dawn which may last half

the day. In the case of the Kafir child there is ample time for watching the various stages of the process, which indeed may not reach completeness even in old age; the process is not only sometimes retarded, but also frequently arrested at a very imperfect stage. The process seems rarely to be continued after adolescence. The Kafir seems to reach the climax of the development of self-consciousness shortly after puberty. At that period of his life new emotions and needs call his attention to the existence of a "self." Henceforth the sexual life overshadows nearly all of his other interests; it is the one absorbing topic of conversation and the centre of his thought; and so he rarely progresses in any other direction. When the uproar of the sexual life is over, the worn-out old man lies about in the sunshine and leads a placid and dreamy existence.

Psychologists affirm that consciousness begins before birth: "The beginning of conscious life," says Höffding,* "is to be placed before birth. . . . The experiences undergone before birth perhaps suffice to form the foundation of the consciousness of an external world. The feeling of comfort or discomfort, together with the sensations of movement, may even at this stage offer a certain contrast to the sensations of resistance, contact, and taste. It follows as a matter of course that this first germ of a world-consciousness is dim and dream-like, and that we, from our waking fully conscious standpoint, are easily tempted to attribute too much to it. But these first stirrings must be taken into account, especially as they serve to indicate the difficulty of fixing on a definite point as the point of transition from unconscious to conscious existence." The difficulty of breathing at birth, the cold of the external world and other factors, such as the stimuli of light and sound, must wonderfully

* *Outlines of Psychology* (English translation), p. 3.

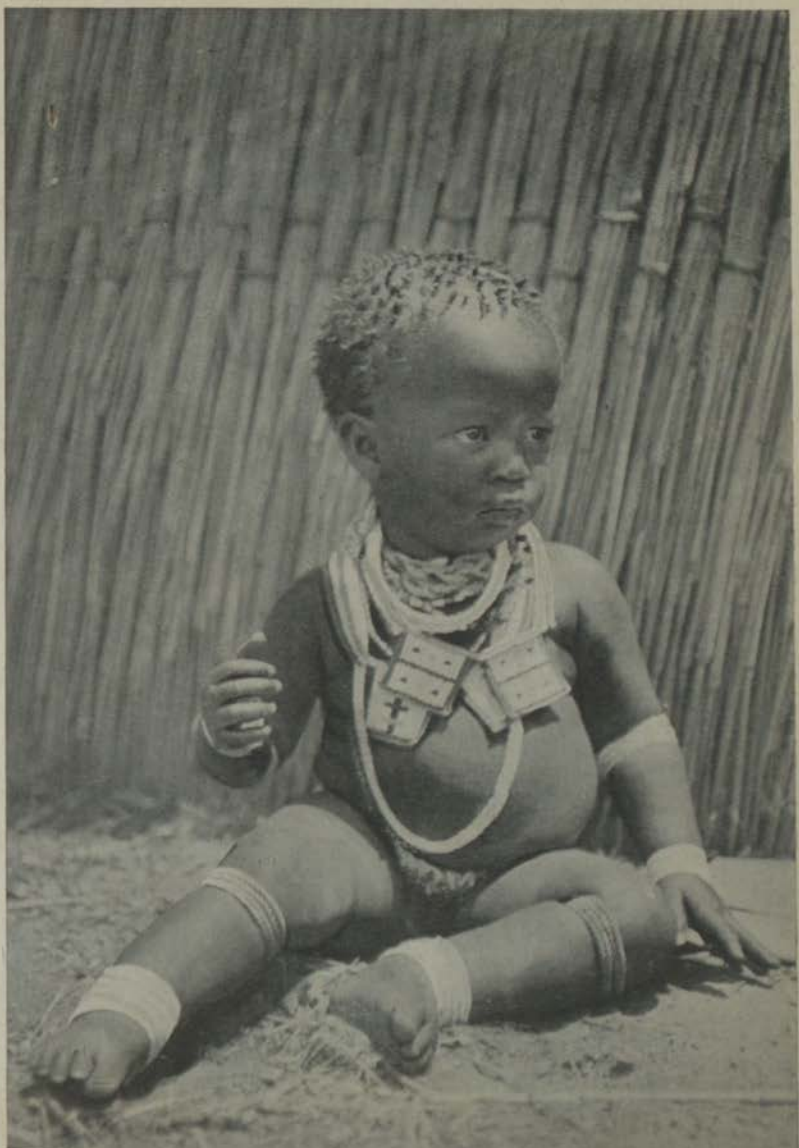
develop the consciousness; resistance to movement becomes intensified, and memories and ideas soon become differentiated off from sensations and percepts. An inner becomes marked off from an outer world.

No doubt all this takes place in the Kafir baby as it does in a European one, but in a very short time the white child outstrips the black one, for full self-consciousness is but slowly arrived at in the case of Kafir children. By good fortune it once fell to my lot to see a Kafir baby "rounding to a common mind."

The child—perhaps about a year old—was sitting mother-naked on the mud floor of a hut in which I was spending the night. Close to the baby there was a Kafir pot which had been removed but recently from the fire, but which had not yet cooled down completely. The lid of the pot was sufficiently hot to be painful to the touch, though not hot enough to burn the skin. There was a strangely thoughtful expression on the face of the chubby little fellow. It is not uncommon to see this expression on the face of a Kafir child as it sits bolt upright on the floor, looking out on the world from its wide eyes with an expression that is meditative, pensive, brooding. The gravity and high seriousness of many of these small children, so eloquent in their silence, might well make a poet think that they had come into the world freighted with knowledge learned in "some other clime," and that they were trying to recall some reminiscences of the knowledge they once possessed, and were now in danger of forgetting since they had come into this dull and insignificant planet. The wise sententious expression on the faces of these babes, whose minds are probably nearly a blank, is extremely comical.

By accident the hand of the baby came into contact with the hot lid of the pot; the hand was withdrawn at once—evidently by reflex action, for the child was

not disturbed in its reverie. The action, which seemed purposeful, was probably as void of conscious effort as though it had been the action of a limb of a "pithed" frog that had touched the hot iron. The child showed no conscious perception of its action. The attention of the child was called away to something happening in another part of the hut, when again its hand accidentally touched the hot lid of the pot. This time the child withdrew the hand more quickly, as though it had a vague and dawning consciousness that something had gone wrong somewhere. The child evidently did not grasp the fact that the painful sensation was caused by the contact of the finger with the hot iron. But, to judge from the expression on the face, a dim suspicion that this might possibly account for the sensation dawned on the child, for after a few moments of meditation, the baby, evidently with the idea of inquiry, put out its first finger and deliberately touched the pot. Having done this it as deliberately withdrew its hand and looked at its finger with surprise; it then looked at the pot and seemed puzzled. The child seemed to grasp the facts that there was some connection between its finger and itself, and that something unpleasant was experienced when its finger touched the pot. The expression of the face was so striking that it was impossible to doubt what was going on in the child's mind, for one could almost see slowly dawning on the mind of the child the new idea that the finger was not an alien thing, but a part of itself. I have seen a similar and puzzled expression on the face of a puppy, which, having chased its own tail till it was giddy, accidentally bit it rather hard; the puppy paused in its play, yelped with the pain, and turned round to gaze at its tail and to inquire into the strange experience. Evidently it had never before imagined that its tail was a part of itself.



"MEDITATIVE, PENSIVE, BROODING"

No sooner had the child recovered from this expression of surprise than it deliberately put out its finger once more and pressed it firmly against the lid of the pot. A short period elapsed in which nerve-currents were travelling to the brain and were being sorted in that very dull quarter, and then the baby set up a piteous howl and was promptly seized by its mother, who removed it from the danger-zone.

It is impossible to recall this scene in a Kafir hut without being reminded of three well-known pictures. The first is the passage from *In Memoriam*, placed at the beginning of this chapter, and which has been inserted as it exactly describes a world-wide experience; the second is the scene in Kingsley's *Water Babies*, in which Tom, on becoming a Water Baby, plucks at the fringes he finds hanging from his neck, little dreaming that the gills are a part of himself until the pain caused by his action assures him of the fact; and the third is the account of Bobo in Lamb's *Dissertation on Roast Pig*, where Bobo, attracted by the delicious odour, places his fingers into the crackling, and thence into his mouth, and repeats the action several times before it dawns on his dull brain that the odour and taste come from the roast pig. Here in a Kafir kraal the same lesson was being learned, not by an English infant, not by a Water Baby, not by a Chinese booby, but by a savage child.

When a Kafir child has learned this first lesson, he has still much difficulty in recognising the fact that his pains and aches arise within "the frame that binds him in." Take, for example, a headache. One of the most intelligent Kafirs I know told me that he could quite well remember his first headache during childhood. He said he was conscious that something was wrong somewhere, but did not dream that the pain was within his head. The pain might just as well have been in the roof of his hut as in the roof of his

head; and it was only when his mother told him that his head was aching that this fact dawned upon him. This account of the objectiveness of pain in the case of a savage may seem very far-fetched to us who are so woefully conscious of our pains and aches, and of our internal organs. But it will account for much of the indifference to pain shown by savages, and throws a merciful light on the problem of pain in animals. The Kafir just referred to also said that he was very puzzled when he first took up his father's pipe and smoked it. He seemed to encounter a bitter taste, and was sorely puzzled to know wherever this unpleasant experience came from, or where it was located; it took repeated sucks at the pipe for the child to realise the fact that the taste came from the stem of the pipe, and that it was located in his own mouth.

In a state of health men are unconscious of the very existence of their organs, but the moment an organ goes wrong they become conscious of its existence. Thus a Kafir says graphically, "I am with a head," when he has a headache. But it takes a savage child a long time to understand all this. There seems to be a tendency in the primitive mind to assign internal or subjective agency to phenomena due to external causes, and conversely to attribute external agency to effects which are due to subjective or internal causes. When the wind moves dead leaves the adult savage is sometimes apt to think they are moved from within, and are therefore gifted with life. Conversely he thinks that sickness is often a thing sent by the ancestral spirits as though it were as frankly external as a dust-storm or pest of locusts. It is not surprising, therefore, that when savage children hear their parents talk of sickness as a thing sent by the spirits, they should be slow to recognise that the pain is within their own heads. Sickness and pain are both regarded as external things which attack people, just as slumber is said to

be a "beast" or a "thief," which attacks children. A small lady I know wrote from school to thank her mother for her "nutritious letter"; the Kafir would think that our ideas of sickness were lacking in a quality of grossness, which defect left them insufficiently "nutritious." In the stage we are considering the "self" has not yet learned how to relate its experiences to a common permanent centre. The child seems to be a bundle of "conscious states," floating about in the world, and it acts under the promptings of blind animal impulse. There is as yet no recognised co-ordinating centre *in the child's consciousness*;* the incessant stream of sense-impressions seems to be thrown like a series of pictures on to the ever-shifting mists which will one day be condensed into a definite self-consciousness. The child seems to meet with a successive number of anonymous sensations floating free in the universe, just as some meteorite might meet with a cloud; as yet the child does not recognise the "myness" of the sensation. It has been observed that a European child notices a reflection of its face in a mirror so early as the tenth week after birth, but that it cannot relate the reflection in the mirror to its own face till very much later. In somewhat the same way a Kafir child notices the existence of a pain at an early age, but does not think of relating it to his own body till a much later period. His consciousness has not yet become self-consciousness. The Kafir child seems to possess—or rather to be possessed by—some general and ill-defined sensations of an organic nature, possibly largely connected with the state of the viscera, and this nexus of sensations seems to be presented to a "self"

* The "subject" of these changing conscious states may *be* permanent and identical; but as yet the child is not fully *conscious* of the fact. The problem as to whether the "self" can be accounted for by the mere association of a series of sense-impressions or not is not here referred to: it is a problem for the psychologists.

of the dullest kind, which acts as a point "from which clear memory may begin." "This use may lie in blood and flesh."

To Europeans there is something almost incredible in the accounts of the dulness of a Kafir's nerves; but there is ample evidence as to this dulness. It is quite common for a native girl to break a needle deep in the palm of her hand. After trying in vain for a few days to extract it, she allows a white man, or even a native doctor, to slash away in the deep tissues. The girl will merely cover her head so that her fancy may not run away with her, and lead her to imagine that things are worse than they really are. She will not wince or show the slightest indication of suffering during this most painful operation. Occasionally, however, a native is as susceptible to pain as any European, and dreads even the pulling out of a tooth; but as a rule he is very callous. A Johannesburg doctor told me that on one occasion a Kafir came to him to have two teeth pulled out. The price was arranged for in advance. When the teeth were both out, the Kafir only offered half the fee, saying that the doctor did not give him anything like enough pain to deserve the whole amount.

And just as a Kafir is slow in locating pain which is being experienced in his own body, so is he slow in imagining what others are suffering. A grown-up Kafir told me with great amusement, that when he was a small boy his father threatened him with a beating if he did something or other. The child was puzzled as to whatever sort of thing a beating could be, for though he had often seen his bigger brothers being beaten, his imagination was unable to work *in vacuo*, and to reconstruct the experience of another into terms of his own sensation. When his father threatened him, the child simply laughed at him, for he had not the remotest idea as to what a

beating really meant. It took a very short time for our young gentleman to extend the boundaries of his knowledge. Swift retribution followed this unpardonable sin of showing disrespect to a father. As the children roam about stark naked there was no delay even for a preliminary stripping. The father took up a stick and applied it with astonishing vigour to the proper places before the child had an inkling as to what was happening. As the man said to me, "I remember that when the tears and smarting were over, I sat down and thought to myself, 'Well now I know what father means by a beating; I don't see the reason of it, but anyhow I now know what sort of thing a beating is.'" Then the Kafir laughed and said, "White people can never realise how utterly stupid we black people are when we are children; I often laugh when I think how stupid I was."

II. LOCALISING THE SELF

Though a Kafir may not have a clear consciousness of a "self," still he invariably has a very marked personality. But perhaps there is no need to emphasise the fact that a savage has a strong egoism. Humility is a grace that a Kafir cannot really understand, for he thinks it in no sense immodest for a man to sing his own praises on every occasion. If a man does not blow his own trumpet, who will blow it for him? And what is the use of having a trumpet unless it be blown constantly? A native will talk about himself with the most unblushing directness. After a time the Kafir usually becomes conscious of a "self"; he places himself before himself as an object whose ends should be furthered. That he is aware of having an "ego," other than his body, could be shown—were it necessary—by his language. Thus, when a man has been wasted by disease, and is at length putting

on flesh, he says, "I am laying hold of my body." This phrase is almost as explicit as to the primacy of a "self" as is the title of a recent philosophical book, *Why the Soul has a Body*. It is at least an implicit acknowledgment that there is a "self" which owns the body. The use of the Zulu phrase, "That man has fingers," to express the idea that he is clever with his fingers, is also suggestive of the same thing.

The Kafir, however, makes many strange but picturesque mistakes in localising the "self." When we remember that he is at such an elementary stage of thought that he imagines he can, by magical charms, change himself into a wild animal and devour human beings, and then by magic transform himself back again into his original human shape; when we remember that he firmly believes trees can talk, and grass reveal secrets it has witnessed, and tell them to the ancestral spirits; when we remember that the children, and sometimes the adults, believe that small stones are the children of large ones, and villages the offspring of towns—when we remember these things we need not be surprised that a native should find great difficulty in defining the limits of "the skirts of self." A few of the confusions of Kafir thought on the subject must be passed rapidly under review.

(*a*) *Confusion of Self with the Clothing and Possessions*

A Kafir child will frequently beat the blanket of a person with whom he is enraged, much as a bull or an ostrich will worry the coat which a hunted man throws behind him on the ground. A child will bite its mother's blanket or petticoat in impotent rage when its will is hopelessly crossed. A big boy will cry when his clothing or possessions are beaten. A man's personal possessions are buried with him. The custom has been said by Europeans to have been adopted with a view to the closing up of the avenues leading to crime,

for if any person were to be found in possession of such personal articles he might be accused of having murdered the man so as to get possession of the coveted articles. The idea is quite satisfactory till a few further facts are borne in mind. The only things Kafirs really covet are a man's cattle and wives, and these are *not* buried with the dead man. If it be argued that men covet the assegais of other men, then it must be pointed out that the only part of the weapon they covet is the iron point, and it is precisely this part that need not be buried, provided it be washed twice with *intelezi* of a special nature. When thus cleansed it can be kept by one of the man's relatives, who may fix it in a fresh wooden handle. The haft of the weapon which the man handled during life must be buried or burnt. No man woud dream of keeping that; nor would any man want to do so.

The only other thing a man might covet would be the clothing, but in the case of the Kafirs in a savage state there is very little clothing belonging to a dead man, for men go through life with garments made of but a few wild cat's tails and a piece of ox-hide. So it is clear that the hypothesis of criminal coveting, though it may hold to a certain extent, is too small to cover all the facts.

If a Kafir should buy a blanket or a coat and never use it before he died, then it would not be buried with him, but would be passed on to the heir; if the man had worn it but once, and had soiled it with a little perspiration, then it would have to be buried with him. In this latter case it contains a part of his dirt and therefore a part of his personality. So with an assegai; the only part of the weapon that has the man's dirt ingrained into it is the wooden handle; this therefore contains part of the man's personality, and must be buried with him; but the iron point does not come into contact with the man, and so contains no part of

the man's personality; therefore it needs but a ceremonial washing to make it the property of the heir. The wooden handle cannot on any occasion be doctored by the most powerful *intelezi* so as to be rendered capable of being passed on to the heir. A man who gets possession of the wooden handle of an assegai can work magic on the original owner, because he is in possession of some of his dirt or secretions; the wooden handle of the assegai could be thus "worked" upon as much as the parings of a man's nails or the clippings of his hair. The iron point of the assegai would be of much less value for this purpose. As we shall see in a moment, anything which contains the secretions or perspiration of a man is regarded as so much an organic part of a man that even the shadow of such an article is, for all practical purposes, equivalent to the shadow of the man himself. This brings us to the next point.

(*b*) *Confusion of the Self with the Shadow*

A Kafir cannot always distinguish between his self and his shadow. Thus he is angry when a man—or when a child—stands on his shadow, for it is much the same thing as standing on his body. It will be observed that when a native approaches a number of men who are sitting down, he is careful to avoid treading on their shadows, and even tries to prevent his long shadow being seen in comparison with their short ones. This is specially the case with inferiors approaching their betters. A native walks up to such a group, and when a little way off crouches down and sidles up to the others, thus preventing any comparison of shadows. Children are therefore told to respect (*hlonipa ?*) the shadows of their betters.

It is thought that a sick man's shadow dwindles in intensity when he is about to die, for it has such an intimate relation to the man that it suffers with him.

This belief has led to a very strange custom, which, though well known, has not received the full and adequate explanation required. When a man went to war, his wives were said to hold up his sleeping-mat in the sun, and to judge from the length of the shadow the fortunes of the man; if the shadow were short the man was thought to be dead, but if the shadow were long the husband was thought to be well. On making inquiry as to the details of this custom I find that the mat was *not* held up in the sun, but was placed in the hut at the marked-off portion where the *itongo* or ancestral spirit was supposed to live; and the fate of the man was divined, not by the *length* of the shadow, but by its *strength*. This account of the matter solves many of the difficulties inherent in the accounts generally given. The Kafirs are too shrewd not to know that the length of a man's shadow in the sunlight does not vary with the state of his health; but the shadow inside the hut (and outside the hut also) varies continually in intensity with the shifting lights caused by clouds and other things, and so it may vary with anything, for all one might guess on *a priori* methods. The explanation of the custom, then, seems to be as follows. A man's sleeping-mat is impregnated with his perspiration and dirt, as every one who has visited a Kafir hut knows. The mat is never, or very rarely, washed, and has to be burnt at the man's death, or else has to be buried with him. The mat therefore contains a concentrated and essential part of the man's personality, and so is an organic part of the man himself. It is placed near the favourite spot which the *itongo* haunts, and is thus in connection with the distant owner in a most intimate way; the man's personality harks back to the hut through his intimate connection with the *itongo*, and also with his sleeping-mat. Thus the man's mat is virtually a part of his "self," and is in

organic connection with him. Whether the strength of the shadow is supposed to be affected by any light thrown from the *itongo* or not, I am unable to say, but it would seem that this tempting idea has never occurred to the Kafir. This is a distinct loss to the picturesque aspect of the custom.

Here is another Zulu belief about the shadow which shows its supposed relation to the personality. Once every year, generally about October, men, women and children have a small piece of skin cut from the back of the left hand. The poison of a snake is then placed on the tip of the finger, and the finger is placed on the tongue. The finger, with its mixture of snake-poison and saliva, is then rubbed over the small wound on the back of the left hand. After this, the finger is moistened again on the tongue and is made to touch a spot on the upper surface of each foot, and a spot above each knee. It is thought that no snake can come near a person so protected. But the special point of interest in our present connection is that it is said that if a person who is not thus protected should accidentally touch the shadow of a person who is so protected, the unprotected person will fall down overcome by the power of the medicine which is transmitted through the shadow.

Passing over those cases in which native doctors apply medicine to people's shadows as well as to their bodies, we come to another example of Kafir thought on shadows, which is also important in this connection. Kafirs think that some trees have blood in them, and that they bleed when cut. They think that these trees try to kill all persons who approach them. Doctors supply special medicines to people to enable them to " overcome " such trees, and no person not magically protected would dare to approach such a tree, which is said to shake in fury at the approach of a human being. (Is it possible that some such action was noted

in the case of the *Mimosa pudica ?*) But when even a doctored person wishes to cut a branch, or pluck leaves from the tree for medicinal purposes, he takes great care not to touch the shadow of the tree, for it is thought that the tree would be aware of man's approach through its organic connection with its own shadow.

Furthermore, there are some trees not so furious as the above-mentioned one, but which still have medicinal properties. A doctor, when seeking to pluck the leaves for medicinal purposes, takes care to run up quickly, and to avoid touching the shadow lest it should inform the tree of the danger, and so give the tree time to withdraw the medicinal properties from its extremities into the safety of the inaccessible trunk. The shadow of the tree is said to feel the touch of the man's feet. And if the shadow of a tree is regarded as an organic part of the tree, how much more must the shadow of a man be considered to be a part of a man's personality !

(*c*) *Confusion of the Self with the Picture*

The raw Kafir has, as a rule, the greatest objection to having his photograph taken. He considers his "likeness," as he calls it, a part of his personality. Kafirs have asked me why I wanted to carry off a part of them across the sea. One old man asked me what I was going to do with him when I had got possession of a part of him through the "likeness." He said I should have a hold on him after he was dead, and did not wish that to be the case : so he refused to be photographed. Another man told me that if he had his photograph taken he would henceforth be only half a man, for the photographer would have a part of him in his possession. Another old man said, "Why should I give a part of myself to a stranger ?" Something of this feeling is seen occasionally in Europe.

For instance, I know a small boy who refused stoutly to be photographed, and gave as his reason, " I don't want to be stucked in a book."

I remember seeing a woman in Zululand who used to come up to a Mission station daily. Hanging on the walls of the rough church there were some gaudy American pictures of Bible scenes. Amongst them was one of Moses with a long white beard and brilliant-coloured robes. The Kafirs greatly respect people with beards, especially with white beards; and when the old woman heard that Moses made the laws for the people and judged them, her veneration for the picture was unbounded. Every time she entered the church she sat down before this large picture of Moses and cleared her throat to let him know she had come to call. She would then gaze at the picture, nod her old head and say out aloud, " Good morning, Moses." She was firmly convinced that the picture was the man—or some emanation from his personality.

(*d*) *Confusion of the Self with the Name*

For all practical purposes the Kafir thinks the name is the man. In all primitive races there is a tendency to confuse the name with the thing named. To take a person's name in vain is to offer an insult to the person; to know the ineffable name is to control the energies of the All Great; to name a bad person or thing by its true name denoting its evil nature, is to court the anger of that person or thing. He who knows the name of a person can work magic on him by the name. Such ideas would not be possible unless there were in primitive thought an organic connection between the name and the thing named.

Kafirs give the lion complimentary names when there is any danger of its attack, but use its true name when they are beyond the reach of danger. The mother and father of the twin which is not killed at birth,

decide on a name for the surviving child at the time of birth, but they keep this name an absolute secret till the child is supposed to be strong enough to fight its own battles at about sixteen years of age. Then the name is made public. The person who knows the name of the twin has power over him.

When a Kafir boy has stolen pumpkins or sweet cane from another person's gardens, the owner may beat the boy if he can catch him, just to relieve the feelings. But he does not stop there. As a Kafir said to me, "We black men do not look at these things as the white men do: they are content to punish the thief: we try to cure him." I pointed out that the latter sentiment was most admirable, and asked him how the natives cured a young thief. The man said that this could easily be done if only the name of the boy were known. The Kafir takes a large pot made of earthenware and fills it with water, which is made to boil over a fire; medicines are then thrown into the boiling water. As the pot of water is boiling furiously, the people uncover it and shout out the name of the boy at the boiling medicine, repeating the name many times. When they feel sure that the boy's name has well penetrated into the water, they cover up the pot and place it on one side for several days; at the end of that period the boy, who is utterly ignorant of the liberties taken with his name, is said to be cured of the habit of thieving. A number of wizard-charms are practised in a similar way, the name of the person to be injured being regarded fully as valuable for the working of the charm as the body of the person would be.

(*e*) *Confusion of the Self with a Person's Actions*

One day a Kafir pointed to a wound on his arm, and said, "That is So-and-So," mentioning the person who had given him the wound. There is more than

graphic metaphor in this form of speech. It is not enough to dismiss such a saying in cavalier fashion by calling it mere metaphor. Metaphor of this sort is based on, and gets its universal value from, the organic feeling which lies behind it, and which makes it possible. It is of a different order from such a picturesque expression as the Zulu *Kwa'mamengalahlwa*, which means "There where one shouts out 'Oh, mother, I am lost,'" and which is used to express the idea "far, far away." The Kafir does not so much think as feel that his actions are a part of himself. "In early thought there is no sharp line between the metaphorical and the literal, between the way of expressing a thing and the way of conceiving it: phrases and symbols are treated as realities."*

In one of the folk-lore tales of the Zulus there is an old cannibal woman called "Long-Toe," who devoured all the men in the country, and then assuaged her hunger by biting out a huge portion of her daughter's side. When this girl was asked by her lover what this huge wound was, she simply answered, "Oh, that is Long-Toe," because her mother had made the wound.

(*f*) *Confusion of the Self with the Clan*

A Kafir feels that "the frame that binds him in" extends to the clan. The sense of solidarity of the family in Europe is thin and feeble compared to the full-blooded sense of corporate union of the Kafir clan. The claims of the clan entirely swamp the rights of the individual. The system of tribal land-tenure, which has worked so well in its smoothness that it might satisfy the utmost dreams of the socialist,†

* *Religion of the Semites*, p. 274.

† It is a striking fact that all publicists when writing on the Native Problem take as their *terminus a quo* the proposition that this system of land-tenure should be broken up, as it delays the development of

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is a standing proof of the strength of the sense of corporate union of the clan. Fortunately for Europeans this sense of corporate union does not extend beyond the tribe, or no white men would have survived in South Africa. The strength of this clan feeling is shown by the way the old men mourn over the loss of the good old days, for their young men come back from the gold-fields—often they do not return at all—with new ideas of personal rights, and of the claims of the individual. In olden days a man did not have any feeling of personal injury when a chief made him work for white men and then told him to give all, or nearly all, of his wages to his chief; the money was kept within the clan, and what was the good of the clan was the good of the individual and *vice versa*. It should be pointed out that it is not only the missionary who teaches the native the value of the individual, but it is also the trader, the mineowner, and the farmer.

The striking thing about this unity of the clan is that it was not a *thought-out* plan imposed from without by legislation on an unwilling people, but it was a *felt-out* plan which arose spontaneously along the line of least resistance. If one member of the clan suffered, all the members suffered, not in sentimental phraseology, but in real fact. The corporate union was not a pretty religious fancy with which to please the mind, but was so truly felt that it formed an excellent basis from which the altruistic sentiment might start. Gross selfishness was curbed, and the turbulent passions were restrained by an impulse which the man felt welling up within him, instinctive and unbidden. Clannish *camaraderie* was thus of immense value to the native races. And all this

the individual. In Europe many publicists argue for nationalisation of land. Would it not be well for us to solve the problem in Europe before tinkering with a system which has so satisfied the Kafirs?

was helped possibly by the other vague ideas as to the boundaries of the self.

Mankind is first of all conscious of the world: at a later period he becomes reflective and becomes conscious of the self. The dawn of full self-consciousness is but now coming to the Kafir races, and the first effects are sure to be very bad. The passions will express themselves in violent ways, since the old tribal restraints are being removed by contact with civilisation, and inadequate restraints are taking their place. Hitherto the native races have been extraordinarily law-abiding. It is to be feared that in our attempts to solve the native problem we shall let loose, unwittingly, enormous forces in a disorganised condition; for once a Kafir discovers himself and his individual liberty, he is apt to give free play to what is worst in his nature. Release him from the restraints of his own religion, and give him no other religion to take its place and the result will be disaster. Politicians are apt to overlook this, and it would be well if they paid attention first of all to fresh restraints which might be imposed before they set to work to break up the old ones.

III. CONCEPTIONS OF THE SELF

The great majority of Kafirs never think about the nature of the self. But now and then a small child will pester its mother with questions. A small black boy, on waking one morning, asked his mother, "Have we changed from the people we were yesterday?" much as a small English boy, on waking in a strange room, rubbed his eyes, and, looking round the unfamiliar walls, said to his nurse, "Is it we?"

I knew a little Kafir boy who said to his mother, "Is this body my real me?" but the mother thought it best not to encourage such speculative ideas, and

told the child not to ask questions. The subtle questions which are asked by English and American boys, and which form so much material for books about European children, are rarely met with amongst the Kafirs. Professor Sully describes a little boy who was sorely puzzled as to how his thoughts and volitions travelled down from his brain to his mouth, and as to how his spirit made his legs walk. The thought nearest to this I have come across amongst the Kafirs is that of a boy who asked his astonished mother, "What is it in me that does the thinking?" But such a question is very rare amongst black children. As a rule the Kafirs are as indifferent about metaphysics as is the placidest cow, and never trouble their thick heads about such things. They take life at its face value and consider that it was given them to enjoy rather than to puzzle over. They float on the surface of life as in a boat, and never trouble to think what depths may lie beneath their keel.

When Kafirs are questioned as to their earliest remembered impressions they usually state that these were connected with the senses of taste and smell. The next things they remember are connected with the sense of colour; then impressions of sound and of form seem to follow last of all. It is true that sight-impressions existed alongside of those of taste and smell, but all the Kafirs I have questioned agree in saying that the impressions of taste and smell were much more powerful than those of sight. In the early days of infancy the protecting care of the mother renders of comparatively little value sensations other than those of taste and smell; but later on, when the child begins to crawl, it gets exposed to a hundred new dangers, and consequently impressions of sight, and especially those of colour and of movement, become of increased importance. Of course, even in infancy, stimuli arising from colour, motion

and sound, stream continually into the brain of the child, and are of the greatest possible importance in the development of the whole organism. It is suggestive also that amongst the first senses to be awakened is that of taste, which is perhaps the least aggressively localised of the sensations. There is thus but little strain placed on the awakening of the mental powers, and the child awakens slowly to the external world without undue shock. When the child has become thoroughly accustomed to the stimulus of taste and smell, the pain of teething begins to pierce through what Stevenson has happily called the "swaddling numbness of infancy." The pains of teething must call forth at least the anger of the child, and must hasten the slow process of the dawn of self-consciousness. It is interesting to point out that Preyer, in his work on *The Senses and the Will*, states that "during teething, the sensibility to acoustic stimulus is, moreover, noticeably increased." (*Loc. cit.* p. 87.) But this brings us to our next chapter.*

* The Kafir conception as to *The Permanence of the Self* is dealt with in Appendix A.

CHAPTER III

THE INTER-DENTITION PERIOD

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THE period between the cutting of the first and second teeth is *par excellence* the age of innocence and charm. The brain of the baby may have grown very rapidly during infancy, and the child may have learned a great deal. But it is chiefly the mother and the scientific specialist who are interested in the baby at this stage. No sooner does the nagging pain of teething arouse the dormant consciousness of the child than it becomes more interesting. The toddling and chattering stage commences, and changes are set in motion which are not completed till after the second teeth appear.

I. TEETHING

The period between the appearance of the first and second teeth hangs together as an organic whole. It is strange that we have no word which exactly connotes this period of life. Babyhood is over, and adolescence has not yet commenced. The words "childhood" and "youth" are too vague to suit our purpose, for they spread out on one side or the other of the period referred to. No work that I have read on the fascinating subject of Child-study seems to recognise this organic period, for the divisions of childhood which are adopted are vague and often artificial. Thus we get such divisions as the following: The Making Age, The Chattering Age, The Imaginative Age, The Inquisitive Age, &c. These periods

are largely arbitrary, and differ enormously in different children and in different races, whereas the period between the two dentitions is an *organic* period, which, for example, medical men observe in the case of children's diseases. The Kafirs, with their shrewd insight, have recognised this period implicitly, as is shown by many of their customs.

As soon as the mother thinks it is time for the first tooth to appear, she rubs the gums of the child to stimulate the growth of the teeth and to relieve pain by thus softening or stimulating the tissues. When the first tooth has been cut, the mother places a bead on a wisp of the child's hair over the forehead; thus she notifies to the people that her baby has cut its first tooth. This bead is allowed to remain hanging over the baby's forehead until the second tooth is cut; then the bead is removed, for the mother thinks that the rest of the teeth are assured.

When the child finds its first tooth becoming loose the people say, "See now; the mother of that child will be having a second child soon." Amongst the Kafirs a woman lives in isolation from her husband while she is suckling her child, a process which may last for several years. This period is called her incubation period; her isolation from her husband is thought to be essential; if she neglected this custom the woman would be troubled with sterility.*

* It is difficult to see how the birth of the second child can, as a rule, be delayed until the period at which the first child loses its first tooth, for the "incubation period" usually lasts for but three years at the longest. It may be pointed out that in English children the first tooth usually appears at six to nine months after birth, and that all the temporary teeth are present at the end of the third year. The first molars appear at the sixth to seventh year, and the incisors at the seventh to eighth year; the other teeth appear on to the fourteenth year. The wisdom teeth appear at a later (and variable) period. The strict inter-dentition period would therefore extend from about the middle of the second till the sixth year. Unfortunately, I have been unable to find any reliable data as to the period of teething in the case of Kafir

The people have another way of roughly gauging when a woman should have a second child. Babies of a certain age, usually a short time before they begin to lose the first tooth, form the habit of bending down on their hands and knees in the ashes at the edge of the fire, trying to look backwards between their legs. When the people see a child doing this they say, "See now, that child is calling another baby; before long the mother will have another: do you not hear the child calling for another baby?"

When a child loses his first tooth he is told to go out into the veld and to call out, "*Hloele*, here is my old tooth; give me a new one," and with that he must throw the tooth into the air. *Hloele* is a small yellow bird, but it is not considered at all necessary that the child should see this bird. Indeed in some tribes the child merely throws the tooth over the hut, calling out to *Hloele* for a new tooth, and sometimes the children do not mention the name *Hloele* at all, but throw the tooth into the air and call for another.

In passing it may be well to point out that while the children have very pretty white teeth, it is a fallacy to think that the teeth of the adults are so fine as they appear. The contrast with the dark skin accentuates the whiteness of the teeth, and any one who has pulled out teeth for the Kafirs knows how very much decayed the back teeth often are, and how very much the people suffer from toothache.

The following customs show that, without thinking the matter out, the Kafirs implicitly recognise the appearance of the second teeth as closing one period of childhood, and as opening another. But it must be remembered that while the opening of this period coincides with the appearance of the second teeth,

children, but my impression is that the teeth appear, if anything, a little earlier than in the case of Europeans.

this is not always given as an explicit reason for the changes in custom.

(*a*) *The Burning of the Sleeping-mat*

The mat on which the child has slept from infancy is burnt by the mother when the child begins to cut its second teeth. Up to that period the child has not full control of its natural functions during sleep; but as soon as the second teeth begin to appear it is supposed to have full control of itself. So the mother takes the mat secretly into the veld and burns it where no one can see the operation. If any one should observe her burning the mat it would be thought very unlucky, and would be a bad omen for the child's future life.

(*b*) *Leaving the Society of Women*

As soon as a boy begins to cut his second teeth he is told not to sit with the women (not even with his mother), lest he should learn the *hlonipa* language of the women, or should grow soft and effeminate. Any boy who used such *hlonipa* words would be laughed at, and would be called girlish. Consequently the small boy joins the society of the bigger boys, and soon forgets or ignores the women. He may even cease to think about the very existence of his mother, who becomes but a name to him, though the girls remain very attached to their mothers throughout life. The boy now takes his meals with the other boys, and asks them for information on matters that puzzle him. The father becomes the one important person in the boy's imagination.

The boy may sometimes sit in the hut with his mother when the father is present, but as a rule the entrance of the father into the hut is a signal for the small boys to get up and go outside. This rule is relaxed as the boy grows older, and after puberty

the boy may sit about close to the *ibandhla*, where the men sit, and may listen to their talk, but he must not take part in it unless he is asked a question. Thus children, when very small, learn from their mother; when they cut the second teeth they ask the bigger boys questions, and the bigger boys ask the young men, and the young men ask the old men. In this way knowledge and information filter down through successive strata. If children should overhear their elders discussing family matters, they are bound to strict secrecy, and any divulging of such matters would lead to severe punishment. The children thus learn to keep their ears open and their mouths shut much more than do children in Europe. This custom of not pestering the parents with questions, with its advantages, has the drawback of preventing a clever child from rising above the dull level of the clan; but then it must be remembered that such a development of individuality would be regarded as anti-social by the clan, which has no room for genius and originality, for it is designed for the production of a dull level type of uniform mediocrity. A clever person is always in danger of being accused of working witchcraft.

(*c*) *Knowledge of Good and Evil*

Little children of course pester their mothers at times with endless questions as to the origin of babies, and the Kafir mother has her stock answers ready for all occasions. The mothers tell the children that babies are found in the reeds, which fits in with the nursery-tales of the people. If this should not satisfy the inquisitive children, the mothers say that fabulous monsters bring the babies to the kraal at night, and that the infants are found outside the hut in the morning. At other times they say that babies are found by mothers at watersprings, and that the women bring them back with them when they return from

fetching the day's water. Consequently, many a little child hunts for babies in the reeds (as an English child may hunt for mares' nests), or peeps out of the hut in the morning to see if some fabulous monster has left a baby over-night; at other times the children, with beating hearts, hunt over the veld looking for babies; and then return to the kraal with disappointed faces to tell of their fruitless task, much to the merriment of the grown-up people. In Gazaland the children are told that when men break their bows by over-straining them, babies emerge from the split in the wood. How many a child has watched his father as he bent his bow, eagerly anticipating the appearance of a baby!

It may seem strange that the mothers should thus put their children off the scent, for they allow the smallest children to listen to the obscenest talk, and even encourage and teach them the lewdest dances and posturings. However, they know that the children do not grasp the meaning of such things, and that the innocence of the children will not be affected. But when the child cuts its second teeth it is packed off with the older boys and is left to imbibe what information it wishes. The interesting and creditable fact is that till the second teeth appear, the child is shielded from any knowledge of matters which centre round sex, and is allowed to live in its fairyland of imagination. But no sooner have the second teeth appeared than the child is regarded as belonging to a different order of being.

(*d*) *Completion of Charms*

Both the smoking charm and the burying charm, which have been described above, are discontinued when the second teeth appear, for it is said the child is now old enough to take care of itself.

(*e*) *Working Commences*

It is an unwritten law amongst most tribes that children shall not be sent into the fields to help in the work of the kraal until most of their second teeth have appeared. It is generally thought that the children have enough work to attend to in fighting the evil influences and troubles connected with teething, without having other work to occupy their attention. The first teeth are generally called the "wizards," because they are the cause of so much trouble to the child. But in some tribes the first teeth are simply called "the children," as is the case amongst the Basutos and Fingos.

With regard to the rule that children should not work till the second teeth have appeared, it must be rememebred that all rules amongst the Kafirs have endless exceptions, but it is quite striking how the natives keep this rule, even when it is only implicit in their minds. Other tribes regard it as an explicit rule, and only depart from it where there is special urgency, as when the birds are more numerous than usual and so threaten the crop of Kafir corn.

Without referring to the change of ideals and ideas in children after the appearance of the second teeth, the above facts show that the period is regarded by the Kafirs as a perfectly natural one. With the appearance of the second teeth the child leaves its fairyland for ever; the charm of innocence and dream-life vanishes, and the light of common day is let in. A new stage of life is reached. In Europe the child is sent to school; amongst the Kafirs he is set to work. But to return to the inter-dentition period.

Few things make a person feel so keenly this kinship with the Kafirs as the common way in which both white and black children betray their delicate or

slight emotions. When some small children wish to ask the father for a favour, much pushing and shoving is indulged in outside the hut; one little boy shoves his sister, saying, "You go and ask." The girl says, "No, no; you go." At last a child consents to ask the favour. On entering the hut the child intends to go straight to the father, but instinctively hangs back, and pretends to be busy with something at the back of the hut. Then, with great embarrassment at the region of the heart, the child screws up his courage and makes the request. When this is granted the child bounds out of the hut with glee as if he were an English schoolboy who had been sent to interview the headmaster with the request for a half-holiday.

When a child is guilty of having disobeyed its father, it betrays its sense of guilt by the shamefaced way in which it rolls its eyes from object to object. When a small boy is being severely scolded for doing something wrong, he instinctively pokes about in the earth with a stick, pouting his lips; and if he has no stick in his hand he will twirl a piece of grass in his fingers, or will make patterns in the earth with his toe. These traits of character may be very common-place, but they are by no means insignificant.

The absence of self-consciousness in the case of very small Kafir children is also most delightful. I shall never forget the impression stamped on the memory by watching some children dancing. The special dance was a very slow one, in which the children lifted their feet up rhythmically, pausing when their legs were in the air before they brought their feet down with a stamp at a certain note in the chant. A small child that could only just walk, was standing in the brilliant sunshine, clothed with a little bead-work. The bigger brothers and sisters were leading the dance, and this infant was joining in with the most serious air, utterly unconscious that a white man and several

adult Kafir women were watching it with suppressed amusement. The way in which the little child lifted its leg in the air, adjusting its balance with great difficulty while the leg had to be kept raised till the rhythm of the chant should indicate the point at which the leg should be lowered; the way in which the child ponderously stamped its foot on the earth as if it were occupied with the most serious business imaginable; and the way in which it then turned its chubby body round on its axis, so as to be ready for the next step in the dance, was one of the drollest things I have ever seen, and will never fade from the memory.

II. GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE CHILDREN

The children at the age we are describing are the merriest and most irresponsible animals conceivable, for they are full of quaint and funny ways. They do not as a rule suffer from shyness till a later age than is the case with white children; this is due to the retarded growth of self-consciousness and of the imagination. They show more fear than shyness in the presence of strangers.

The child begins to toddle long before it is weaned, for this latter process is delayed for a long time. When the mother decides to wean her baby she makes it nibble medicines which are supposed to make it content to adopt the new food. The child begins to talk at about the same age as in the case of white children. Sometimes children are very slow in shifting for themselves either in the direction of eating or of learning to walk. The method adopted for making a child learn to walk is thus described by Bryant in his dictionary: "An infant that is unusually slow in learning to walk is supposed to be cured of his backwardness by having pieces of sponge rubbed into incisions on the knees—the salt contained in the sponge, causing

a smarting of the incisions, is doubtless the " curative " principle. In up-country districts where there is no sea or salty sponge, the same cure is effected by placing the infant upon a nest of *ama-Tsheketshe* ants, whereupon he is said to get up at once and walk with alacrity."

The range of operations of the children is limited by the distance they can toddle from the kraal, or else by the extent of the good-nature of some big sisters who offer to carry these tiny creatures to happier hunting-grounds where the bigger boys are at play. Frequently one meets with a dozen little rogues bent on mischief, their faces all aglow with suppressed excitement. Those who are too small to walk far are strapped on to the backs of elder sisters, often not much bigger than the little creatures they are carrying. The back view of such a procession, as the children hurry along a Kafir path in single file, is most delightful. One sees a number of little woolly heads hanging out of the scanty blankets, bobbing up and down in the glaring sunshine. Every now and then the little nurse stops to hitch her baby up with a good jerk, and then, having settled her burden more safely, trots after the other children. So natural is this method of carrying babies that the Kafirs used to call a horse " the mother of white men," because it carries white men on its back.

The children are not troubled about dress, nor do anxious mothers bother them about pinafores or soiled dresses. Mud can be played with to any extent without the slightest fear of reproachful tones in the mother's voice later on in the day. The most meagre portion of bead-work—sometimes a single thread with a row of beads on it—is considered ample clothing for a small girl even at this age, and a little boy is allowed to walk about to his heart's content *in puris naturalibus*. On special occasions the children pile

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on bead-work to any extent, for a mother loves to display all her child's bead-work, especially when any European wishes to photograph it.

It has been said that the children are nearly always laughing or grinning; but there are times when they cry, and then they look the most woe-begone creatures imaginable. They are not expected to control their feelings at a very tender age, and no one laughs at them for crying. But when once they have their second teeth and join the society of the boys, they have to pull themselves together, much as in the case of European boys when they go to school. The tears of the children are as short lived as the rain from an April sky. The tears soon give way to smiles.

As a rule but few mutilations are practised on the small children at this age. The ears may be pierced, but this is done in most tribes at a later date; tatooing may be performed on children, but this also is generally delayed till later years. Circumcision does not take place till a few years after puberty. The teeth are not filed in the Southern tribes, though it is done on the Zambesi. This custom is said to be done with a view to make the person like the totem of the clan in appearance. It would be natural for clans whose totem is the crocodile to file the front teeth. South African evidence would therefore seem in favour of this hypothesis.

The cutting of the hair is an important event amongst the Kafirs. In the case of a chief the greatest care has to be taken, and a special doctor makes the process his peculiar care. An assegai blade is sharpened up for the purpose, and even this has to be washed with *intelezi* before it may be used. No common person may touch this assegai, which, after the cutting of the chief's hair, has to be put away carefully and preserved for future use. The reason given for this peculiar care is that the chief's head has

been washed from childhood with special *intelezi*, and so no commoner may touch it. The portions of the chief's hair cut off have to be buried in the ground of his "bathroom," where, as we have already seen, the chief is daily washed with great *intelezi*.

But no such special care is required in cutting the hair of ordinary people. Any old piece of hoop-iron, or pen-knife, or, indeed, a pair of scissors—nowadays, bought at a trader's shop—is used, and any man or woman may cut the hair of a friend. The "cutting" of the hair is really a shaving of the head, and in the case of the Zulus, the children, as a rule, have the head entirely shaved. In other tribes certain patches of hair are left unshaved. All the portions of the hair shaved off have to be buried either in damp soil or else in the ash-heap. The special virtue of burying the hair in damp soil is that this custom is supposed to help the growth of the hair on the head through sympathetic action. If this is not desired then the hair is buried in the ash-heap, so that no enemy may be able to get hold of it to "work" magic on it, and thus injure the person from whose head the hair was taken.

In some tribes much ingenuity is shown in the way the head of a child is made to look fantastic. The Pondos are by far the most given to odd methods of cutting the hair. It is impossible to see a small Pondo child with its hair cut in the most weird fashion without thinking of a poodle dog. Many of these styles have a name of their own. Thus in Basutoland the four following types of hair-cutting constitute the main favourites: (1) *Lekorama*, which is a complete shaving of the entire head, is much in vogue; (2) *Kuaho*, consists in an entire shaving of the head with the exception of a small ring of hair that is left on the top of the head; (3) *Motloenya*, a shave of the head which leaves a small tuft of hair on the top of the fore-

head; (4) *Tlopo*, a shave of the head which leaves a comb-like ridge down the median line of the head. The child can ask for the special type of "crop" it wishes, just as a small English boy of my acquaintance asked the barber for "almost not quite nearly a French crop." There are also Pondo and Zulu types of "crop": thus in Zululand, when long twisted strings, or strands of hair, are left, the style is called *Isiyendane;* when a number of little crisp ringlets are left all over the head, the style is called *Umagqibane.*

In this shaving process no soap is used, for the skin—hide it should be called—is so tough that no inconvenience arises from the scraping, rasping action of the blunt piece of iron. Some children are very keen to have their hair which is shaved off buried in the earth of the cattle kraal, for they think that if this were not done their bodies would not grow normally. (*See* p. 144.)

Sometimes a doctor wishes to administer medicine to the head; in that case he makes two furrows by shaving the hair away; these furrows are made at right angles. The skin at the bottom of these furrows is then scarified with a knife, and the medicines are well rubbed into the cuts.

In times of mourning the hair is shaved off entirely, or is left to go undressed and uncombed. Sometimes certain portions of hair are allowed to grow, while all the rest of the hair is shaved off; but at other times the hair is allowed to grow long enough to curl up into numberless little peppercorn tufts.

III. FUNNY SAYINGS

In all English and American studies of childhood the dullest page can be brightened by the introduction of some of the endless number of funny sayings of children. This asset is denied to a writer on Kafir

children for two reasons: first, such funny sayings lose the greater part of their charm by being translated; and secondly, the children of the Kafirs do not make the sort of mistake that charms a European. It would be a very difficult work to collect such funny sayings because the mothers do not try to remember them. Indeed they try to forget them, for they imagine such sayings are stupid. It is possible to collect by hundreds the funny mistakes made by natives when learning English, such as the following. A native left temporarily in charge of a station ended up his letter to a missionary by the striking phrase, "Your faithful transgressor"; it was thought that there was a certain amount of unconscious humour and truth in the words, seeing that the young man had entered into the state of bigamy, much to the chagrin of his missionary. A young woman wrote to a missionary's wife, and began her letter, "Dear Mrs. kind and gently how are you getting on if you come back you will find many new chickens because they laid many eggs I hatching them." The mistakes, too, in spelling are often striking. A mother writing about her children said "the children are coffing," which leaves one in doubt as to whether the children were alive or not. But such mistakes, though amusing, do not represent Kafir child-life as it is in its natural state. The Kafirs themselves are amused over tiny errors of pronunciation and mistakes as to gender which scarcely interest us. They are very much amused, for example, when a child drops the asperate, changes Tla into Ka (a common mistake amongst Basuto children), or when it changes Ch or Tsh into S (as amongst the Fingos). The chief interest to the Kafir, however, centres round such errors as when children mistake sex, and call out, "Father, your husband is calling you," or "Mother, your wife is calling you"; they are also amused when a child

speaks about a cow when a bull is meant to be referred to. They laugh immoderately when a child confuses "shut" for "open," which seems to be a very common mistake. The natives call the mistakes made by the children *amalimi*, or (many) tongues, saying the children have not yet got the right tongue.

IV. DOMESTIC MATTERS

(*a*) *Meals*

While in the case of adults the time of taking meals varies in different tribes, in the case of children there is no variation; this is due to the simple fact that children eat off and on all day long. But there are generally four fairly well-recognised meals for children. The men eat first by themselves and give what is left over to the women, who, however, do any cooking for the children or for themselves as occasion may require. In Gazaland a man eats with his wife, even out of the same dish, until the birth of the first child. He never eats with his wife after that. Young girls also eat off and on all day, for their value as wives turns on their fine physical condition. There are many parts of the meat that men do not eat, but the children are allowed to eat such portions. Small children are allowed to eat the head of the buck, but do so with their eyes tightly closed. There is thought to be danger of their eyes changing colour otherwise. The boys regard the lungs of the animal as their special portion. Very small children are allowed to hang around when the father is eating, but as soon as the boys get their second teeth they are supposed to leave the hut when they notice that their elders are about to eat. The parents are wonderfully kind to their small children, and go out of their way to please them. Thus the father frequently cuts small strips of meat

from the ox that is offered to the ancestral spirits, and gets the big boys or girls to cook such portions for the little children. Again, a father before eating anything nice usually gives all the very small children a taste of his food. But should the children become a nuisance, as when there are very many of them in the kraal, or when there is but a small portion of some luxury, the father has his own way of getting rid of the children. Thus, as the food is about cooked, he tells the children to go and call some person living at a distance, whom he knows to be away from home. The children return after their vain journey to say the person is not at home. The parent then says, "What a pity; but our food is now all eaten so it does not matter." It takes many repetitions of this ruse to undeceive the children, who are very deficient in the critical faculty. If the above expedient fails, the parent plays on the imagination of the children in the following way. When the food is just about cooked, and the children are hanging round to get a taste, the father says, "Just go out into the veld and call *Nomgogwana* to come along quickly, for the food will not be cooked till he comes." This *Nomgogwana* is a fabulous monster whom it is most dangerous to trifle with. So the children run off to the veld calling out, "*Nomgogwana*, *Nomgogwana*, come along to the hut for there is nice food being cooked there." After waiting a short time in great excitement lest the food should be eaten before their return, the small children scamper home, and, bursting into the hut, say, "We called and called *Nomgogwana*, but he wouldn't answer at all!" Then one little chap, who notices the food is still cooking, suggests that it would be well to see whether the food is not cooked, for it is no use waiting any longer. But the father says, "It is no use to see if the food is cooked, for you know it cannot be properly cooked till *Nomgogwana* comes;

so run along and tell him to hurry up." This is probably sufficient, but should the children object, the father says in an off-hand manner, "Very well, sit where you are; the food will not cook, as you know, till *Nomgogwana* comes, and then when he *does* come he will be so angry at seeing the food uncooked that he will eat all the children he can find." So the children begin to be frightened, and as they are leaving the hut the father calls out to them, "Be sure you go far, far away into the veld, for otherwise *Nomgogwana* will not hear you: the reason why he did not hear you call before was that you did not go nearly far enough away; so be sure to go far away this time, lest you get eaten yourselves." With that the children scamper off, while the old people chuckle to themselves and eat their delicacies.

Frequently the old people play on the credulity of the children by telling them that if on going to sleep they tie round their necks the bones they have gnawed, then on awaking in the morning they will find fresh meat on them. So when the children awake and find no fresh meat on their bones, they complain loudly. A little fellow will wake up the whole hutful of people in the early dawn by crying out, "Some one has eaten the meat from my bone: he must have done it just before I awoke, for there is none on it now as you said there would be." The children become very indignant and accuse one another violently with this baseness.

Another method of teasing the children is to tell them—this is generally done to greedy children—that if on going to bed they tie the big iron Kafir pot to their necks, on awaking in the morning they will find it full of beans, of which the children are very fond. Or if the child is greedy about milk, they tell it to tie the milk-pail to its neck, and then the pot will be full of milk in the morning. When the child is not specially greedy the parents will often wait till the

children are asleep, and will then put milk or beans into the pot which the child in its innocence has tied to its neck. Sometimes they place meat by the side of the child's head. This is the nearest approach to Santa Claus known to the Kafir children.

(*b*) *Discipline*

Discipline seems to cause no trouble to Kafirs. They are inherently submissive to constituted authority. Respect for old men, and especially for a father, is most marked. The parents are very fond of their children, and treat them very well on the whole, never fussing about trifles. They seem to have the knack of keeping children in order. Every child knows quite well what it may and may not do—for Kafirs are not, as a rule, apt to threaten punishment and then weakly to gloss over disobedience—and there are no faddy and officious grown-up relations who interfere with a man's children. Old maiden aunts do not exist amongst the Kafirs, for as a rule every girl is married long before she is twenty; the aunt is a person of absolutely no importance in a kraal. The parents and relations are not demonstratively affectionate—a thing most children find tiresome, and which makes them restless and difficult to manage.

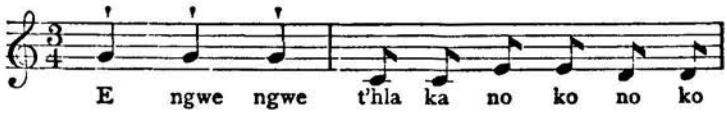
Respect for age has the happiest effects amongst the Kafirs, but contact with civilisation is rapidly undermining this factor of kraal life. A small boy delights to say of himself, "I am father's little dog." The dog is an animal not loved and petted in the kraal; its value lies chiefly in its use for hunting, and if one boy were to call another a dog, it would lead to a fight, as this is a most opprobrious name. But so great is the respect for the father, that to couple the word "dog" with the father at once redeems it from all that is objectionable, and makes it a sort of coveted praise-name.

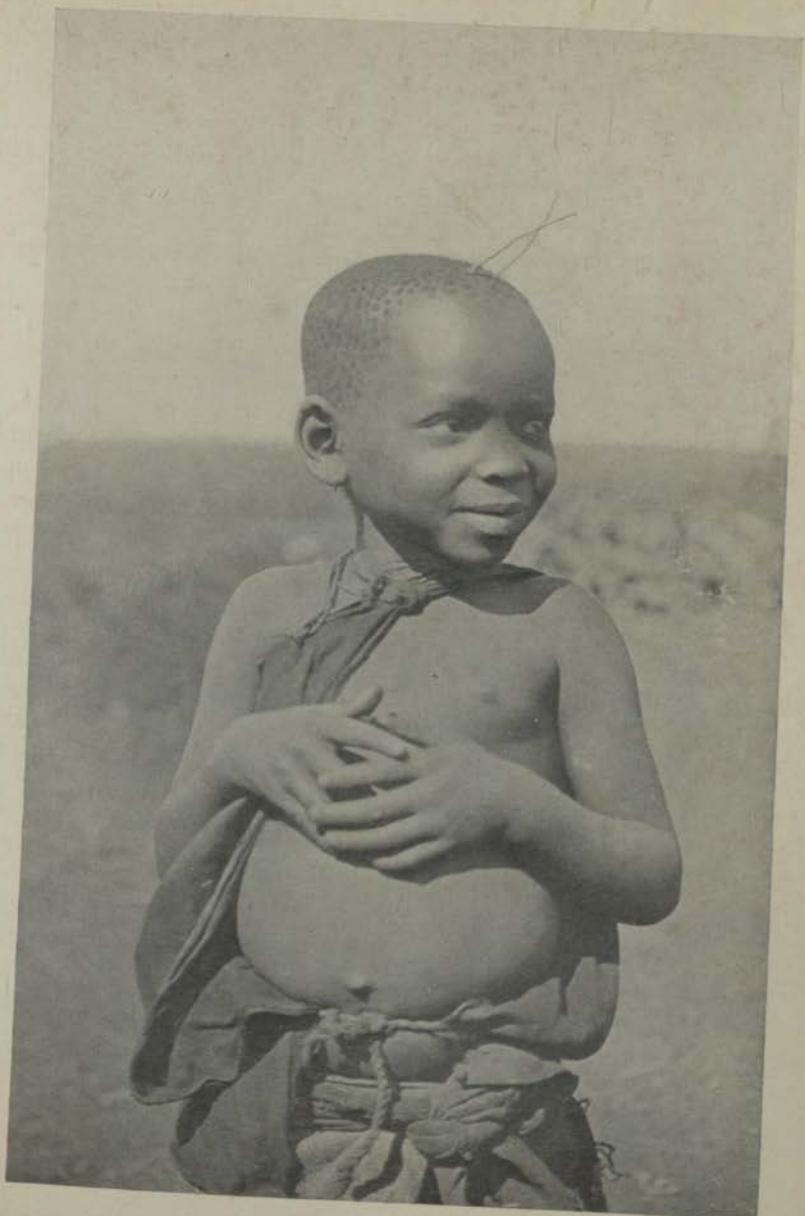
The Kafirs have many playful or coaxing names for small children ; thus they call a child " little mother," " you little thief," or " you little traitor." All such names would be deeply resented in the mouth, not of the father, but of a small brother. When a child is given to stealing food, it is often called " a mad dog," and when it is always laughing immoderately, it is called " little vacant (or open mouth)."

As a result of this respect for their betters the children learn to imitate their elders. When small children play at the river they try to wash themselves as they have seen their big brothers and sisters do. Thus they cover themselves from head to foot with mud, imagining they are doing the thing perfectly. Again, though not required to herd the cattle or to fetch wood and water, the little boys and girls imitate the work of their elders in such matters.

(*c*) *A Finger-game*

Mothers do not punish their children much till they are about four years old ; before that they humour the children when they are cross, but as soon as they can really understand what is said to them—generally said to be between three and four years of age—the mothers bite them when they cry needlessly. This soon cures the evil. Parents wash children in special *intelezi*, so as to make them grow up quiet and well-behaved. The Kafir's belief in such a medicinal wash is quite as great as the English nursery-maid's belief in Soothing Syrups or Charm Drops. The way in which the mothers humour the children is much the same as that which is adopted in Europe. For example, when a Kafir mother wishes to quiet her child, she sometimes takes hold of each finger or toe in succession, calling out its name and describing its function, somewhat as in our English nursery story of " Mrs. Piggy went to market." In Basutoland the

mothers take up each finger in order, saying, "*Engue, Engue, thlaka noko noko,*" which means, "One, one, the reed (or bamboo) with the knuckles." The words, "*thlaka noko noko*" are onomatopœic, and in a striking way transfer the visual impression of the gnarled "knuckle" of the bamboo into a sound-impression. This rude chant about the fingers is repeated for every individual finger, and is sung as follows :

The Fingos and other tribes have a more elaborate song which they sing about the fingers. When a Kafir counts on his fingers he begins, as a rule, with the little finger of the left hand. That stands for 1. The ring finger of the left hand represents 2; the middle finger 3, and so on. On the right hand the thumb stands for 6, the index finger for 7, and so on; the little finger of the right hand standing for 10. Thus, in bargaining with a Kafir, if one merely closes the three fingers of the left hand, and extends the index finger and adds the word, "shillings," the Kafir knows that four shillings is offered. If one simply closes down the little finger of the right hand the number indicated is 9. It is noticeable that the Kafirs often get confused if asked how to represent the number (say) 8. One Kafir may hold up the middle finger of the right hand, while another may hold up the middle finger of the left hand, much as white children find it hard to distinguish the right from the left hand. But on giving them time to talk it over, they agree, as a rule, that the counting should begin with the left hand. I have seen Kafirs confused on this point for days, but in my experience they ultimately come to the above conclusion, though they may insist for several



A PONDO BOY

days together that counting should commence with the right little finger. But I have observed that once a Kafir *woman* makes a mistake in this point it is hopeless to expect her to own up to it. She maintains with brazen face that the men are all wrong, and that she is right. It may be that in some tribes there is a different mode of counting: indeed I found a number of Bechuana boys starting to count on their right hand, while the Zulu boys started with their left. I thought I had observed an interesting tribal difference, but next day the Bechuana boys came to say that they had been confused on the previous day and should have started with their left hand like the Zulus.

The song that the Fingos sing is as follows:

Left hand.

(1) Little finger: *U Cikicane lo* = This is the little one.

(2) Ring finger: *Hlangana nobene* = This is the crooked one.

(3) Middle finger: *Ngumnwe lo* = This is *the* finger. (The important one.)

(4) Index finger: *Tayiyane lo* = This is the small finger.

(5) Thumb: *Tayiyane Makosi lo* = This is the small finger of the chief.

Right Hand.

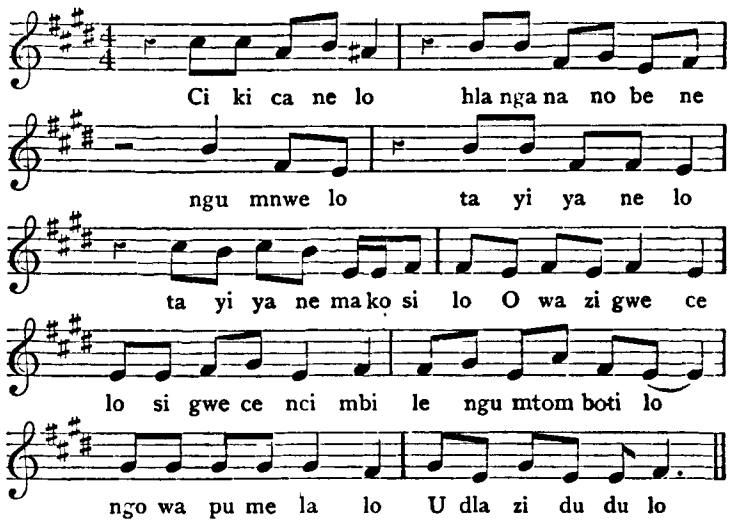
(1) Thumb: *Owa Zigwece lo* = This is the finger of the dregs (of the beer).

(2) Index finger: *Sigwece ncimbile* = This is the one that scrapes (or smears) off the dregs (of the beer).

(3) Middle finger: *Ngu mtomboti lo* = This is the finger of scented or aromatic wood.

(4) Ring finger: *Ngowa pumela lo* = This is the one that has passed (the investigation).

(5) Little finger: *Udlazidudu lo* = This is the porridge eater.

The music for the finger-chant is as follows, each finger as indicated above being taken hold of and gently pinched when its name is mentioned in the song:

Ci ki ca ne lo hla nga na no be ne
ngu mnwe lo ta yi ya ne lo
ta yi ya ne ma ko si lo O wa zi gwe ce
lo si gwe ce nci mbi le ngu mtom boti lo
ngo wa pu me la lo U dla zi du du lo

With regard to the phrase for the little finger—"the porridge-eater"—it should be pointed out that it is a phrase of slight contempt or opprobrium: the Basutos, and Fingos who live close to the Basutos, are very fond of eating native-made bread, which is unknown in many other tribes. The men scorn to eat porridge, and make the women eat it. The phrase "porridge-eater" therefore implies something mean and insignificant.*

(*d*) *Sleeping Arrangements*

The customs in connection with the sleeping arrangements vary according to the tribe. It is not

* For tribal variations in connection with the use of the left hand and with counting, &c., *see* Appendix E.

necessary to go into the details in connection with adults, except to point out that when the husband and wife do not sleep in different huts, they sleep on different mats on opposite sides of the hut; but the sleeping customs of the children call for notice. The small children are supposed to sleep, as a rule, on little mats of their own, which are all covered by the mother's blanket. The children are supposed to sleep with the mother till they reach an age that varies between seven and twelve. There is great latitude in this matter in actual practice. When the boys reach the age of about ten or twelve they have to sleep with their father. Sometimes a father may have as many as half a dozen boys sleeping on their small mats, which are all covered with his blanket. This seems to have been the old Zulu custom. But sometimes the father cannot be bothered with having a number of boys so close to him. When the boys reach the age of puberty (or else the later state of circumcision), they are generally sent to sleep in the young men's hut, and the young girls at the same age are packed off to sleep in the young women's hut. Now that blankets are very common, these old customs are rapidly changing, and it is quite common to find several small boys clubbing together and sleeping together under a blanket of their own. Not infrequently small girls love to go and sleep with their grandmother, who in turn loves to feel the pressure of the little fingers, for this reminds her of the days when she was young.

The natives do not account for sleep in the way small white children are accustomed to. They do not talk about the little man with the sand-bags. Yet they have their own picturesque way of thinking of slumber or sleep. They think that slumber is a thing which comes to them. It is sometimes thought to be a beast which attacks them, touching the eyes or else the heart. Or again, when a child gets heavy

with sleep, the mother says to it, "I see that a thief is coming to make you sleepy." In the morning the mother will say to the child, "But where has that thief gone who made you so sleepy last night?" The child will innocently answer, "I did not see him coming to me, and how can I know whither he has gone?" Then the mother will say, "What? Did you not see that man who came to you with heaviness which closed up your eyes?" In the nursery-tales of the Tshindao-speaking natives in Gazaland, sleep is frankly spoken of as if it were a person. In one of these tales there is an account of a baboon and a hare in which each tried to outwit the other. The baboon watched a certain part of a road, and, to make itself comfortable, wrapped a sack around its body and lay down. The story goes on thus: "'Hallo,' said sleep, 'I'll draw Mr. Baboon.' So sleep draws the baboon to itself." The personifying method is carried even further, thus, "The sun said, 'Let me set'; whereupon the people of the hut said, 'Let us return home.'" Other examples from the same district are as follows. A tower which was being built up to the moon suddenly said, "I will fall," and it promptly fell; when a fire was being kindled, "'Pgwa,' said the fire," and burst into flame. This sound Pgwa exactly resembles the sound caused when a fire is made from the friction of two sticks. When the sky was lowering, "The rain said, 'I shall fall,'" and began to pour. *

(*e*) *Dreams*

Very young children do not in the least understand what a dream is: it is only slowly that they come to distinguish between a dream-experience and a waking one; little by little the distinction dawns on them, and yet even in adult life the people imagine that dream-experiences are real, though of a different order

* *See* chap. vii.

from ordinary waking experiences. A child will talk of its dream in such a way that even the mother does not know whether it is referring to a dream or to a real experience.

Boys and girls as they grow up begin to distinguish their dreams from their waking experiences, though they think the dreams were real in a certain sense. There is a curious way of telling which dream will come true, and which will prove false. If, on waking after dreaming of friends, a boy notices a spider hanging by a thread in the doorway, he feels sure the friends dreamt of will come to visit the kraal: if no spider is to be seen in the doorway, the dream will not come true. If after dreaming of a fight, a boy goes to the river and finds a spider hanging by a thread from a tree overhanging the water, then a fight will ensue, and the dreamer will be beaten and will run away, for after such an omen a large number of boys will come to fight against the dreamer. In ordinary daily life, if a beetle should fall from the roof of the hut on to the floor, the people say that strangers are about to arrive.

Boys and girls are told not to hang up a blanket over the head of a sleeper or he will dream that snakes are falling on to him. The dreams which boys have turn chiefly on the subject of fighting, herding cattle, squabbling about sweethearts, and other details of their daily life. Nightmares generally take the form o troubled dreams in which the boys think they have lost the cattle which they were herding, and that their fathers are thrashing them. They are very delighted to find out on waking up that the thing was only a dream. The boys in Gazaland believe that if they sleep with their legs bent, and happen to dream that they are being pursued, they will be unable to dream that they are running; but if they sleep with their legs straight out, then escape in the dream will be easy.

(*f*) *Sneezing, &c.*

Sneezing is considered a very good sign, and when a small child sneezes the mother says, "Thanks, Chiefs," thus giving thanks to the ancestral spirits who are supposed to be shown by this sign to be taking great care of the child. Sometimes when a child sneezes the mother will simply say, "Chiefs," thus giving thanks to the *amatongo*. At other times the mother says, "Throw out and you will grow well."

A hiccough is taken as a sign that the child will grow well. When a child hiccoughs the mother takes a small pinch of ashes and makes a little round patch with it on the forehead of the child; yet she does not specially thank the *amatongo*. But strangely enough the people do not consider it a good sign when an old person hiccoughs; in such a case they tie a piece of twine tightly round the last joint of the little finger of the left hand, thinking that this will stop the attack.

Sighing is thought a bad sign in children; but it is a good sign in adult life. If after working or taking a long walk, an oldish man sits down and breathes out a very heavy sigh, he is so pleased with the sign that he immediately takes out his snuff-box and sprinkles a pinch of snuff on the ground, saying, "Thanks"; he then mentions the name of the ancestral spirit which he imagines to be especially protecting his health.

Bleeding from the nose is regarded as a very good sign, for it shows that some ancestral spirit is causing bad and unhealthy blood to be discharged by the child.

(*g*) *Domestic Animals*

There is but little *camaraderie* between Kafir children and animals; yet the children sometimes keep a pet sheep, calf, or goat, and show it affection. But it is often said that no one keeps a pet animal except

to use it for bewitching purposes. Hens sleep in the hut as a rule, and a special perch is sometimes arranged for them at the back of the hut. Frequently old earthenware pots are preserved when broken, the larger portions being set apart for the hens to roost in. In Pondoland the children build small hen-houses about two or three feet high, and plaster them with cow-dung; these huts are made close to the cattle kraal. When there are wild cats about, the people plant trees, and build the roosts for the hens in the branches. North of the Zambesi, huts for pigeons are made, being raised high above the ground on long poles. The children do not fondle the dogs much, but occasionally they play with the cats, which are usually the property of the old women. The boys are rarely afraid of the dogs, and one often sees a little fellow about three years old belabouring an obstreperous dog with all his ineffective might. But girls are often afraid of dogs. In olden days the men made great favourites of their oxen, loving them every bit as much as the typical old English squire loved his horses.

At the age of four or five the child often develops a strong lust for killing animals or insects, and rivals the proverbial Englishman in *Punch*. At this stage there seems to be no definite development of cruelty, for the rage is an obsession, and the child is not deliberately cruel. This sudden outburst seems to be some temporary efflorescence and soon passes off. Deliberate cruelty is developed at a later period, as will be noted lower down.

V. ETIQUETTE

The Kafirs are unfailingly polite in their own way; rudeness, or breach of their own ideas of politeness, being almost unknown amongst them. Their ideas

of what is polite differ in some ways from our Western conceptions on the point, yet all who know the natives in their homes admit that they are a most courteous people. Not a little of their reputation for lying arises from their excessive desire to avoid rudeness or discourtesy in speech. They therefore like to give a white man the sort of answer to his question they think he would wish to receive. They are also born flatterers. They will tell a missionary, for example, that he speaks the language like a native, and that his accent is so good that did they not see him face to face they could believe he was a Kafir. The white man will not infrequently quote such polite flattery as if it were sober truth. All the time this flattery was going on, the children may have been catching up with their sharp little ears every mistake in pronunciation made by the white man, and such mistakes are treasured up to be produced at the next party when they play at being missionaries. *

The smallest children are taught to be polite, and this constitutes their first lesson. Obedience to parents hardly needs to be taught, for the children notice how every one in the kraal is instinctively obedient to the old men; the children catch this spirit without knowing it. I never remember seeing a small child distinctly and definitely disobedient to its father. Were a child to be disobedient—and of course, it sometimes occurs—he would be so severely punished that he would not forget it for many a day.

The *hlonipa* custom is an indication of the sense of politeness as developed amongst the natives. While this custom applies mainly to a bride or a young wife, yet it extends very far into other relationships. According to this custom, women, in order to show respect, have to avoid mentioning the name (the *igama*), or the emphatic syllable in the name of the husband,

* *See* chap. viii.

the father-in-law and his brothers, as well as of her mother-in-law and of several other relations. The young wife may not expose the upper part of her body in their presence, nor may she eat in the presence of most of them, nor may she look at them. She must not be seen by them at certain periods. She may not sit in the hut with her husband's relations, and is expected to clear her throat when she is coming into a hut where any of them may possibly be seated. Starting from this centre other prohibitions radiate out, and it is a matter of opinion, often, whether a certain prohibition, should be classed under the *hlonipa* custom or not. The bride, as we have seen, is not called by her name, but is addressed as "Mother of So-and-So," for to call her by her name would appear rude. She may, however, be called by the name of her father.

In keeping with this custom a child is told not to call its uncle by his ordinary name, but to address him by his title of "brother of my mother," or "uncle." Children are taught to address older people as "uncle" or "aunt." When young men wish to be very courteous to an old man they call him "father"; they address strangers of about their own age as "my brother." Children may use the *isibongo* (surname), or the *Isitakazo* (salutation title) of their elders, if they are quite sure that they can use them correctly: in such cases the man is very glad to hear a child address him properly by his *isibongo*, and he is specially glad when the child uses his *Isitakazo*, or salutation title. But children may not address such a man by his birth-name (*igama*). A small girl would call her big sister, not by her birth-name, but by the title "My elder sister"; in olden days she would have said, "Child of my mother," when she wished to be specially polite and to beg a favour. This form of speech is often met with in the

nursery-tales of the Zulus. The children are told to call all the married people in the kraal by their title of "Mother (or father) of So-and-So."

By this custom respect for elder people is kept alive in the minds of the children, and there is thus added a distinct grace to life. It may be regarded as a taboo of speech, just as covering the breasts is a taboo of action. Any breach of the *hlonipa* custom is regarded as a sign of rudeness and ill-breeding. In the case of a young married woman her father-in-law may release her from these verbal restrictions by killing a goat or an ox for her. But this offering does not free the woman from the necessity of covering her breasts in the presence of her father-in-law. Sometimes the birth of the first child releases the mother from many *hlonipa* taboos.

This showing of respect to people extends very far. For example, Callaway describes boys using a *hlonipa* word when they are speaking to mice, which they are using as bait in a trap, for the boys thought that if they called the mouse by its ordinary name it would be ill-tempered and would not act nicely as bait. He also describes how certain people at a marriage feast *hlonipa* a mat to which the bridgroom has been led by the bride's party; none of the bride's party would touch the mat afterwards, for they were expected to *hlonipa*, or respect, it, because the bridegroom had touched it. When the people speak of a lion or other animal which they dread, they use some pleasant name for it so as not to enrage it by taking its real name in vain. Similarly a porcupine is called a "little woman," or "young lady," lest if called by its full name it should show resentment by devastating the gardens. An ant is called a "bridegroom," and lightning is addressed as "the heavens." Such restrictions of speech are endless. Natives vary much as to whether these customs should be regarded under

the name *hlonipa* or not, but all these customs seem to be organically connected. Thus the custom has ramifications in every department of life. It takes the small children some time to observe all the details of the custom, though the boys are not required to be nearly so careful as the girls, nor are the small girls expected to be so careful as the grown-up ones who are wishing to be married. Children are not expected to observe *hlonipa* customs till they get their second teeth.

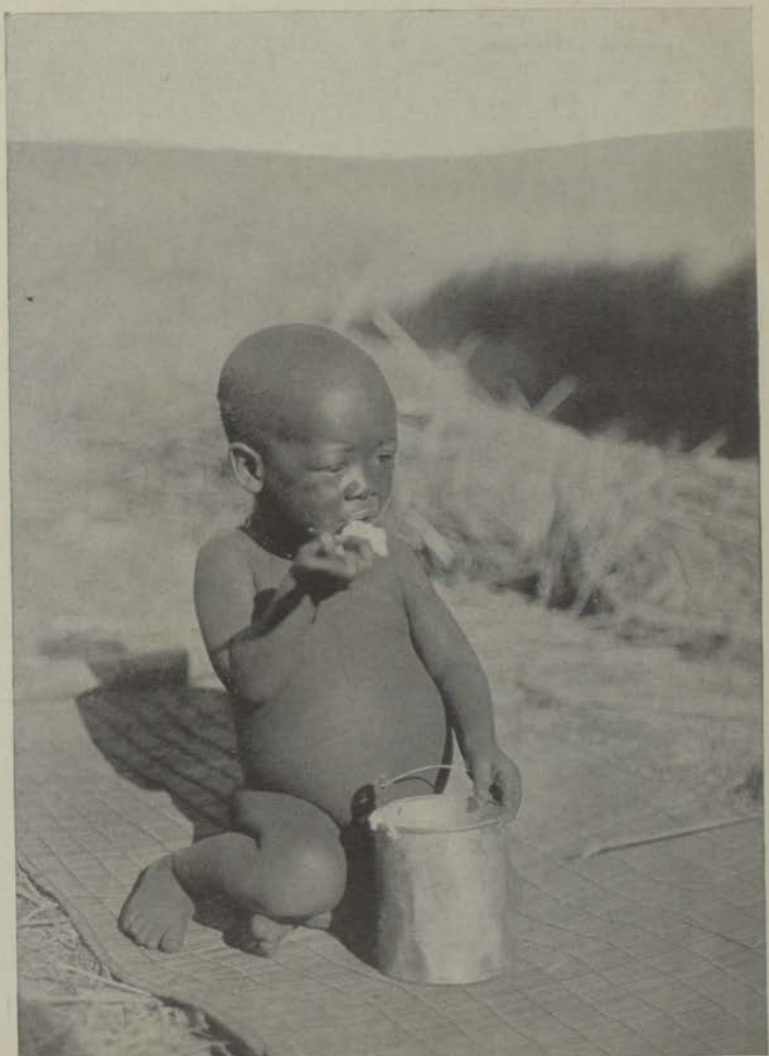
A great many rules of etiquette refer to the eating of food. Children are not badgered about placing their elbows on the table, and about touching food with their hands, for the natives have neither tables nor forks. But children are told that it is very base to eat food in secret without sharing it with others. No child may help itself from the pot, which is presided over by one of the elders. The details vary in different tribes, but as a rule the mother divides the porridge, putting a portion on one side for the women and children, and sending it round to the others by the children, while the father divides the meat and distributes it by his eldest son. When the father helps boys from a spoon, they have to hold out both hands to receive the helping, for holding out one hand would imply that the father gave so little that it could all be held in a single hand. To receive a gift of food in both hands implies a sense of gratitude for the boundless liberality of the donor. Girls may not, as a rule, eat with a wooden spoon, nor may small boys; but big boys may do so. In holding the spoon, the hand is placed palm upwards, and the spoon is grasped with the whole hand, the spoon-end being next to the little finger. The right hand has to be used for holding the spoon.*

* For details as to the use of the right and left hands, *see* Appendix E.

When children are about to pay a visit to another kraal, they are told not to eat too much, for it would look as if they came from a home where they were starved; they must not smack their lips when eating as this is very rude. They are also told to avoid hitting the dogs belonging to the other kraal, and on no account to fail to salute the old people very courteously. They are also told not to eat parts of food that are thought to be unfit for consumption, and to avoid picking up crumbs. The Kafirs so far from regarding the picking up of crumbs as a sign of a thrifty, careful spirit which will lead on to riches, consider this habit to be a sure sign of coming poverty.

When a chief or headman calls up a boy and gives him a small pot of beer, the boy has to finish it without pausing to take breath. If the boy be given a big lump of meat by his father, he must eat it all himself without pausing, lest he should be thought rude: he must not give any portion of such meat to other boys unless his father gives him permission to do so. Boys eating in the presence of girls need not give any of their food to them, but girls who are eating food are expected to offer some of it to any boys who may happen to come up at the time.

A large number of prohibitions have the effect of preventing children from becoming unduly familiar with their betters. Young girls are told to give way to their betters when fetching water or firewood, when crossing streams, and so forth. It is the younger girl who should proffer the kiss to the elder. But other prohibitions apply to personal habits. Thus girls are told that it is very unseemly to sit with their legs parted; they are told to keep their knees in contact, and not to separate their legs, but to bend them both a little to one side. The very greatest stress is laid on this rule, which, owing to the scanty dress, is a proof of delicacy of feeling. Small boys



A PONDO BABY FEEDING

are allowed to part their legs a little, whilst only old men are supposed to sit with their legs widely parted. In Gazaland a girl must kneel down when giving a man anything : it is only the sister-in-law who may—unasked—offer water to a man for washing purposes. Others may bring it, however, when asked to do so.

Kafir children are naturally saved a thousand nagging restrictions which are imposed on white children with regard to wiping muddy boots, changing damp socks, keeping pocket handkerchiefs clean, putting away toys when done with, and so forth. But they have other prohibitions to take their place. It is often very difficult to say where etiquette ends and where superstition begins. It is purely a matter of opinion where to draw the line in the following list of prohibitions impressed on Kafir children. Children must not yawn too much or they will break their jaws; they must not smack their mouths when eating or they will attract dogs; they must not laugh at a person or he will one day pay the laugher back by bewitching him. Children are told not to sit with their backs to the fire lest they become changed into baboons. When dust is swept up in the hut at night it must not be thrown outside the door of the hut till the morning, but must be placed in a small heap close to the door. Water must never be thrown out of the doorway, but must be carried out in a vessel and then emptied. Boys may not step over the sleeping-mat belonging to a girl, nor may a girl step over the mat belonging to a boy. It is a great insult to a person to step over his outstretched legs. Boys are not allowed to throw water on to girls at night. Boys are not allowed to drink beer standing up, but must sit down first of all. No one may take a blazing fire through the doorway of a hut, though dull glowing embers may be taken through. If a flame be brought through the door of a hut that has been " doctored " for any occasion, the

evil consequences are certain to be very great. Boys may not whistle at night lest they should attract snakes. Small children are very apt to pull at the thatch of the hut : they are told not to do this lest lightning should be attracted by the action. On leaving a hut, a child must not go out backwards or it will become a wizard. People must not tell fairy-tales till after dusk, or horns will grow out of their foreheads. Children are told that they must not pick green leaves in spring, or there will be much thunder during the summer. Small girls are told to be very careful not to allow their breasts to be exposed during lightning and thunder, or the breasts will fall in ; if however, the breasts of a girl should develop prematurely, the girl must go to her grandmother who beats the breasts in, and so prevents trouble in the future. When the hut has been "doctored," no one may go out without first picking up some twigs, leaves, or other dirt, which has to be thrown out of the doorway. (It is sometimes said by writers on the Kafirs that this custom has to be observed every morning ; but it would seem that those who observed the custom happened to sleep in a hut which had been "doctored." Though I have often slept in native huts and watched the Kafirs on this point, I have never seen them throw out anything from the hut before leaving it in the morning, and many Kafirs assure me the custom is not performed daily.)

In the above list of prohibitions it is impossible in many instances to be certain whether we are dealing with etiquette or with superstition. Nor can the Kafir himself give any reason for many of his customs. For example, it is difficult to see any reason for the different methods of washing adopted by men and women. On entering a stream for washing, a boy or man, as a rule, begins by rubbing the feet with a small stone. (In some districts the men omit this prelimi-

nary.) Then the men wade into the stream and wash the head first, after that the arms and trunk, and lastly the legs. The women reverse this order, and having washed their legs first, continue to wash in an upward direction. (Sometimes women wash the head first; but then they proceed to wash the legs and not the arms.) Small children take to the right order of washing without any instruction; they do so in imitation of their fellows. A little boy who washed his legs first would be laughed at, and would be called a girl in derision. Natives never use towels wherewith to dry themselves, for the sun and dry air render them unnecessary; similarly, when even small children get wet in the rain their mothers do not get anxious and dry them carefully: the little creatures are allowed to run about and dry spontaneously; not being bothered with clothing they never catch cold during the process. It may be pointed out in passing that children are taught not to carry strong medicine with them when crossing turbulent rivers, or they will stand a chance of being drowned, owing to the anger of the fabulous monsters living in the water. For a somewhat similar reason a girl is taught not to lift her petticoat (when she possesses one) while crossing a river, but to allow it to get wet, lest the spirits should be angry. But local custom varies much in such matters; for example, in Zululand married women strip when crossing a river (far away from white men's haunts) unless a married man be present in the company. No notice is taken of unmarried men at such times. In some tribes the children are definitely told to lift their petticoats when crossing a river, but this may be a recent innovation.

It will be seen that the first lessons which the Kafir children have to learn are of a very simple nature. These halcyon days are rudely broken up when a Mission station is started in the district. But the vast

majority of the children do not go to any school. They lead an extremely simple life, and the time never seems to hang on their hands, though it must pass very slowly. To test whether the people have any ideas as to the flow of time I have asked intelligent adults as to whether the days used to seem of interminable length in childhood; and the answer usually has been that the days seem to pass now much faster than they did in the good old times, which indicates that the days of savage childhood never seemed too long or dull for the quiescent brains of the Kafirs. Yet strangely enough the people do not seem to long to have the days of childhood over again; this may be because their adult life is much like a pleasant prolongation of what in Europe we regard as the pleasures of childhood. When the time has come for the boys to leave the company of their mothers, and to join the society of their bigger brothers, they are all eager for the pleasures to be had in their new mode of life. The boy leaves his mother's society without a pang, and but rarely shows any affection for her in after years.

TEMBU BOYS GOING TO SCHOOL

CHAPTER IV

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FACULTIES

CHAPTER IV

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FACULTIES

Soon after the children begin to cut their second teeth they show obvious signs of a development of the higher faculties. Until the imagination begins to develop, the children strike the casual onlooker as delightful little animals with occasional gleams of a higher nature; but the moment the imagination awakens, the children become interesting to the average observer. Faculties such as cunning and imitation seem to be developed—possibly this is but the result of the relative opportunities afforded—in black children at even an earlier age than in the case of white children; but the higher faculties develop later and dwindle earlier. No farmer's boy in England could make such excellent bird-traps at the age of three as the Kafir child can; but a farmer's child of three years old could show an imaginative power that a black child of seven could not. In the European the higher faculties go on developing throughout life, whereas in the case of the Kafirs the development of the higher nature is arrested soon after puberty as a rule. Let us pass under review some of the faculties of the growing children.

I. SOCIABILITY

The black child is sociable from infancy, and it is very rare to find a boy or a girl who loves to sit alone and to brood in silence, or to wander off in solitude. Occasionally a child seems devoid of social

tendencies, and in that case a witch-doctor is sent for to cure the child. But if any definite anti-social tendencies were to manifest themselves, the child would find but scant leniency in his treatment; such a quality would be promptly squashed in the interests of the life of the clan. As a matter of fact it is rarely manifested except in those natives who have been in contact with civilisation. According to Kafir thought non-sociability is one thing, which is but abnormal; anti-sociability is quite another thing, for it is the vilest of evils and is considered monstrous. It is safe to say that sociability is one of the first qualities to be developed in a black child, and grows throughout life.* The Kafir's love for the social life of the kraal is far stronger than even the undergraduate's love of the social life in the college courts.

II. CHIVALRY

Chivalry is the next most striking quality to be developed, but unfortunately the status of woman is so low amongst the Kafirs that this faculty of chivalry is the first to become atrophied. Frequently a grown-up man will address a little girl in fun, by saying, "Well, my little wife, come here to me." At this some small infant of a boy will fire up with indignation, and will say, "She isn't your wife; she is going to be my wife when I grow up; and I am going to fight for her and protect her; and when I am rich I will give her plenty of nice beads and blankets. She is not going to marry an old man like you. You aren't her husband." Similarly, a woman will sometimes call a boy, "My little husband," just in fun. At that one of the small girls will rise up indignantly and protest that the boy is not going to be the wife of an old woman; she insists that when grown up she will cook for the boy, and will take care of his garden,

* The gregarious instinct is referred to in Appendix F.

and that no one else shall do these things for him. At times these children play at being husbands and wives, and though there is at such times much that is evil, almost beyond belief, yet there is also present a germ that might be developed into true chivalry. No sooner does the boy grow a little older than he finds that woman is a drudge in the kraal, and it is but rarely that his more chivalrous feelings persist: but they do sometimes survive, and that is the important fact. There is often true affection between man and wife, and not a few old polygamists are sincerely attached to a large number of wives whom they treat very well according to their light.

III. CONSCIENCE

As a rule black children do not show even a vestige of a developed conscience about the wrongness of such things as stealing and lying until the age of puberty—and not always then. The distinction between "I may" and "I may not," may be clear; but there is no sense of "I ought," or "I ought not." Girls show a conscience sooner than boys, and when a girl has attained the age of puberty, she often begins to talk about "the two hearts" within her, or "the two voices" speaking to her. One voice is gentle and pleading in the way it warns against things dimly felt to be evil; the other voice is imperious and rough—as from "a spirit that denies" the harm of that which the other voice condemns. It is doubtful whether a white man can possibly grasp fully the fact that a girl who is the subject of these two voices is often in a state of honest doubt as to which she should follow. Her whole heredity seems to "plump" for the more animal impulse; tribal custom also usually votes for the lower course of action. The girl may honestly feel it wrong to abandon the custom she hears the

missionary condemn, and it is most difficult for a white man to enter into the girl's feelings on the matter. A boy may have a fear of being thrashed by his father; but the sense of the wrongness of any action is, as a rule, exceedingly dim in his mind, if present at all; it seems to be on a level with the conscience of a dog. The laws of the clan serve in some sense for a corporate conscience, and undoubtedly provide strong restraints in some important directions, but otherwise it may be said that the conscience dawns at the period of puberty, which is a fact of great interest with regard to the evolution of the moral faculties and the development of religion. However, I do not think this fact will bear the strain placed on it by some American writers.

IV. SELF-RESTRAINT

Self-restraint is not enjoined on children in any direction until the second teeth appear. Then boys have to pull themselves together a little, and are expected to conquer the habit of crying. The self-restraint of the Kafir in hiding his real feelings, and in appearing grave and courteous when he is, in fact, bursting with inward merriment, is very striking. Children learn this sort of self-control soon after cutting their second teeth. But with regard to the self-control of the pleasures of the appetite and of the natural functions, the idea hardly occurs to a Kafir; and when first it does occur to him he is inclined to regard it as ridiculous. Certain tribal laws may limit his natural indulgences, but conscience never. Yet under the teaching of Christianity the Kafir may rise to a surprisingly high level, now and then. Children do not practise the same sort of vices which boys and girls do in Europe, for the simple reason that they practise worse ones which quite satisfy all natural

or depraved cravings. It is important to remember this, for Kafir boys are sometimes contrasted with the average English schoolboy, much to the detraction of the latter. The thing is ridiculous; if white boys were to adopt the pernicious practices freely allowed to black boys—or at least always winked at—they would be regarded as monsters of vice.

V. CURIOSITY

The faculty of curiosity or inquisitiveness is not developed much in early years. Black children do not pester their mothers at an early age to the extent that white children do; and if a child should ask a very awkward question, it is put off with the usual formula of "We do not know," or else "It is our custom." The children detect the logical loopholes in the common assertions about the ordinary beliefs, and sometimes want to know how it is that, if the *amatongo* have eaten the meat offered to them, the joint is not diminished in size. The mothers say that the spirits smell the meat or drink the serum which oozes from it. This does not satisfy the children, who soon find out, however, that it is not much use pestering their mothers with questions. A child soon comes to see that a custom is one of those fundamental things which it is useless to examine. A custom is its own justification.

The absence of all written language and the consequent absence of children's books, and the absence of all poetry and history, leaves the imagination dull and undeveloped. There are no puzzling religious problems for the children to brood on, such as, for example, the problem of the relative strength of God and the devil, the origin of evil, the nature of angels, of heaven and hell, the resurrection of the body, and so forth. Kafir children can only puzzle

over such problems as to how the *idhlozi* keeps warm beneath the earth, and how it can get into the snake, or other totem of the clan. Nor is the curiosity set to work to think of nice things to pray about, for the children are not taught to pray. It is impossible, therefore, to amuse the reader with funny stories on the point.

Even in adult life the Kafir shows no tendency to speculate on such things, for he is not given up to metaphysics or to abstract thinking. Children, and adults, show great curiosity in any novelty, but their interest in such things is evanescent and soon wears off.

VI. CONSTRUCTIVE FACULTY

What has been called the "making age" is still later in development than that of curiosity. A small boy, ten years old, will rarely make anything (except a bird-trap) for himself, but will try to induce a big brother to make things for him. Similarly a small girl will ask her big sister to make bangles for her. Every big girl is supposed to be able to make nice bangles, and when she cannot do that she is very much looked down upon by the boys. But occasionally a small child will try to make bangles when it sees a sister making them, for the imitative faculty is very strongly marked in the children. In some tribes the children are much quicker at making things than they are in others, and precocious children are not infrequently met with. The imitative faculty arises at a very early age, and has been referred to above. Children rarely try to play the rude musical instruments of the tribe until after the age of puberty; they seem to regard them as too difficult.* It should be noted that rhythm appeals to the Kafirs more than melody; and that children prefer dancing to singing.

* It has been suggested that music is a secondary sexual acquirement.

VII. SENSE OF BEAUTY

The sense of beauty is never well developed amongst the Kafirs, except with regard to the beauties of oxen, in which sole point they outstrip the white man. The Kafirs are so confined in their ideas to the practical aspects of life, that it does not occur to them to look at the æsthetic aspect of things. Most Kafir children only regard things as beautiful when they are nice to eat: then they are considered to be very beautiful. Small children sometimes take great pride in their ornaments or in their dress; and just as a small English child will run into a room full of strangers, and without a blush will lift its little petticoats and call out, "Look at my new shoes," so a little Kafir child will run into a hut full of people, and will call the attention of the crowd to the nice new bead girdle round its loins, or to its pretty bangles. It will then run up to any person present who may happen to have returned from the Gold-fields with a pair of boots, and will stand on the bright objects which glitter in the dim light of the hut.

Flowers appeal to a very few girls by their beauty, and occasionally one meets girls walking over hill and dale with some green leaves, or even flowers, twined into the hair. Now and then children are struck with the beauty of a landscape, especially by that of the green grass; and one will say, "I wish my father had built his kraal at this spot, for the trees are so pretty, and the grass is so green." But this sort of remark is very rare.* Many children pay

* It has been observed by those engaged in Child-Study, that children observe the beauty of a flower before they notice the beauty of a plant, and regard the beauty of a plant before they recognise the beauty of a landscape. Admiration for the simple precedes admiration of the complex. In this, as in so many other points, the development of the race proceeds on similar lines to those obtaining in the case of the individual. The educationist should therefore teach the Kafir child to notice the

attention to faces and think that ugliness is a sign of an evil nature; and so any one extraordinarily ugly is thought to be a witch or wizard. The love of beadwork is widely spread, though it is much stronger in some tribes than in others. The combinations of colour chosen are invariably good, and crude or glaring colour contrasts are almost unknown. When the trader comes along with his gaudy wares and abominations of colour, the natives fall from their good taste in a sad way. Old Kafirs never admire the scenery, for they look at the country only with utilitarian eyes.

The art faculty is most deficient amongst the natives. Boys and girls make clay oxen and other animals, and girls very occasionally daub the crudest pictures of familiar things on the mud plaster of the inner wall of the hut. But these attempts are rare, and much inferior to the drawings made in caves by the despised little Bushmen. Children, however, love to tatoo patterns on their skin, and to model in clay. Some Kafirs have a certain rudimentary aptitude for making decorative patterns, but as a rule this faculty develops late in life, or after the Kafir has been subject to European influence.

VIII. SENSE OF TRUTH

Having dealt with this matter elsewhere, there is no need to discuss it at length in this volume. It is very difficult to disentangle the complexities of the matter. It is usually said by South Africans that the natives are born liars, and precisely the same thing is said by the natives about the Europeans. The fact seems to be that the two races differ in their points of view, and mutually misunderstand each other. The

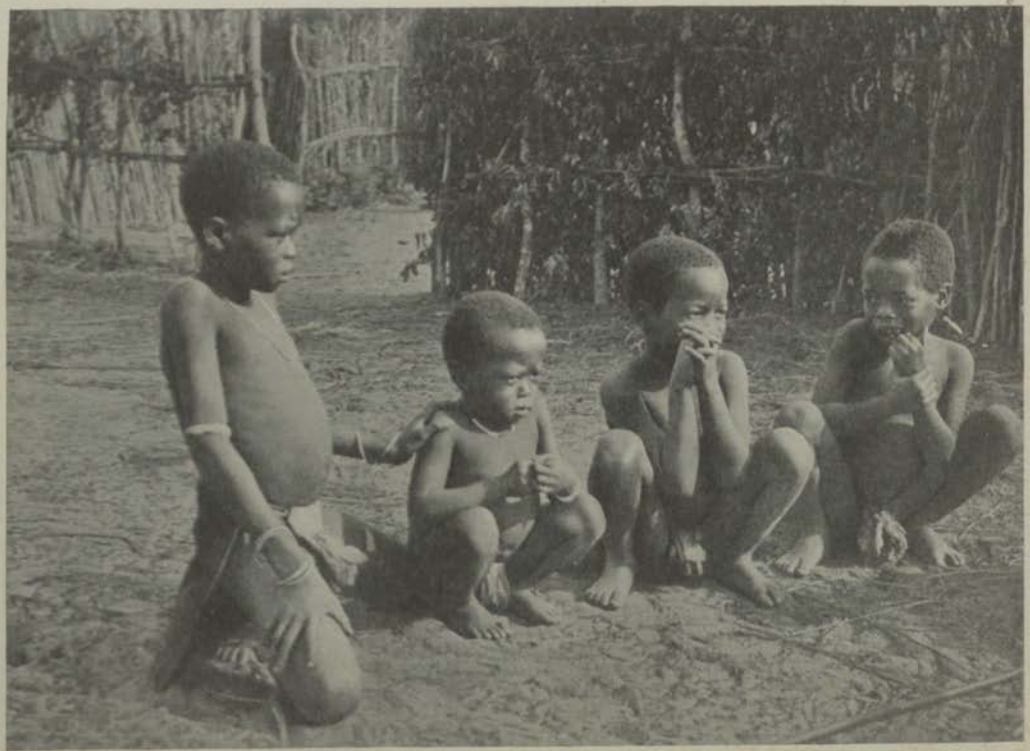
beauty of simple things first of all. Plato's remark on this point will be remembered by the reader.

question is as difficult as that which centres round the truthfulness of children generally—a subject admirably treated by Stevenson in his essay on Child Play. There are two types of thought which lead to apparent untruth. On the one side we find English children with excitable imaginations—the poet Shelley, in his childhood, was a striking example—who really cannot tell the difference between their imaginative and actual experiences. They make what prosaic people—"sticklers for a peddling exactitude"—condemn as untruthful statements, without being aware of the fact. The world of imagination is so vivid that it *is* their real world. Nothing else is really true, and for the life of them they hardly know whether it is the brutal truth that a week ago they broke a jug by carelessness, or whether a fairy knocked the jug over. But of what conceivable importance is such a silly question? A very few European and no Kafir children tell untruths for this reason, though they may mistake dreams for waking experiences.

On the other hand there are natures so dull and devoid of imagination, that they hardly know what is meant by truth to fact. It has no value to them, no meaning. But courtesy and politeness, or the interest of the clan, may have very real value. This is the case with the Kafirs. A white man asks a question; the black man thinks that courtesy bids him give the sort of answer which he believes the white man would like to get; and so he says what he thinks would be welcome—not with the idea of deceiving, but with the idea of pleasing. Similarly, the interests of the clan are of great value, and a black man will not give his clan away. He thinks it a less evil to make a misstatement than to injure his clan, or to supply information to a white man, who may be a spy. And he is called a liar for this. He is not truthful in our sense of the word; but then neither are we truthful

in that sense, when we adopt the petty deceptions of society and say we are glad to see people who call, when we are the very reverse. Who shall decide at what point conventional untruths become lies?

The best test of the matter is to inquire what the parents do when the children lie. We thus short-circuit all misunderstandings. It is often said that the Kafir encourages his children to lie, laughing at them when they are clever at this practice. It is not true. The Kafir certainly laughs at a child when it is found guilty of being clumsy in its lying, but he tries to discourage lying in his children for all that. A Kafir beats his child when it lies to him, and says that to lie is a bad thing. Sometimes when a child persists in its lie, the father fills the child's hand with hot roast mealies, then shuts the hand, and keeps the fingers pressed firmly on the hot mealies till the child is forced to confess on account of the pain. If a girl should lie, especially about a matter concerning her sex, the father puts his thumb-nail under the nail of one of the girl's fingers and presses on the soft flesh till the pain forces the girl to confess. But the same father would straightway tell a lie to a white man if he felt that courtesy demanded it. The Kafir's sense of truth is certainly defective, but as certainly it is not so defective as it is sometimes said to be. It is true, I believe, that natives frequently give false evidence in court; but then they explain it by saying that the white man always believes the lying witness, not understanding native thought and custom; and so the case often goes against the natives' sense of right and wrong. They go home to their kraals and say that the white man does not go by the truth, and that telling the truth does not pay. There is no doubt but that the magistrates are just from our European standpoint, but unfortunately this standpoint is not that of the native. Then the natives, who are quick to observe



ALL IN A ROW (LAKE ST. LUCIA, ZULULAND)

the tricks of trade, also say that white traders lie to make money, which is not infrequently the case, though many traders are quite honest and truthful.

A digression may be permitted here to point out that while English magistrates are above suspicion as to the justness of their decisions from a Western point of view, yet the natives complain not a little concerning the injustice of our government. The fact is that our sense of justice differs from that of the native, and we forget the fact. An example may be given. In olden days no Kafir felt it to be unjust on the part of the chief to make his subjects work for white men, and yet give their money to him (the chief). To Europeans this is essentially unjust, for it is an infringement of the rights of the individual. To the native the rights of the corporate clan are vastly more important than those of the individual. Consequently when in our haste we impose Western conceptions of justice, which centre round the conception of the rights of the individual, on people who are still in the clan-stage of society, our judgments seem to such people absurdly unjust and even pernicious. Other differences, arising from divergent points of view, are seen in the case of witchcraft and of the rights of women.* There are few things the old people grumble about so much as the way the proximity of Europeans, with their new-fangled ideas of justice, undermines the character of young Kafirs. In olden days there were regular courts of investigation, consisting of a dozen old women of the kraal. All the girls were medically examined by these women before and after large dances; and thus certain forms of vice were

* Another example may be given. Europeans think it quite just that Kafirs should be taxed so as to support a government that maintains law and order. The Kafir thinks it an unjust tyranny to be forced to pay for the maintenance of a *régime* he hates. Why should he not be a passive resister?

impossible as they would be so speedily detected. Nowadays the young women will not submit to such examination, and threaten to complain to the nearest magistrate when it is suggested. Consequently, so the old people say, ancient restraints have been removed and no new ones have been substituted by white men. The result is disastrous. According to Kafir thought it is *just* that the morality of the clan should be defended, and that the opinion or wishes of the individual should count for nothing. The European idea of the rights of the individual therefore leads—at first—to bad results.

The case of the "mixed bathing" of the children is another example of a somewhat similar thing. According to Western conceptions of morality this practice is indelicate and liable to lead to immorality. So missionaries advised natives to abandon it. The natives now declare that the abandonment of this custom has led to an increase of immorality, and say that it introduces new vices amongst the people. The uninstructed judgment of white men on the subjects of truthfulness, justice and morality is therefore apt to lead to the unfair condemnation of a race which differs in its root-conceptions of these three things.

IX. THE IMAGINATION

The imagination is the ruling factor in the character of children; it lies at the back of their fears, hopes, ambitions and beliefs; it colours the entire life and thought. Children, as a rule, fixing their eyes on life's contrasts, ignore the mid-tones, and see life in what Ruskin called lightning and lampblack; they can never have too much of a good thing. There is something so poignant and clean-cut about their joys and sorrows, about their hopes and fears, that what may be added in after years in the way of breadth may improve, but

cannot deepen, these childish experiences. In childhood, joys and sorrows, hopes and fears jostle up against one another in a turbulent fashion, and amidst the storm and stress of such experiences the character is formed.

Kafir children are well-nigh void of all imagination till after the second teeth are cut, and the imaginative faculty lasts but for a short time beyond the age of puberty, when it seems to undergo atrophy. The nature and extent of the imagination can be seen better by studying the fears, interests, ambitions, ideas, and the games of children than by abstract descriptions. The custom of playing games has been said to be due to the wish to realise a bright idea; the fears of childhood are largely built up on imaginative ideas; the ambitions show the inner working of the mind and the direction in which the child seeks self-realisation; whilst superstition shows us the pathology of the imagination. We must therefore pass some of these matters under review at once, leaving the consideration of the games to a later chapter.

X. FEARS

(*a*) *Fear of Evil Spirits*

It is commonly said in works on anthropology that savages live in everlasting dread of evil spirits. This dread has been very much over-stated. To start with, the savage has so little imagination that the statement looks at first sight exaggerated. The Kafirs certainly do not live in everlasting dread of spirits, for the chief part of their life is not spent in thinking at all. A merrier set of people it would be hard to find. They are so easy-going that it would seem to them too much burden to be for ever thinking of spirits. Europeans come to the study of a savage race with their minds

full of preconceived ideas, and of course find ample evidence to confirm these *a priori* conceptions. It is true that there are often supposed to be hosts of evil spirits in the rivers and woods, but the people very rarely think of them. It is doubtful whether the ordinary Kafir thinks of evil spirits for an average of two minutes out of every twenty-four hours, though at times these spirits get on his nerves, and tyrannise over him for days together. And when we come to the children we find that they have the haziest notion of what these spirits are, and never think of them unless they overhear the conversation of their elders on the point. They do not take much interest in the matter, and what they overhear is mainly about the beneficent actions of the beloved *amatongo*, who give the people beer, good crops, and riches. So it is safe to say that the ordinary idea that a savage child lives in constant dread of evil spirits is a mistake. Savage minds are too dull to have keen conceptions of evil spirits lurking at every corner. This is seen in the fact that black children are not afraid of the dark in the way white children are.

(*b*) *Fear of the Dark*

Grown-up Kafirs do not like to walk about in the dark far from their huts, for they fear wild animals a little, and magical charms a great deal. In the dark a man cannot take such care of himself as he can when he is in the light, and he is more exposed to risks arising from the wiles of witches. An Arab is far more afraid of the dark, and of the Jins lurking in ambush, than a Kafir is of evil spirits. When one asks Kafir parents whether their children are afraid of the dark, they laugh at the absurdity of the question ; of course they are not afraid of it. As a rule the night fears of children are, as Lamb has told us, the product of an excitable imagination ; but that is the very last thing

a Kafir child suffers from. A Kafir child's mind is so placid, and is so little stuffed with terrifying ideas by nursery-maids, that the child does not lie awake in the dark fancying things (though sometimes the mothers frighten naughty children by talking about fabulous monsters, or about white men). This freedom from fear of the dark is also prevented by the fact that the whole family lives in the same hut, and by the fact that a fire is generally kept burning on the floor. The one fear that lurks in the darkness is the fear of wild animals; and this fear was well justified when the country was infested with lions, tigers (leopards), elephants, and other animals. Most of these animals have been killed off in the districts south of Delagoa Bay, but the memory of them is still fresh; in the more northern tribes the fears are only too well justified still. It is noticeable that children in these northern tribes *are* afraid when left alone in the dark.

Last night (let us say) an uncle was carried off from the kraal by a lion. All day the chubby little boys have been teased by their big brothers, who declare that lions are specially fond of small fat boys, and always take them in preference to big bony men. All day the little fellows have been pestering their mothers as to whether this is really true or not. The flimsy hut made of a few poles, a little grass, and some mud, offers but poor protection against a tiger or a lion. The grown-up people in the kraal have been discussing all day how to join in killing the lions which are expected again at night; and the stray ends of conversation picked up by the children only intensify the natural fears. One little boy handles his new knob-kerrie and grows bold—in daylight—as he shows his fellows how he will meet the lion single-handed, and how he will kill it with his flimsy little stick. He feels as brave as a small English boy who has just got a new catapult,

and who fingers a bullet or two in his breeches pocket: in the sense of security imparted by the possession of the catapult he would face a hundred burglars. But the sense of safety grows thin as the danger looms a little nearer. Even the bravery of the mothers fails towards night-time, and the women show a decided disinclination to leave the hut when asked to fetch something or other. Fear is contagious, and the courage of the children fails when those who bolstered up their courage show evident signs of giving way. There are few things so disconcerting to children as to find those whom they thought braver than themselves showing obvious signs of fear. So when the darkness comes on, the little boys and girls cuddle up to their mothers, or to their big brothers and sisters, and hide their heads beneath their blankets as they lie on their mats.

When walking through the bush at night, or when sleeping out under the star-sown sky in the lion-country, I have experienced how small the sense of security which comes from the possession of even a rifle can be. The least soughing of the night wind in the trees, the rustle of the long grass, the strange noises in the undergrowth of the bush, all come to man's tired nerves with a heightened intensity. Suddenly, he awakens with a start from a pleasant doze, expecting the two glowing eyes which have been haunting his dream to be glaring at him out of the tall grass. All the strange noises, and stranger silences, of the plain affect the nerves in a way that can only be understood by those who experience it. Even to sleep alone in a hut, far from civilisation, and to feel a strange uncanny presence on suddenly waking up; to notice that the dogs are uneasy, and to hear some old hen querulously complaining every now and then; to wait in stillness for the next sound, and to hear the bleating of a goat or the pushing of oxen; to go out in the dark to stalk the game, and

to feel that the unseen lion may be waiting to spring on its pursuer—all this breeds fear in the blood. The children can be bold enough while the men are in the hut, but the suspense endured whilst waiting with bated breath for the issue of the attack is terrifying to a child. The men have all gone out into the dark with their assegais, and women and children are left alone in the dark to nurse their fears. The fear of the natives, when a tiger or lion is known to be roaming about the district at night, can be estimated by the extent of their delight when a European comes along with a rifle. He can do single handed what it may take fifty Kafirs in concert to effect. The people of the whole district seem to breathe more easily when the white man promises to watch for the lion. Once the lion is dead and the country is free from the terror, the children are not in the least afraid of the darkness of the hut at night, for it was not so much the darkness as the lion that they feared.

Big boys are very fond of scaring small children by crawling about the floor of the hut on their hands and knees when the night is coming on, calling out, "Woo, Wooooooo, Wooo," in imitation of wolves, which form the chief fear in small children's lives in the southern tribes. So the little things get terrified when they hear their big brothers imitating wolves, and they run off to any refuge that may be at hand. If the father should happen to come in during all the clatter, the boys get summarily dealt with. Sometimes mothers silence their children at night by threatening to throw them out of the hut to the wolves. The children in one district may be terrified at the sight of an animal which is not feared in another; but this seems to have a connection with the totem of the clan, no people eating or fearing their own totem animal, but fearing the totem of another clan.

(c) *Fear of Fabulous Monsters*

The natives believe in many fabulous monsters which inhabit the swamps, forests and rivers. There is said to be a long snake in many rivers, and Kafirs say quite seriously that this snake is fully fifty miles long. When wishing to cross such rivers the natives "doctor" the river, and rub special *intelezi* into scarifications which they make on their legs. They pray to their *itongo* to protect them, and when they get across the river safely, they not infrequently thank the *itongo* for the safe journey. When children or adults get cramp in crossing the river, they attribute it to the attack of a snake. I know a native who asserted again and again that he had seen one of these snakes rear its head out of the water high up into the air, and that there was a bright light streaming from the snake's head—which shows that the Kafirs have at least some imagination.

There is a fabulous monster called *Isikqukqumadevu*, which is supposed to be as big as a mountain, and another called *Isitwalangcengce*, which is supposed to run off with children—and even grown-up people—so as to eat their brains. The very name is terror-laden; and when pronounced by a Kafir woman in a hoarse voice, and with the "clicks" over-emphasised,* the effect is most disturbing to a child's easily impressed mind, and sends a cold shudder down its spine.

The most famous and universally dreaded monster is undoubtedly *Tickoloshe*, who has many names; sometimes he is called *Hili*, and sometimes *Ugilikakqwa*. This person is supposed to be a small dwarf who lives in the reeds, and who is invisible to ordinary eyes. Young women of eighteen or nineteen believe in him as firmly as did Luther in a physical and visible devil. *Tickoloshe* is supposed to come out of the

* C, Q, X are not pronounced as in English, but represent clicks.

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reeds at night and to play all sorts of amorous tricks, as well as spiteful ones. The mothers tell their children that if they are naughty, *Tickoloshe* will come and pull them out of the hut, and then leave them far away in the veld, though he will not hurt them. Some boys declare that they have heard *Tickoloshe* talking, though they could not see him; other boys declare that by the use of certain charms they have been enabled to see him, and describe him as being very strong, though very small, and as having very thin legs but large powerful hands and feet. He is generally believed to have several wives of his own, though he covets the wives of other people. To propitiate him the people frequently kill cattle in his honour. Children are told that if by any chance *Tickoloshe* should catch them, they must take care to speak to him very politely and to flatter him by saying, "You are so big, *Tickoloshe*, that I saw you when you were far, far away." This method of flattering and appeasing *Tickoloshe* seems to indicate that the belief in the mythical monster arose from the objectifying of the fears of the people about their Bushman foes in olden days. The Bushmen were very small, and had rather large hands and feet with thin arms and legs; they were very skilful in hiding in the reeds, and in attacking people unawares. These Bushmen were very vain and got inordinately angry when twitted about their small stature, but loved to be told that they were very big—so big that they could be seen from a great distance. And this Bushman origin would account for the fact that while belief in other fabulous animals is very local, belief in *Tickoloshe* is well-nigh universal, in fact co-extensive with the area occupied by the Bushmen in olden days. A peculiar interest therefore attaches to the belief in *Tickoloshe*, for we seem, in this case, to see the formation and evolution of the belief in a fabulous monster.

Some Kafirs declare that just as certain people keep a baboon in their hut for purposes of administering medical charms to their foes, so others keep a *Tickoloshe* of their own in their hut, and send him out at night to work their charms on their rivals, or on the cattle of their rivals. The Kafirs see nothing far-fetched in this idea, because they believe that some people even keep a private supply of lightning or of venomous snakes in their hut for a similar purpose.

The Basuto children fear a monster called *Selaqoqo*, which is said to be a terrible lizard that eats children; yet no one has ever seen this monster; consequently the belief in it is all the stronger.

(*d*) *Fear of Cannibals*

The fear of cannibals has not yet died out in South Africa. Until recently there were cannibals even in Basutoland; a few years ago I rode into the Basuto mountains with a native evangelist who worked amongst a clan that was known by the name of The Cannibals. The evangelist spoke quite naturally about "My cannibals," as if there were nothing very unusual about it. The nursery-tales told to the children by the mothers keep the subject ever fresh in their imaginations. No stories so keenly interest the small boys as those about cannibals, and I have sometimes wondered whether this were owing to the fact that in most of the cannibal stories it is nice, fat, jaunty and self-willed girls who get eaten. It is improbable that the boys would have formulated this theory, or would have consciously observed this fact about the nursery-tales about cannibals; yet, for all that, their delight in such stories might be heightened by finding that it is girls and not boys who are eaten. There can be no doubt but that when small children want to hear more pleasant nursery-tales told, the big boys, in mischief, urge the old women to tell stories about

cannibals. A story of horror feeds an appetite that is present even in civilised children.*

(*e*) *Fear of White Men*

Fear of white men is a growing force in the lives of the children. In olden days the children showed but little fear in the presence of Europeans. There is, of course, the primitive and initial dislike of a difference of colour. Kafir children think a white skin very ugly, and sometimes even revolting. When a very small black child shakes hands with a white man, it instinctively looks at its hand to see whether "the white" has come off and soiled its black hand; it seems very surprised when it finds that the colour does not come off. As they grow older, the children lose their first idea that the black man is essentially superior to a white man; and though they do not often wish to have white skins, yet they covet the wisdom and knowledge of the race, which they feel forced to admit is the superior. It is a long time before they lose their idea that white and black men constitute two entirely different orders of beings, and that the black is the superior in everything but skill and knowledge. When once they become educated, and see how vast is the chasm which separates the two races, they not infrequently long to become white.

The chief factor that is increasing the fear of white men as felt by Kafir children is the talk they overhear when men return to their kraals from working on farms, railways and mines. Every little Kafir boy regards his father as the strongest and wisest person in the world, and in this matter cannot be beaten even by the small English schoolboy at a dame-school, who maintains against the world that his father is the most wonderful person living; that he is the richest, most powerful and cleverest of men. Consequently when

* A typical cannibal story is told in *The Essential Kafir*, p. 379.

Kafir children hear their much-venerated fathers describing how the white men thrashed them and knocked them about, they feel an instinctive fear and hatred of the monsters who could dare to touch their fathers. It is therefore most fortunate when a Kafir child meets with a white man who shows kindliness to black children, for the fact makes an indelible impression on the mind for life. A native told me that the first impression in life that he could remember was in connection with a white man who was fond of black children. He said he could remember with perfect clearness this white man romping about, and allowing children to take hold of his coat-tails and feel in his pockets for sweetmeats. The wild delirious joy of holding on to the coat-tails while the man ran about the place, and the delight of the taste of the sweetmeats clings to that child in his manhood, and gives him a kindly feeling towards white men; and though, of course, every white man cannot romp with black children, yet many could do a little to lessen the gulf between black and white in South Africa.

(*f*) *Fear of Death and of Old Age*

Prominent amongst the fears of Kafir children is that of old age. Death in itself does not seem to frighten the children, for they do not think about it very much; but they have a great fear of old age, and do all they can to ward it off. A boy gets a friend to pull out any hairs which appear prematurely on his chin, and little children pray most fervently to the *amatongo* that they would keep them from growing old. They are immensely keen to grow big, as we shall soon see, but they have the greatest dread of old age. Old women are treated with scant attention, and are left to die extremely sad deaths in many cases, literally dying, amid plenty, from starvation and neglect. But old men are treated with great respect.

There are no religious fears to speak of in connection with a life after death, though when missionaries come along, and speak in vivid terms of hell-fire, the children, and especially the women, grow very terrified. The flames appeal to the imagination very powerfully, and a native evangelist will often make much capital out of this fear. In Gazaland the people frequently hide the fact of death from the children, telling them that their uncle has gone on a journey, when as a matter of fact he is dead.

(g) *Other Fears*

There are many other fears which enter into the lives of Kafir children and which call for a slight reference. Very small children are terrified when they see their mothers and fathers dressed up in strange ways for a great dance; they fear to touch their parents at such times and scream if the mother approaches.

When the children swallow pips or stones of fruit they are very afraid, and expect trees to grow out of their heads, or out of their mouths, even as European children do. But there is this difference in the case of the Gazaland children; sometimes these children swallow the round stones of the Nux Vomica tree; if no other child also swallows one at the same time, it is thought that a tree will grow out of the head of the child. However, should another child swallow a stone at the same time no harm will follow. When these children eat wild figs, one of the party takes a fig, breaks it in half and throws a piece at one of his companions, saying, "Fig, do not upset me; upset this one." This child who has been aimed at then takes the half-fig that was thrown at him, and throws it at another child, saying the same words. This child then throws the portion of the fig at the fig-tree, saying, "Fig, do not upset me; upset the fig-tree."

The word "upset" means "to cause the heart of a man to turn inside out, as after eating unripe fruit."

Children, when very small, have great fear of the shadows of their mothers as they grind the corn; these shadows sway backwards and forwards on the wall of the hut and are intensified by the flickering of the fire-light. This reminds one of Stevenson's description in his *Child's Garden of Verse*, in which he portrays the fears of a child caused by the shadows on the stairs cast by the candle in the nurse's hand. Kafir mothers also make use of anything uncanny that a white man may have about him, as a good thing to tease children with. A friend of mine tells me that the women in his district frighten the children by threatening to put them into his concertina-box, of which the children seem to be inordinately afraid.

XI. AMBITIONS

The ambitions of the boys and girls are distinctly and frankly practical; unfortunately there are no railway engines, hansom cabs, or watering-carts in native territories, and so the boys cannot aspire to the height of driving such things. Boys brood a good deal on how to become rich, how to grow big, how to become brave and strong; they long above all things for the day to come when they shall be circumcised, and so shall be regarded as men. They are keen to be able to fight well, to be brave, and sometimes even wish to be good cattle-herds. They dream of the day when they will have many cattle of their own, and a number of wives to work for them and bear them many children; for then they will have large kraals, and be men of great importance. They love to think of the days to come when they will be able to sit down and do no work, and have plenty of beer to drink, and be treated with great respect.

In most tribes there are but few occupations in life open to people. Some boys may wish to become messengers of the chief, lawyers in native courts, witch-doctors, crops-doctors, rain-doctors; and in old days boys sometimes desired to be blacksmiths. The function was, however, hereditary, though assistants might be called in. The introduction of European iron-work has much affected the trade of native blacksmiths. The profession of a lawyer is also rapidly dying out, for these men only practise in native courts, and have no special training, but depend mainly on their mother wit. They love to prosecute, but do not care much to defend people who are manifestly in the wrong. It is well known how great was the effect of public speech in the education of nations such as the Greeks, and no one who has seen natives discussing matters at a *Pitso*, or great public gathering, could ever forget the unsurpassed eloquence of speech and gesture shown by the natives at such times. Even the children are often born orators, and love to play at "courts," prosecuting and defending cases of imaginary crimes with much humour and acuteness.

The desire to grow big is shown by many customs adopted by the boys to help this process. Small boys are very careful not to bend their knees when sleeping, for they think that if they bend their knees thus their growth will be stunted; they soon learn to sleep with extended legs. Even mothers when lifting up their sleeping babes take care to hold them under the arms with the feet hanging down; they then blow on the lower part of the abdomen, and pull the legs down to prevent shrinkage. The father also pulls down the legs of a boy when he finds them bent during sleep. No small boy will allow a bigger one to jump over his head, or to step over it when he is lying down, for this is supposed to hinder growth. No doubt this belief accounts for the fact that such

a primitive game as leap-frog is not played by boys in the tribes where this belief is held, though it is played in other tribes who have no superstition on the point. It has already been pointed out that many boys and girls think that unless they bury the hair shaved from their heads, their growth will be arrested. There is a strong belief in the efficacy of running about in the rain as a specific for the growth of the body. Mothers let their babies sit on the doorstep and paddle their feet in the mud which accumulates at the doorway during rain, while the bigger children run about stark-naked in the rain. To render this charm peculiarly effective the children sing out, "Cabelele, Cabelele, Cabelele." In Basutoland the children show great delight at the approach of rain, and instead of singing, "Rain, Rain, go to Spain," sing out, "*Mankokotsane* bring us rain," *Mankokotsane* being a mythical person with power over the rain. According to Bryant, however, Zulu children go out into the rain and point their posteriors to the sky saying, "Bare rump, let it clear up; I am the last born of our family." There is also another queer belief about growth, to the effect that a boy can help his growth by eating his food out of his hand instead of out of a spoon.

With regard to the ambition of becoming wealthy, the people try to make themselves rich by washing in special *intelezi*, and as a rule most people use a little of this medicinal wash on their shoulders every day, if possible. A special charm for using the mother's milk to increase the riches of a family has been referred to in the first chapter. It need only be added that natives believe firmly that when there are small white marks on the finger-nails, it is a sign of coming riches; when these marks vanish, the boys say that their riches will not increase any more just at present.

With regard to the ambitions of girls, the following

points need to be noted. A little girl longs for the day to come when she will be initiated into womanhood and will reach a marriageable age. She desires above all things to be the great wife of a chief, or to have a husband who will pay a large number of cattle for her; she longs to have many daughters, so that when she is old, and these daughters are given in marriage, there may be plenty of cattle at her kraal, and consequently plenty of karosses for her in her old age. Girls talk a great deal about their future husbands, and speak with a frankness that would shock European ears. A Kafir girl longs for a husband who can fight and sing well (a sorry performance this, in our European estimation, just as our singing is a sorry performance in the opinion of the Kafirs, who laugh at our performances). Every girl hopes her husband will be the son of a great and rich man; she also longs to have a husband who will help her in her work in the gardens, and who will provide her with plenty of beads. With regard to personal appearance the following list of qualities shows what Kafir girls think desirable. Girls like in their lovers fine white teeth, a dark but not too black skin, eyes that are not yellowish in the "whites," small ears, a small flat nose, and a moderate amount of dressiness. They do not, as a rule, like their lovers to be too much dandified, for they think that men who pay too much attention to their personal appearance are sure to turn out drunken husbands. Yet foolish and giddy girls are not lacking who are inordinately attracted by dressy men.

XII. IDEAS OF NATURE

It is commonly said by anthropologists that savages imagine everything in nature to be alive. No doubt the remark is correct, in a certain sense, but we are in great danger of reading too much into that fact.

It would be equally true to say that savages very rarely think of the matter at all. I repeat this because it is of great importance for us to keep this fact before our minds. It is difficult to read the works of those European anthropologists who have gathered their information second hand, and who are burning with an admirable, if overstrained, zeal to construct a theory to account for the beginnings of religion, without putting down the book with the idea that the savages are consumed with anxious thought on the problems which interest twentieth-century Europeans. If the writers could spend even six months in a single savage tribe, they would see how grotesque their previous sense of proportion had been. As a matter of fact, there is nothing savages —and even savages high in the scale—think less about than the topics which fill modern works on anthropology or ethnography. The Kafirs might talk for five consecutive days about a calf that had died, but they would not talk for five consecutive minutes about evil spirits, nor for five seconds about that delight of some writers, the evil eye. I have not heard this last European idea mentioned by natives once in seventeen years' experience. It must therefore be understood that the details given under our present heading have taken a great deal of collecting; Kafir children think so very little about the matter that one is fortunate to get two or three ideas from a single group of children.

When a boy hits his foot against a rock or stone he will sometimes belabour the stone in the way of retaliation, dimly feeling (it can hardly be called thinking) that the stone can feel the punishment. The feeling that the stone is alive is very dim, and it never occurs to a boy that the stone has an inner life in any sense comparable to his own. I can remember as a child feeling sorry for stones, thinking that they

must get very tired of looking at the same objects every day; so I used to turn them over or throw them over a hedge so that they might get a new outlook. When asking Kafirs whether their children ever think of such a thing, they laugh and say that it would never enter a Kafir's head to think stones felt *in that sort of way*. We may say that religion commences with animism, but we do well to remember that it is a very thin and lifeless sort of life the savage attributes to things. The European who questions the native is very apt to find the matter growing under his hand, in virtue of his persistent questioning. If this be true in the case of adult savages, it is still more true in the case of the children.

(*a*) *The Earth*

The earth is generally thought to be flat, and people are supposed to be living on the under-side of it, possibly hanging on to it as flies do to a ceiling. At least this is the way the grown-up people silence the children who are puzzled as to how people could walk on the under-side of the earth. There is sometimes a dim idea that the *amadhlozi* (not *amatongo*), who live under the ground, inhabit the other side of the earth; this is not a common, or a clearly defined, belief. But it is a common idea that there is another world in the heavens not very far above the tops of the trees. Yet many natives scout this idea, saying it is borrowed from nursery-tales.

(*b*) *The Sun and Moon*

The sun is supposed to travel under the earth after it sets. It is then warmed up—boiled in a pot with fat—and sent up at dawn next day. Some children think there is a new sun every day. Others say that when it sets, it goes to the land of the pigmies. There are several sun-charms practised by the boys who

wish to gain time and arrive home before the food is eaten in the evening. They place stones in trees, generally choosing forked branches for the purpose, imagining the sun will be unable to pass a spot in the heavens which is in a line with their eye and the stone. Another and commoner charm used by boys who are late in bringing back their herds to the kraal, is to place two sticks in the ground, one pointing to the east and the other to the west, so as to form a sort of inverted letter V. The stick pointing to the east is supposed to retard the motion of the sun, while that pointing to the west is supposed to tell the sun to move slowly. The boys address the sticks in courteous language, and beg them to talk to the sun, and to tell it not to hurry. As to how the sun got into the sky, the children never trouble their heads; if asked what they think, they say that it has always been there and that this is reason enough. They sometimes think that the sun moves through the sky by running, but have no idea why it should always move from east to west.*

The children grow very puzzled when they see the moon in the daytime, and run to ask their parents why it is visible. The only reply they receive is that the moon is in the sky because it is its duty to be there. This explanation is final and satisfying to the child. When the moon looks very bright after a period of rain, the people say the moon looks very clear and bright because it has washed its face with the rain. The moon, which of course is thought to be quite close to the earth, is often supposed to die slowly, or else to grow small because pieces are pulled off it every day; the moon finally dies, and a new baby-moon comes in its place; this fresh moon grows

* A native idea about the sun is given in the chapter on Surprise Stories; and it may be pointed out that while most adults know this to be a myth, many children regard it as literal truth.

daily till full moon. Another idea is that there is not a man, but a woman with a baby on her back, in the moon; it is thought that the moon cuts off small pieces of the woman daily. But natives who have been in distant contact with European civilisation say that once upon a time a man and woman went out to gather sticks on Sunday, and the Lord of Heaven was angry with them, and placed them in the moon as a punishment. This idea betrays European influence, for the observance of Sunday is not a Kafir custom. In some tribes the semi-civilised natives call Sunday "Bell Day," while others call it "Resting Day." Since the missionaries tell the people to be especially clean on Sunday, the natives often call Saturday "Washing Day," or "Finishing Day."

(*c*) *Stars*

Stars are sometimes thought to be holes in the sky, which is generally regarded as being solid. Other natives think that stars are things like jewels set in the solid sky, much as gems are set in rings. Some more poetical people think that the stars are the eyes of lovers. Shooting stars are not infrequently said to be a sign of the death of some chief. When natives see a shooting star, they often spit on the ground as a sign of friendliness towards the dead person. A boy is very apt to get intensely angry when another boy tells him that his eyes are like stars. This is generally taken to imply that he will become blind; but occasionally it is said as a compliment, and in that case it is thought to mean that the boy will grow up very clever and sharp. The natives tell the time at night by the position of the stars, and also know when to sow by watching the Pleiades. If three stars called *Onodendwana* cannot be seen at midnight, it is said to be too late to plant mealies. The months and the new year are told roughly by watching the changes

of the moon; corrections being made by observing the flowering or the budding of certain plants.

(*d*) *Clouds*

Children often imagine that clouds are due to the smoke which they see flying upwards from fires. Clouds are often thought by the children to contain big bags which are full of water; when once the clouds have emptied the bags, it will not rain again till the clouds are sent back with bags of fresh water. Occasionally children think that clouds lying on the horizon are distant mountains, but the idea is not at all common, and is confined to tribes living in mountainous regions.

(*e*) *Earthquakes*

Earthquakes are often thought to be a sign that a chief is very cross; war is thought to be imminent; if the shocks should be very bad, it is thought there will be very much bloodshed. Sometimes earthquakes are thought to be natural events which must happen every now and then. In other cases they are thought to be due to the anger of the *amadhlozi*. In a certain district in Rhodesia, a Mission station was recently erected; soon afterwards a slight earthquake broke the ground, and a water-furrow, which brought water to the station, was drained dry; the people said that the dead chiefs were angry because the station was built near their old burial-ground, and therefore signified their displeasure by sending an earthquake.

(*f*) *Wind*

Wind is said to "come across the great water," but where that water is, few have much idea. The wind is kept in a hut, and those who have charge of it let it out now and then, and allow it to blow in

certain directions. Again, the wind is sometimes said to be a bird which lives in the mountains. I can find no trace of the European idea, which Professor Sully mentions in his *Study of Childhood*, of children who think that the moving branches of trees cause the wind. When I mentioned this idea to Kafir children, they laughed immoderately, and replied that it was just the other way about. When the natives wish to stop excessive wind, they call in a "wind-doctor," who takes a pot with a spout and points the spout towards the region from which the wind is coming. He then places medicines, as well as some of the dust blown by the wind, in the vessel, and seals up every opening of the pot with damp clay. The doctor says, "The head of the wind is now in my pot, and the wind will cease to blow." If wind is wanted, the boys whistle for it, or, better still, blow horns. Boys also take a bottle, or small calabash, and hum a tune into it, or perhaps blow or whistle into it, so as to get wind.

(g) *Rivers and Ocean*

With regard to rivers, I met a boy who was firmly convinced that the banks of the river pushed the water along; he puzzled much as to how the river could be so clever as to push the water. The river was regarded as an entity with an existence quite apart from the water that formed it. This idea might very naturally arise in a country like South Africa, where rivers may be dry for nine months in the year. It is not generally known that rivers run into the sea, though tribes near the sea know this fact. The sea is supposed to surround the land, and white men are said to get their things ready made out of the sea. Others think that the things do not come out of the sea, but from an island in the sea. But the most picturesque idea in connection with the wonderful white man is as follows. In the "great water" there lives a man with four eyes;

he sits on the sea day and night, and makes all the things which Europeans import; as soon as the things are finished, he throws them on to the sea, and white men come along in ships and bring these articles ashore for sale. The white men are supposed to live close to the coast, just out of sight of land, and to have plenty of boats. When any European-made article, such as a pair of trousers, wears out, the people say it has gone to the place whence it came.

(*h*) *Lightning and Thunder*

Lightning and thunder are accounted for thus: in very ancient times there was a person called *Umvelincgange*, of whom practically nothing is known; he made a bird about four feet high, which had feathers of a beautiful golden-green colour. When this bird is moulting, it falls to earth, and the noise it makes in falling constitutes thunder, while the sight of one of its glittering feathers constitutes lightning. Sometimes the rain is said to thunder or lighten; sometimes the heavens are said to do so.

(*i*) *Growth of Plants*

Children sometimes puzzle a little as to how plants and animals grow bigger, but the problem is too difficult for solution, and is generally put on one side as hopeless. As a child said to me, "What is the use of puzzling about such things? The trees will grow as well without my troubling about the way they grow."

(*j*) *Echoes*

It is sometimes thought that echoes are the result of malice, being caused by boys who are quizzing the speaker; or else it is thought that the mountains are speaking and replying to things shouted out to them. But the mountains are thought to be speaking in mockery.

(*k*) *Rainbows*

A rainbow is thought to be a snake, or a wattle of the hut belonging to the Queen of Heaven. If the children see a rainbow after heavy rain, they say the Queen of Heaven is glad. At other times the rainbow is said to be a sheep rising out of a pool. But whatever the explanation given, small girls are very careful not to expose their breasts when a rainbow is visible, for should the rainbow see their breasts they would not grow properly. In Gazaland the children call the rainbow "The Spider's Bow." *

(*l*) *Superstition*

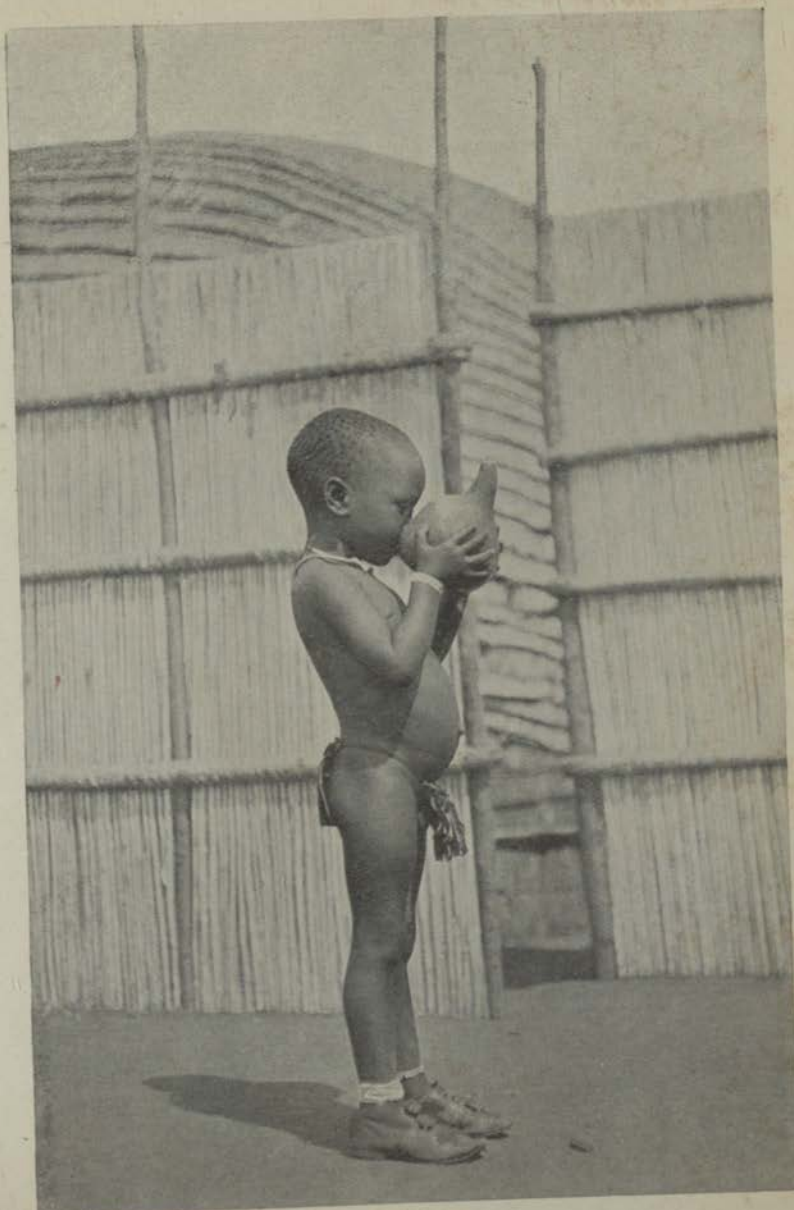
The origin of superstition and of the belief in magic in a savage race, may be a difficult problem, but the origin of superstitious belief in the case of an individual savage child is obvious. A child, for example, hears a grown-up man say that if a person should happen to eat two mice caught together in one trap he will have twins; instinctively the child believes what a man says, for the child places unbounded faith in older people. If the child should know a case of a person who ate two mice thus caught together in one trap, and who subsequently had twins, the belief would be immensely strengthened. The cases where the theory broke down would be forgotten; the cases where it came true would be remembered; and a certain air of probability, which seemed to be inherent in the idea, would become intensified. The child hears the father say that water thrown from a tree in imitation of rain reminds the clouds of their duty. A child is essentially a mimic, and why should not clouds be given to imitation also, and at least accept the hint that rain is wanted? Alice, when in Wonderland,

* Many other ideas with regard to the phenomena of Nature are given in *The Essential Kafir.*

might ask some weird animal why a certain absurd statement it had made should come true, and she could always be silenced by the simple reply, "Why not?"

A thunder-doctor makes all the people in the hut stand in the rain, and bellow out in imitation of thunder. Having called the attention of the storm to their presence, the people are told to let their voices die away like the distant rumble of a thunderstorm departing over the hills. The storm is supposed to take the hint; and since every storm must eventually come to an end, it ultimately dies away as requested. The fact cannot be gainsaid, and the child has too little logic at its command to argue the matter out.

Again, a child sees a member of the family sick, and attends the performance of the witch-doctor, who smells out the witch or wizard who has been injuring the sick person. The child sees the sick person get well after this performance. The facts cannot be denied; and so the child at once accepts the conclusion that it was the doctor who cured the patient. A child sees the crops doctored by the crops-doctor, and then notices the heavy harvest. Every one praises the power of the doctor who made the crop so plentiful; the child sees the alleged facts to be true, and naturally accepts the explanation that the splendid harvest was due wholly to the cunning and powerful medicine used by the doctor. Or the child hears of a soldier who ate certain portions of the body of a brave warrior he had killed, and hears every one praising the courage of the soldier. The universal explanation is that the bravery of the dead warrior passed into the living one, and augmented his courage. The fact of his bravery cannot be denied, and the child cannot see through the defective logic. Thus month by month the child's initial belief in magic is increased and fed. Exceptions are soon



A LONG DRINK

forgotten. Here is a striking example. Years ago I paid a visit to the great chief Kreli. This man was a splendid-looking warrior, and was so brave and shrewd that he was able to keep the English at bay for a long time in the border wars. As a boy he was very weak and ailing, and showed no signs of his future courage and mental power. The diviners said that he would never be brave and wise until the people picked out the bravest and wisest man in the tribe and killed him, so that Kreli might eat portions of his body, and imbibe his splendid qualities. The doctors also said that this brave man's skull should be used as a vessel in which to keep the chief's medicines; for it is believed that this method vastly increases the power of medicines. Consequently the bravest and wisest man in the tribe was selected for the purpose. But unfortunately he showed his wisdom, if not his bravery, by running away to another tribe. The chief Kreli was then left to nature, as the proposed remedy was no longer available. Kreli soon grew out of his weakness and became one of the wisest and bravest of chiefs; but no one thought of pointing out that the doctors had made a mistake. Had the man selected been caught and killed, and had his skull been used as a vessel in which to hold the medicines of the chief, Kreli's bravery and wisdom would have been put down to the credit of the magical practices used.

Thus every time the superstitious practice seemed to be successful, a mental note would be made of the fact; every time it failed, the affair would be forgotten. On such a basis it is easy to live for centuries in a pleasing delusion, and to feel perfectly assured of one's false belief.

The confidence placed by children in the words of their parents—which confidence is absolute in the case of Kafirs—starts their thoughts off on a wrong track, and every fresh case in which the child hears the father

point out the irrefragable cogency of a line of thought does but deepen the groove along which the child thinks. It seldom or never occurs to it to question what it is told, for the first axiom in Kafir thought is that the old men know best.

The matter is driven home by the fears of the people. A little thought will show us how strong is the tendency of fear to fasten the rivets of superstition. If any one will place himself in imagination, or, better still, in actual experience, in a Kafir hut in the bush infested with tigers or lions, and will realise how acutely every one is excited and anxious about their very lives, and will then trace the effect on the children of the reputed efficacy of certain charms to render the aim with the assegai unerring, he will see with what intensity fear can make a person cling desperately to anything which promises help and success. If a big girl were to tell the children that she had a charm given her by a powerful doctor, which made her invisible to lions—and the doctors offer more remarkable things than this—how eagerly would every child beg for some of it; and how keenly would each child nurse his hope till the fullest confidence were felt. And should the lion carry off a grown-up person, who was not doctored, instead of a child who had nibbled some of the medicine, how absolutely convincing would the power of the charm seem to the children! Thus natural credulity would be fostered till it became invincible in its strength. In Europe two people of different sects, who strongly hold the exact reverse in some matter of faith, have their respective faiths rendered so absolutely self-evident by similar experiences that it is idle to argue with either. Reasonable evidence is useless in such cases: it convinces no one. So when every person in the kraal is of one opinion, the very strength of the unanimous conviction is intensely contagious. When

everybody around is absolutely convinced of the truth of a theory, a person is apt to share in the conviction even when he tries to fight against it.

Samples of the superstitions of the Kafir children are scattered through these pages, and there is no need to collect them together.

We have been thinking of the inner life of the growing children, and must now turn to the outer life. Yet even when studying the games of the children, we cannot forget the inner life, for perhaps nothing so clearly shows the nature of the minds of the children as the games they play, the slang they use, the way they bully and tease one another, and the methods they adopt to make their work pleasant. The following chapter deals with the games and play of the children.

CHAPTER V

PLAY

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PLAY

NOTHING makes the European feel his kinship with the Kafirs more than watching the games of the children. Nearly every game we play in Europe that does not require much apparatus, is also known by the Kafirs. If a small black boy were suddenly to be dumped down on the sands at Margate, he would be able to enter into most of the games played there. This fact is of immense significance. In the case of the Kafirs, play is so interwoven with work that it can only be separated from it in theory, and for purposes of classification; for play is indulged in to make work pleasant; it is the outcome of exuberant spirits as well as an exercise of the imaginative faculty. The games of the children defy any accurate classification, so they are roughly arranged under a few headings.

I. DOLLS

Kafir children are devoted to dolls, which have a distinct value in connection with the development of the imagination. Lord Avebury has suggested in his *Origin of Civilisation* that a doll may possibly be something between a plaything and a fetish. The idea is suggestive; but no such connection can be traced nowadays in the case of South Afrcian natives, who have no idols of any kind. It would take us too far from our subject to examine the problem as to whether the Kafirs have fallen from a higher state, or

are rising in the scale of civilisation. It may be said by any one who regards the Kafir races as degenerate, that the Kafirs once upon a time regarded dolls as having something of the nature of a fetish, and have now forgotten this; but however that may be, at the present time the doll seems to be nothing but a plaything.

A doll may be made out of the simplest materials. The black child's imagination cannot work *in vacuo*, but once the roughest and simplest material is supplied to it, the imagination will set to work and invest the simple article with all the qualities of a human being. A number of children get together and pound up some wet clay till it is well kneaded, and then the bigger boys fashion a number of oxen with great sprawling legs and thick horns. The appearance of these clay oxen is very comical, but it is surprising how the peculiar features are preserved through the monstrous caricature. One can tell at a glance whether the animal is a horse, a cow, a sheep or a goat, for the essential qualities and features are preserved by a few skilful touches. It is most striking to see how keen is the observation of these little modellers. A clay sheep and dog differ from one another by the very slightest touch, and yet that slight touch is inimitable. No one can watch the children making these clay animals without feeling that it would be well for this natural aptitude to be fostered in school teaching. The girls do not often make oxen, but love to make clay girls and women with babies on their backs. Boys scorn to make women, but sometimes make the most comical clay men, which they fix on to the backs of the oxen or horses. The model is allowed to dry in the sun, and then the animal can be played with; but sometimes the clay oxen are baked in the fire. The girls dress up their dolls with a few small bangles, or with a small piece of blanket.

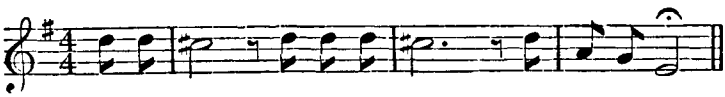
When the dolls are to be made of mealie cobs, the method adopted is very simple. A good large specimen is chosen, and the grains of Indian corn are stripped from off the cob, which is dressed up in a piece of blanket. Some strands or fibres of the blanket are teased out and fastened into the top of the cob, and resemble the plaited hair of the women. In rare cases a couple of beads are fastened on to the face of the doll, and serve for eyes. Boys do not, as a rule, play with girl-dolls or they would be unmercifully laughed at; still, very small boys will play with the girl-dolls belonging to their sisters, if there is no chance of their being seen; older boys will play with their boy-dolls in the same imaginary games in which their sisters are playing with their girl-dolls; but the difference of sex is rigidly observed, with one exception noted below.

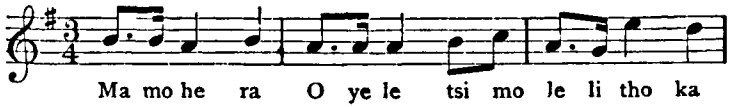
Kafir children have the firmest belief that the dolls have a true inner life of their own. Boys often tease the girls by saying, "Oh, your stupid dolls are only made of clay; *they* are not alive; if any one were to break *your* dolls nothing but clay would be found inside them." The girls indignantly repel the insinuation, and declare that their dolls are really and truly alive. They then turn their sarcasm on the boys, and, feeling some misgivings which they scarcely like to confess, say, "Well, suppose our dolls are only clay all through, *your* oxen that you are so proud about are no better; the silly old oxen and horses with which you play are made in just the same way as our dolls; if ours only contain clay so do yours." The boys at once feel hurt by this *tu quoque*, and indignantly deny the charge; they say their oxen *are* really alive, and that if broken would bleed; they then add that their oxen have real horns; but feeling themselves on delicate and tender ground, and not wishing to have any questions pressed home, they wisely change the subject.

The children make small imitation huts for their dolls, for they have no European-made dolls' houses to play with. They get immense fun out of their own toy huts, which are truer to life than any English dolls' houses could be, for the children make their toy huts out of the very materials which are used in making real huts. They imitate all the details of a real kraal, making small grinding-stones, pots, mats and other articles. The boys make small cattle kraals for their clay oxen. Both boys and girls frequently leave their dolls in these huts or kraals all night, rising early in the morning before their elders are up, in order to run off and visit their dolls. In Zululand I saw children making small play-huts without having any dolls to place in them. Several little naked boys prowled round the cattle kraal when no one was looking, picking up small sticks and wisps of grass, surreptitiously, from the thatch of a hut. These little urchins put their heads together and built an imitation hut about a foot or eighteen inches high, and spent much time in putting on fresh thatch, re-daubing the walls with mud—I never saw a black child making "simple mud pies," strange to say—and then sat down round the toy hut, and chatted and played for hours in supreme content. A little mud, a few sticks, and a handful of grass, supply sufficient stage furniture to keep a dozen small boys playing happily the whole livelong day. (*See* Plate.)

The children pretend to feed their dolls, and even grind earth on their toy grinding-stones, pretending that it is grain; and at such times they sing the grinding-songs which the old women use as they grind corn for their husband's beer. Here is one of the songs sung by the children amongst the Fingos, in imitation of the old women who are threshing the corn. The words are very simple, and run as follows: "The corn of the old women, the corn of the old women, we will

PONDO CHILDREN MAKING CLAY OXEN

take the chaff from it." The children sing this again and again as they pretend to thresh their imitation corn. The tune is as follows:

While some of the children sing the air, the rest hum the following notes—in any time they may please—as accompaniment:

Basuto children adopt the song sung by the women of their tribe. In this song reference is made to a mythical old woman named *Mamohera*, who is reported to have threshed her corn in secret—a practice that is regarded as grossly selfish and evil. The song is as follows: "Mamohera has eaten up the land with the chaff, Mamohera has eaten up the land with the chaff." The simple air to which it is sung is subjoined.

At times there are great games of "shop" or "traders" played with the dolls. The children make a number of clay oxen, goats, hens, imitation mealies, and representations of other articles which their elders actually use in barter; these imitation articles are bought and sold in play. Many of the boys give ten clay oxen for a small girl-doll, which they pretend is a wife of one of their boy-dolls; a little polygamist doll may thus have a whole harem of clay wives. This is the one occasion on which boys

will play with girl-dolls. As soon as a girl-doll is raised in status by becoming a wife, it is in no sense beneath the dignity of a boy to play with it; but the girl-doll must be truly bought with clay cattle in strict imitation of the rules of real life. Weddings are held, and the true marriage songs are sung. In short, every detail of adult life is imitated with these dolls.

Girls have periods of coolness towards their dolls, not infrequently leaving them out in the veld unvisited for days. At other times they treat them with great tenderness, fastening them inside their blankets on their backs, just as though they were fastening real babies there. The children make special doll-feasts, killing a clay-ox for the purpose, and manufacture small clay dishes, pots, spoons, and other articles in strict imitation of real life. Doll-dances are held on these occasions. The boy-doll will go to his hut and will bring out a number of his wives to join in the play. The dolls are specially decked out in tiny toy bangles and bead-work. Children love to take these dolls to bed, but the old people will not allow it, though the girls are allowed to take bangles to bed. Boys, probably because it is forbidden, love to take wet clay to bed so as to make oxen when the old people are asleep.

II. ANIMALS

Playing at "animals" is of course a world-wide thing, though, as to detail, it takes on a local colouring. Kafir boys are good imitators of animals, and terrify the small children by roaring like lions; their horse-play is rather rough, and the small children have good reason to take refuge with their mothers when four or five big rough boys are rampaging round the hut in imitation of wild animals. Boys make an instrument known as the Bull-Roarer, and whirl the piece of wood round their heads till it makes a sound which is thought to resemble the roaring of lions, and which frightens

BUILDING A DOLL'S HOUSE IN A ZULU KRAAL

the small children very much. The natives declare that the boys use these instruments for simple pleasure, though the old women sometimes make the boys stop using them, for they think that the noise will attract the wind. The men also tell the boys not to use these things at night, for they say the noise makes people dream of lions. Whatever may have been the original function of these instruments, the people nowadays have quite forgotten it, and declare that it is simply a plaything of the boys. The game of "horses" is a favourite one, a piece of wood being placed in the mouth to represent a bit, grass string being used for reins.

III. TRICKS WITH THE BODY

The children play a number of tricks with their bodies so as to pass the time. Sometimes a whole crowd of little children turn the upper eyelids inside out, displaying the red membrane, and laugh at the grotesque appearance. Nasty sores often result from playing at this game. Another pastime consists in droning a chant while the ears are gently tapped with the finger so as to produce a weird sound.

"Follow-my-leader" is also played with many modifications. Sometimes half a dozen children stand in single file one behind the other, and place their hands on the shoulders of the one immediately in front. This string of children then starts off slowly, each child shuffling the feet in the dust till a clear track is made in a wavy pattern. Then the first child runs off, following the sinuous track, and the others chase him; but every child has to keep to the pattern on the dusty ground. (*See* Plate.)

Some of the games played by the children are very dirty from our point of view. One consists in jerking the body about until the perspiration streams off; the boy who can make his stream of perspiration flow

farthest wins the game. In another game a boy passes the palm of his hand before his mouth and spits on to it as it passes. He then asks the other player to guess where the spittle hit the hand. If he should guess correctly, he has the privilege of doing the spitting. The boys grow immensely merry over this game, which seems to cause them very much amusement.

There are endless games in which children jump in the air and kick their buttocks with their heels, or in which they play similar tricks with the body. "The coming down of the rat" is the name given to the game in which the boy lifts himself up to a horizontal bar, passes his legs between the bar and his body, and turns a somersault, falling on to his feet.

Basuto and Fingo children play a game somewhat similar to the English one, in which the small players pile their hands up alternately one on the top of the other until all the hands are wedged together, after which the bottom hands are pulled out in regular order, and thumped down upon the top hand. The native children play this game in the European fashion, and also in a rougher manner. One boy picks up a small piece of skin on the back of another boy's hand, pinching it between his finger and thumb; the next boy picks up a similar piece of skin on the back of the hand of the second boy, and holds it firmly between his first finger and thumb; the next boy, or girl, follows suit, till a whole chain of hands is formed. Then all the children begin to swing the chain of hands about while they sing, "*Mantsipatsipane, Mantsipatsipane,*" to a tune somewhat like our "Oranges and Lemons." Suddenly, at a given signal, they all jerk their hands away, each one pinching the skin of the hand he is holding as hard as possible. Large pieces of skin are frequently pulled off in this way, but no boy would dream of crying with the pain lest he should be laughed at for being girlish. The dull nerves of the Kafirs no doubt must force us

"FOLLOW MY LEADER" IN NATAL

to discount our European conceptions of the pain caused; some children do not seem to feel the pain amid the fun of the game.

IV. SIMPLE PASTIMES

The children are fond of swings, which they make with the bark stripped from certain trees. The bark is cut into suitable lengths and is chewed in the mouth till friable and soft. It is then twisted by being rubbed between the side of the hand and the thigh, and so forms a very strong rope. When there are no trees to be found near the kraal, the children wait till the parents are away at a beer-drink, or other ceremony, and fasten the rope to the beam of the doorway, when it is high enough. If the parents catch the children making swings in the doorway, or hanging them from the rafters of the roof, there follow tremendous scoldings, for the huts are made in too flimsy a fashion to stand such wear and tear, and are apt to leak if treated thus. But the children are often allowed to fix their swings to the poles at each side of the doorway of the cattle kraal.

Hoops are unknown, so far as I can find out, but the children frequently roll pumpkins down-hill, kicking or hitting them so as to make them roll the faster. Tops are made from roots, or from broken pieces of old pots, through which spindles are inserted; these rough tops are spun by rotating the spindle between the sides of the hands, and great competitions are held to see who can spin them the longest. Bangles are also spun on their axis in a way similar to that in which we spin coins. Amongst boys' games must also be included "cock-shies," which are conducted much as in England. Tin soldiers are of course, unknown, and one of the greatest delights of white boys is thus lost. But for all that, the boys on the Zambesi take mealie cobs, which they place on end like nine-pins,

pretending that these cobs are warriors. These soldiers are placed in two rows, and two large tops, as just described, are set spinning in the midst of them. Victory remains with the side whose mealie cobs stand the longest.

Labyrinths in the sand are made by the clever boys, who make their design with amazing rapidity. Duller boys are lost in wonder when they see big boys making these things. The big boy kneels down on one knee, and, reaching out with his forefinger, makes a thin groove in the sand with his finger. The chief's hut is supposed to be in the centre, and a maze is built around it; the other boys have to trace the way in. Some of these designs are very clever and ingenious. (*See* Plate.) This is one of the few boyish games which survive into adult life amongst the Kafirs. When natives smoke Indian hemp, they inhale the smoke into their lungs and blow it out on to the earth in bubbles formed of saliva and smoke. They are fond of smoking hemp in couples; they make labyrinths with the smoke bubbles, or else try to outflank one another, pretending that their bubbles are armies of soldiers advancing against a chief.

A very primitive game consists in joining hands round a large tree, so as to form a circle. The children then dance round the tree; any one touching the trunk is disqualified, and has to give way to another child. Sometimes the children simply join hands in a large circle, quite apart from a tree, and dance round till they are giddy.

When there are many rocks or stones in the ground, the boys play at stepping-stones, and jump about without touching the earth between the stones; any one touching the ground between the rocks is disqualified, and has to go back to the starting-point. When ant-heaps abound, the children run up them as fast as they can, and see who can jump the farthest from the top

ZULU BOY MAKING LABYRINTH

of the heap, which may be fully ten feet high. At other times I have seen them playing King of the Castle on large ant-heaps near the Zambesi. (*See* Plate.) They sometimes make rough stilts, either by fixing a piece of wood on to a pole, or else by making notches in the pole. They also practise running up steep hills on their hands and knees, saying that this may prove very useful in after years during war. The boys love anything that requires agility; the following performance is very difficult to do well. The boys run along holding a stick in both of their hands which are extended in front of them. They then jump up into the air as they run, and pass their legs through the loop formed by their arms and the horizontal stick; as they continue running, they pass the stick over the head and jump again through the loop. By practice they become very smart at this sort of race. They also know how to make "Catharine wheels."

V. A MEALIE GAME

A mealie game is played as follows: A number of mealies are placed in two long rows that are sometimes fully three yards in length. The mealies are placed about two inches apart, the rows being about six inches from one another. The first player places himself, let us say, on the right side of the two rows. He is then bound to shut his eys tightly so that he cannot see. A boy is told off to act as judge, whose duty it is to make sure the player does not open his eyes. The boy with his eyes shut has to bend over to the left row of mealies, move the first mealie from the left-hand row across to his own side, causing it to pass between the first and second mealie of the right row. He then has to bend over and draw the second mealie of the left row across to his side, causing it to pass between the second and third mealie of the right

row, and so on till he has finished the whole row successfully. Should he peep out of his half-closed eyes, the judge makes him start over again from the beginning. The boy who succeeds in drawing all the mealies of the left row in correct order through the spaces in the right row, without touching the mealies in passing, is given a free smoke of Indian hemp as a prize.

VI. STONE GAMES

As the children grow a little older they play many games with stones, and show great skill in the way they catch them. A favourite pastime is to throw up a pebble into the air, and, quickly grasping a large stone in the hand, to allow the falling pebble to hit the large stone held in the open palm of the hand. When tired of doing this, the boys throw up a pebble in the air, catch up a large stone in the hand, reverse the hand and catch the falling pebble on the back of the hand. They also try to keep a large number of stones in the air, throwing up the first before the second has had time to fall; in this way they may keep up as many as half a dozen in the air at once. Another game is played as follows: A stone is thrown up into the air, and before it has time to fall, another is picked up between the ring and little fingers; the falling stone is then caught between the index and middle finger. It is wonderful how clever Kafir boys are at doing this. There are endless modifications of these stone games; sometimes a stone is thrown up in the air; another stone has then to be grasped in the hand with which the falling stone has subsequently to be caught; then the original stone is thrown up again, and two others are grasped in the hand which has to catch the falling stone. This is repeated again and again, one more stone being picked up each succeeding time.

"KING OF THE CASTLE" ON AN ANT-HEAP (ZAMBESI)

Another stone game is played as follows: A number of children sit in a circle, in the centre of which a small hole is dug in the ground. Some stones, usually about fifteen, are placed in this hole; the first boy takes one and throws it into the air; he then grasps all the other stones in his hand, and scoops them out of the hole, and must yet catch the falling stone. He then throws it up again, and while it is in the air he has to put back into the hole in the ground all the stones but one, and must yet catch the falling stone as before. If he should catch the falling stone aright, he places the stone he had retained on one side, and that counts one to him. He then has to go on with the fourteen stones and repeat the game as before. If he succeeds again, he places a second stone on one side, and that brings his score up to two. His innings is ended when he fails to catch the falling stone properly, or when he fails to put back all the stones but one into the hole. When he fails, the next boy tries his luck, and so the game continues. One point has been ommitted, for sake of clearness. When only two stones are left in the hole, the boy has to throw a stone into the air, and, before it falls, he has to place the two stones, one on the far, and one on the near, side of the hole. He leaves these two stones in that position, and quickly removes his hand to catch the falling stone. The ingenuity shown in the plan of the game is somewhat surprising, for the native children who play this game can hardly have learnt it from Europeans, seeing that the district of Gazaland in which it is played has only quite recently been inhabited by white men. The game would seem therefore to be of purely local invention. I can find no trace of it in any other than the Tshindao-speaking tribe.

In another game, a boy takes a small stone and shuffles it from one hand to the other behind his back, and then

suddenly throws out both clenched hands in front of him. Another boy has to guess in which hand the stone is, and if he should guess wrongly, the first boy repeats the shuffling; if, however, the guess be correct, the second boy takes the stone and shuffles it between his hands in the same way. This is done so rapidly that the onlooker can hardly follow the movements. In Basutoland, according to Casalis, when the rival guesses correctly the other cries out, "You eat the beef, I eat the dog," and with that hands the stone to his rival. When, however, he guesses wrongly, the other cries out, "You eat the dog, I eat the beef," a dead dog being the one animal natives do not eat. There is a "round" game in which a number of boys and girls sit down in a circle and pass a small stone, or a grain of Indian corn, from hand to hand under their blankets, or behind their backs. A boy or girl standing in the centre of the ring has to guess in whose hand the stone is, when at a given signal all shuffling ceases. When the child in the centre guesses correctly, he sits in the circle, exchanging places with the one in whose hand the stone was found. Sometimes the stone is hidden in the mouth, or under the arm-pit. (*See* Plate.)

The most famous of all games, however, is not played by small children, for they cannot grasp the rules. The game is called *Morabaraba* in Basutoland, and *Tsoro* in Gazaland. It is played with a large flat stone, or plank of wood, in which a number of small holes are bored out—in four rows—as if for a modified game of solitaire. Two or more stones of different colour are chosen and placed in these holes; they are moved about as in our game of draughts. The game can be played equally well by making a number of small holes in the ground—the natives at the Johannesburg compounds being very fond of playing the game thus. The game is said to be played all over Africa.

A MEALIE GAME (NATAL)

It so happens that I was writing out the present chapter in Egypt; on going out for a walk, I found the game just described being played at the foot of the Great Pyramid. Doubless it was also played in the days when the pyramid was being built.

In somewhat the same category is the ancient game of "noughts and crosses," which it is said the children play in some districts, though I could not trace it myself. The game is played as in England.

VII. BATHING GAMES

Boys are very fond of spending hours over their bathing on hot days, playing games in the sand between the periods spent in the water. For example, they love to play in the sand at the edge of the river, making one of their number into a small chief. Huts are built of sand, the best being reserved for the little chief, who orders all the boys about in royal fashion. This love of authority is very dear to the Kafir heart. The little chief is given a small white shield, and in the tremendous fights which follow, no one would dare to hit the boy with the white shield even in play; it is thought a very bad thing to hit a chief, and therefore it is very bad to imitate such an action.

At another time the boys make a number of sand mounds about two feet high; these mounds being about two feet apart. Each boy has a mound or hut on which he sits. Some one gives the word much as in our game of "General Post," and, at the word, every boy has to raise himself on his arms and jerk his body through the air, so as to come sitting down on the heap next to him on his right. Any boy who allows his feet to touch the ground is disqualified. The game continues till only one boy is left.

As the boys are going to the river to bathe, they will sometimes see who can run the farthest while

balancing a stick on the first finger of the right hand, or else on the nose. The reward for the winner is that he shall be let off herding the cattle all day, and shall be constituted a petty chief, being allowed to fag other boys to fetch him food; or else the reward may be that the winner shall have the largest bird caught that day in the traps.

When tired of playing in the sand, all the boys may commence skipping or hopping, or they may stand on their heads, and see who can run farthest upside down, balancing the body on the hands with the feet up in the air. This sort of racing is called "Running with the horns," the legs being supposed to resemble the horns of oxen. When tired of this game the children sit down and play string games, making twine out of plaited grass or reeds.

VIII. STRING GAMES

In many districts the children play "Cat's Cradle" in the very same way that we do. Mr. Hawkins, of Zululand, assures me the children in his district play cat's cradle in almost exactly the same way that English boys do; the game is also played in Basutoland. The natives call the game *Uzamanyeka*, which means "It sways of itself." In Basutoland a favourite modification gives to the game the name of "Fowl's Foot," because the foundation pattern of the string looks like the foot of a hen. Unfortunately, I have been unable to get details of this modification. When the children are tired of playing this game, they modify it thus: two boys lie down on the ground with feet to feet; a third boy takes a piece of string and loops it in an intricate tangle round the toes of the two boys, who have to release their toes without touching the string with their hands.

Another string trick often practised by the boys

is as follows: A boy takes a piece of string about two yards long, and joins the free ends so as to form a loop. He places this loop round his head and around his two hands which are held out in front of his face. A string circle is thus formed which touches the back of his head and the backs of his two hands. The string is steadied by being hitched half round the thumbs after it passes over the backs of the hands. The boy, holding the string taut, moves his left hand in front of his open mouth, passes the string through the mouth and loops it under the chin. He then moves his left hand, still carrying the string, away to the left side. A similar operation is performed with the right hand, and the string in front of his face is made taut. When this is accomplished, the boy passes the loop of string which is in front of his face, over the back of his head, claps his hands and quickly separates them. The string is then seen to be entirely free from his mouth and chin, and also free from the head, which is disengaged from the loop by the manœuvre. This trick is the most elaborate one I have met with amongst the Kafirs, and is by no means easy to describe lucidly in a few words.

IX. ORGANISED GAMES

It is very striking to notice how many of the games played in Europe are also played by the Kafirs. The children are very fond of playing three or four varieties of "Touch," sometimes marking off a "Home" where the players can take refuge. But sometimes there is no "Home" at all. One form of the game is called *Caba*. A boy touches another on the shoulder to start with; the boy who was touched has to run after the other boys, and tap one of them on the shoulder. They run all over the country when playing this game, which causes great excitement. Hide-and-seek is also played, though in some districts

it is called "Wolf." The party that hides has to call out "Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo," which is supposed to be an imitation of an owl. When a boy is caught, he is eaten in pretence by the boy who has caught him. The little chap then pretends to cry, and shouts out, "The wolf has caught me; the wolf has caught me." But if a boy can escape to the area marked off as "Home," he is considered safe.

I am told that the children in Gazaland have a game exactly like our game of "Oranges and Lemons," though I have not seen them play it. But on the Zambesi I have seen the children playing the game of "Frogs," in which a dozen little boys imitate frogs to perfection, and form a long straggling line of jumping frogs in a way that is very droll. When tired of that, they stand on their heads; after that they play at "Leap-frog," for they have no superstition to make this game unpopular.

(*a*) *Inzema*

A game called *Inzema* is played in Natal by the children as follows: A large gourd, something like a pumpkin, is rolled along the ground where it is fairly level. On either side of this pitch, which is about the length of a cricket pitch, the players take their stand with sharpened sticks or assegais. A boy at one end of the pitch makes the big round gourd roll along the ground as fast as he can, while the boys at the side try to spear it as it passes them. The game is very difficult when there is a good bowler. The boy who succeeds in spearing the passing ball has the right to bowl the next time. In Zululand it is often arranged that the boy who spears the passing ball first shall have the first choice of meat when the next animal is killed, for the grown-up men like to encourage the game, thinking it helps boys to learn to become skilful in the use of the assegai. No prize is

SENA BOYS PLAYING AT FROGS (ZAMBESI)

so much coveted as the choice of the best piece of meat. In Gazaland the game, which is called *Dema*, is played with a large pad of grass about a foot in diameter.

(*b*) *Hockey*

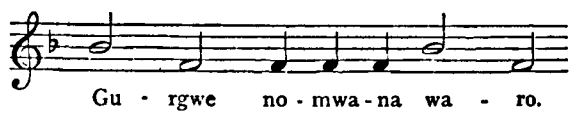
A game very like Hockey, called *Ndoma*, is also played in Gazaland, sticks, like our hockey sticks, being employed. But Golf does not yet seem to have been evolved. The game like hockey is played with a lump of wood instead of a ball, and is responsible for the destruction of many gardens by goats, because the little herd-boys get so keen on it that they forget all about their herding. The ground where *Ndoma* is played becomes quite bare, which fact shows how very popular the game must be. There are no goals used in this game, for the ball is just knocked backwards and forwards.

(*c*) *A Round Game*

A favourite round game, called *Qakela*, is played out of doors by a large number of children who stand or sit in a circle. A boy is chosen by lot, and is sent far away out of hearing with another boy, whose duty it is to make sure that he cannot see what is being done by the group of children. Every child in the circle puts something in the right hand, choosing such things as a mealie-grain, a stone, a bean, or other similar article. Then the boy is called back from a distance and is placed in the centre of the circle. Each child has to hold out his or her clenched right hand. The boy in the centre looks round the circle and picks out any hand he may choose, and has to guess what it contains. If his guess be correct he sits down in the circle; the child who is found out has to take his place, and is led away to a distance while all shuffle the contents of their hands. But should his guess

be wrong he has to go back and try his luck again. If he should fail time after time, he is told he is silly; he has to sit on one side while another boy takes his place.

(*d*) *The Caterpillar*

The game called *Gurgwe*, or The Caterpillar, is only played in Gazaland, so far as I can discover; but it is a very favourite game there, for it is regarded as a test of strength. A boy kneels down on his hands and knees, and two children sit down on the ground, one on either side of him, facing one another. They then put their legs over the back of the boy who is kneeling, and grasp one another firmly by the hand. The kneeling boy has then to rise with these two children clinging to his back; as he walks away with them, all the other children grow very excited, and sing out, "The caterpillar and its child; the caterpillar and its child." Any one failing to lift the two children and walk away with them, is laughed at for being weak and feeble. The tune of the refrain is as follows:

(*e*) *The Calabash*

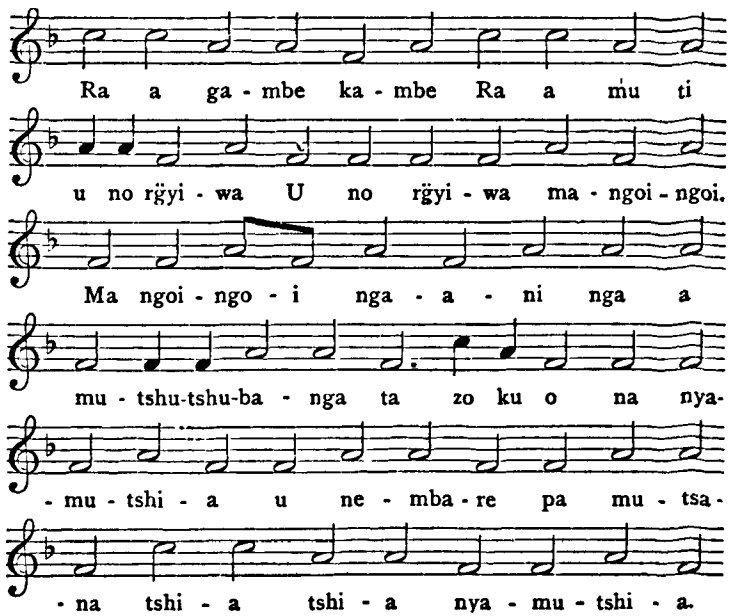
A game called "The Calabash is tied up," is played in Gazaland thus: Two boys interlock their arms round another boy who stands between them. This boy is supposed to be a calabash locked up, and has to wriggle until he can escape. The boys who lock him in move their arms up and down so as to prevent him from escaping.

(*f*) *Gambekambe*

A most interesting game to be described is that of *Gambekambe*, which is played in Gazaland. It shows a certain childish humour. A number of boys and girls sit down on the ground while another boy pretends to be the "father." It is imagined that he has been out looking for meat which he has brought home in the shape of small pieces of stick. All the other children sit down in a row with their feet straight out in front of them. The "father" sticks the pieces of wood in between the toes of the children. He then pretends to be sleepy and lies down across the legs of the children. As soon as he pretends to snore in his sleep, each child pulls out the piece of wood between the toes and prods the sleeping "father" with it. He wakes up and scratches himself, pretending that the ants are biting him. He says he must shake his sleeping-mat—which of course is represented by the legs of the children on which he has been lying. So he lifts up all the legs one by one, and pretends to shake the ants out of them. He goes to sleep again, and again wakes up with the same complaint, and goes over all the legs, shaking them in turn. The children are bound to keep their legs quite stiff while he does this. As he is preparing to shake the legs, he sings the following song :

Ra a gambekambe,	It is "gambekambe,"
Ra a muti u no rgyiwa ;	It is a tree that is eaten ;
U no rgyiwa mangoingoi.	It is eaten mangoingoi.
Mangoingoi nga ani ?	Whose is the mangoingoi ?
Nga a mutshutshubanga.	It belongs to Beetle-knife
Ta zo ku ona	We have seen you
Nyamutshia,	Nyamutshia,
U nembare pamutsana,	You have a burn on your back,
Tshiatshia nyamutshia.	There it is, there it is, nyamutshia

Many of the words in this song are purely onomatopœic and have no meaning, being invented on account of

their rhythmical tone. The tune of the song is subjoined.

Ra a ga - mbe ka - mbe Ra a mu ti
u no rg̈yi - wa U no rg̈yi - wa ma - ngoi - ngoi.
Ma ngoi - ngo - i nga - a - ni nga a
mu - tshu-tshu-ba - nga ta zo ku o na nya-
- mu - tshi - a u ne - mba - re pa mu - tsa -
- na tshi - a tshi - a nya - mu - tshi - a.

X. INDOOR GAMES

Two indoor games are described by Bryant in his dictionary; not having seen these games myself I give the account in his words: "A common indoor pastime of children is to place a row, or rows, of mealie-grains on the floor of the hut, supposed to represent different birds. The mass of children then form a chorus, singing in a pleasant minor tone the refrain, *Bula! 'msentse!* (Divine, clever fellow!), to which another single girl, singing in a similar pleasant tone, and pointing to one of the mealie-grains, replies, *E! e! es'matoleni, imbalane, ijaha elikulu* (Very well! the one among the calves, the yellow-finch,

a very fine-looking young fellow). At each round a different bird must be mentioned, and the game consists in the child being able to think of so many birds as will get him or her through all the row of mealies."

The other game is described as follows: "A favourite pastime of the native children is to draw certain figures, consisting of lines, rings, &c., on the floor of the hut, whereafter one of the girls, having noted the position of the several figures, covers her eyes with one hand, and, in a pretty minor song, replies to another of the girls who, pointing to the first of the figures as they stand, inquires, in a similar singing tone, *Ngibuza!* (I ask what this is). There are three varieties of figure and three different replies, viz., *Ngibuza umlomo wesibamu, yeyeni!* (I ask about the mouth of the gun, Ya! Ya!). *'Ntsikintsiki, siy'azi sonke, yeyeni!* (Lump of a thing, we all know it, we do, Ya! Ya!). *Vuta, 'nkwenkwezi ezipum'elwandhle; siye sambamba endayimana, yeyeni!* (Flame up, twinkling thing, those which rise up out of the sea; we went and caught him at the Diamond-fields, Ya! Ya!). If the girl who is replying, through forgetfulness of the relative positions of the different figures sings out an unsuitable reply, she has lost the game."

In closing this chapter it may be well to point out that not only do the games of savage children bear striking witness to the high development and rich content of their minds, but also suggest valuable lessons on the subject of education. Play is educational in its tendency. It is most suggestive that children when left to themselves play games which mimic their adult work, or which in some way develop acquirements which prove useful in adult life. It is thus that they educate themselves. "It is often regarded by stupid parents as a sign of the child's inherent frivolity and silliness; it is permitted only

as a concession to weakness, as a thing to be checked within the narrowest possible limits, not one to be extended within the widest possible bounds. The instinctive, unconscious, but purposeful wisdom of the child's behaviour is hidden from them. In reality the play of a child is the most beautiful, the most wonderful, the most suggestive phenomenon in nature."* It is therefore impossible to study too carefully the games of children, and so far from apologising for taking up so much space with the games of the Kafir children, the one regret is that so little is here offered to the reader. But the subject is continued in the next chapter, for fortunately the Kafirs wisely allow their children to regard much of the work they have to do as a sort of play.

* G. Archdall Reid, *The Principles of Heredity*, second edition, p. 243. Further extracts from Mr. Reid's valuable book are given in the Appendix. It would be well if every one who is engaged in educating the Kafirs would read Mr. Reid's stimulating and suggestive book. The quotations given in the Appendix may possibly serve as *hors-d'œuvres*.

CHAPTER VI

WORK AND ITS SIDE-ISSUES

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WORK AND ITS SIDE-ISSUES

THE chief occupation of the boys consists in herding the cattle, while the main work of the girls consists in fetching wood and water for the kraal. During the months in which the Kafir corn is ripening, all the boys and girls available are turned out into the fields to scare away the birds. This is the chief occasion on which boys and girls mix, and, since it is the first work the children are set to, it is best to begin this chapter with an account of such work.

I. PEMPES

When they see the Kafir corn beginning to ripen, the men make small huts at the edge of the fields, choosing spots that command a good view of the ripening crop. These booths, which are called *Pempes* in the tribes south of Natal, *Amadhladhla* in Zululand, and *Tshitarawhi* in Gazaland, are flimsy erections which serve to screen the children from the heat of the sun. All the children who can be spared are sent off to the fields soon after sunrise, and are given some food for the day. They not infrequently refuse to go unless properly fed! Not being expected to return home till dusk, they are allowed to take what food they may need from the gardens. So long as they scare the birds, they are allowed to behave as they like, and small children are often keen to go to the fields

with the bigger children because of the glorious fun that is to be had on such occasions.

The children consequently make a social order of their own, as well developed as that which obtains at an English school. The boys form their own rules of honour, initiate their own slang, invent their own

A PONDO PEMPE

punishments, devise original ways of teasing and bullying, institute a scheme of fagging, and arrange their own methods of drawing lots. The first thing to do when on the way to the fields is to choose a head-boy who shall act as a little chief for the day.

(*a*) *Head-boy*

In the nature of things, the boy fittest to rule is sure to be selected, for he is generally the best fighter,

and so reigns by virtue of muscular strength, which is, naturally, the final arbiter amongst savages. Now and then a boy may be chosen, not for his strength, but for his good-nature and general popularity; if a stronger boy were to try to depose him, the other boys would join forces, and their corporate strength would win the day. Popularity is as great a force amongst Kafir boys as amongst white ones.

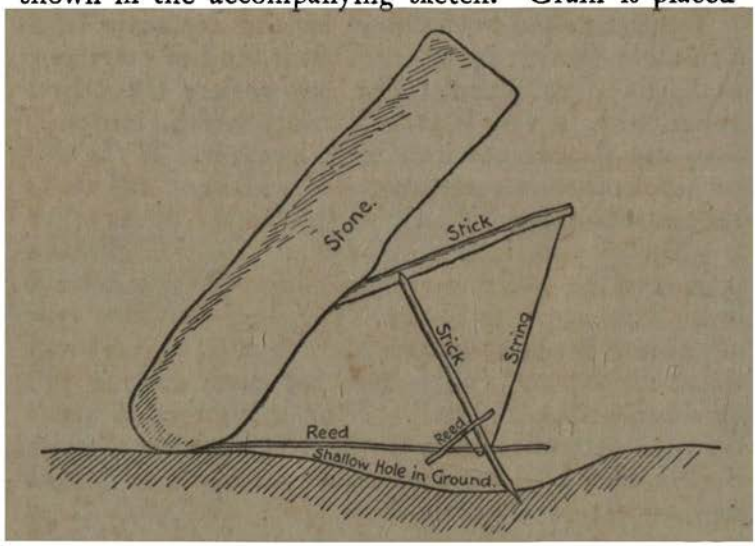
The little head-man chosen for the day never lacks a suitable dignity, for every Kafir is fond of exercising authority over others. The boy orders the others about with a very stately bearing, which, however, does not degenerate into mere swagger. If the day be hot, he throws away his rag of a blanket, and stalks about unclad, for his dignity and authority do not suffer a whit by this lack of clothing. Carlyle's famous picture of the naked assembly in *Sartor Resartus* would in no sense apply to Kafirs. The head-boy then tells off most of the girls, and sends them to fetch wood and water for the day's necessities, for much cooking will be done before nightfall. Next, a number of small boys are sent to suitable spots to set bird-traps, while the cleverest boys are sent to steal a sweet cane (called *imfi*) of which they are very fond. Other children are stationed at strategic points round the field, and are told to keep shouting all the time so that the grown-up people in the distance may think that every one is very busy. These small watchers are told to throw stones or sticks at any birds that may be seen. When all his forces are distributed, the petty chief selects the best-looking or fattest girl for his sweetheart for the day. The amorous nature of the children is developed at a very early age, and it is not thought wrong for a small girl who may be alone in a *pempe*, and who sees some boy passing, to call out to him to come and be her sweetheart.* Missionaries are

* The shameless and seductive language used by small girls at

probably quite right in their condemnation of the evil that occurs at these *pempes*.

(*b*) *Bird-traps*

Traps are made in several ways. The commonest way, perhaps, is to prop up a slab of stone, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, with pieces of stick as shown in the accompanying sketch. Grain is placed



so that no bird may be able to get at it without touching the trigger of the trap, which instantly releases the stone, so that it crushes the bird. Another very common form of trap is made with a number of pieces of reed which are stuck in the earth so that they form an inverted cone. A small opening is left at one side of the cone, and in this opening a hair from

such times is well-nigh incredible; it could not be printed in a book written for the general reader. Those who condemn missionaries for exaggeration on the point should refer to Byrant's Dictionary under the word "Ungqoyingqoi" (p. 428). Even in a dictionary, the phrase used by the small girls is left in the decent obscurity of the Zulu language.

SMALL BOY SETTING A BIRD TRAP

the tail of a cow is fixed in a slip-knot. The bird can easily thrust its head through the loop, and peck at the grain or white ants placed inside the trap as bait; but yet when the bird tries to withdraw its head, the slip-knot tightens, and the head is firmly caught in the noose.

When the children wish to catch larger game they fix one end of a long flexible stick in the ground and fasten a piece of cord, with a slip-knot on it, to the free end of the rod, which is then bent over till the noose can be fixed to a trigger on the ground. As soon as a big bird, or a small animal, places its head through the noose, it releases the trigger, and the rod flies into the upright position, carrying the animal into the air in the tightening noose. In the more northern tribes large animals are caught thus: A hedge of thorn-bush branches is made in a suitable position, the hedge being sometimes several miles long. Here and there narrow openings are made in the hedge; over these openings huge tree-trunks are placed in such a way that as the animal bolts through the opening, it releases a trigger and so causes the tree-trunk to fall on and crush it. In Gazaland the boys make figure-of-four traps, and catch rats and mice in funnel-shaped traps, from which a mouse cannot escape once it has entered the narrow portion of the trap. The boys also set fish-traps, which are somewhat like European lobster-pots. On the Zambesi these traps are placed at parts of the river where the current runs fast. In Gazaland the boys catch fish in hand-nets, diving into the river and frightening the fish into the nets which they hold with one hand.

The natives on the Zambesi make canoes by scooping out the trunks of huge mahogany trees. Small boys love to be taken out for a day's canoeing in these "dug-outs," when their fathers or big brothers wish to spear some fish. (*See* Plate.) The river abounds

in crocodiles; and the fact that these canoes are very easily upset adds zest to the day's outing. The boys are taught to swim by being made to jump into the river where it is out of their depth; a big brother undertakes to prevent the little fellows from drowning. Small boys will pluckily plunge into rapid rivers, trusting to their brothers to help them in case of danger.

Medicines are placed in traps to make the wild animals blind, so that they may not be able to see the trap. When boys wish to catch many birds they sometimes beg their fathers to give them special *intelezi* with which to wash the string of the trap. The boys speak to the string in coaxing language, saying to it, "Please work nicely and catch many animals." They also beg their *amatongo* to give them good luck, and to bring many animals to their traps. When they catch game they frequently return thanks to their *amatongo* for the success. No European boy of a religious turn of mind ever prayed so fervently for success in sport as do these Kafir boys at certain times.

When the boys only wish to catch animals such as mice or small birds, they frequently make bird-lime out of the *inomfi* tree, the seeds of which, when pounded and boiled, yield a very sticky material. The boys, however, are not dependent on traps to catch birds: they frequently stalk birds and throw their knob-kerries at them most successfully. So skilful are they at throwing these sticks that they not infrequently hit birds when on the wing, and kill small animals like the rabbit when running. The boys also sometimes use slings and stones for killing birds, and, in a few tribes, shoot with the bow and arrow. There is a strong belief that one's aim can be improved by placing a shell-bangle round the wrist, or else by anointing the string of the bow with medicines.

A CANOEING TREAT ON THE ZAMBESI

(*c*) *Bird-catching Regulations*

I have frequently come across a small boy or girl in the veld eating a bird, and have invariably noticed a guilty expression on the face, which I took to be due to the embarrassment natural on such occasions. It was most amusing to watch the tell-tale expression on the face as the child stuffed a half-roasted bird—roasted, of course, with all the feathers on, and without any preliminary cleaning—into its capacious mouth. The wretched and intractable feathers would keep sticking out at the angles of the mouth in spite of the frantic efforts made to negotiate and cram them in between the lips. However, at length the secret of this embarrassment was revealed. It seems that it is a rule that a boy who catches a bird should take it to his grandfather, or if he be dead, to his father, who bites off the head of the bird and keeps the body as an appetiser for his next meal, while he simply gives the head to the boy to eat. Similarly a girl is supposed to take the bird she may catch to the grandmother, or mother, who keeps the bird, but gives the head to the child. Children do not see the logic of this rule, and consequently try to eat the bird in the veld, when they think they will not be found out. There is, naturally, unusual haste in cooking and eating under such conditions, and, when a troublesome white man is seen cantering up, the child is apt to gulp the bird down half cooked, feeling that once the bird is eaten it cannot be demanded back again. If the parents catch children eating birds in the veld, they tell them that they will turn out witches or wizards when they grow up. The boys naturally get sound thrashings from their fathers, who feel it their duty to prevent their sons from turning out abandoned wretches in after life. There is no time when boys and girls are so free from observation as when watching the

fields; consequently at such times they have glorious feasts off the birds they catch.

(*d*) *Stealing Sugar-cane*

When there is but a poor chance of catching many birds, special squads of boys are sent out to steal *imfi* (sweet water-cane). Boys are not allowed to cut this cane from their fathers' gardens, and so they proceed to steal it from the gardens of other people. These young rascals pluck all the sweet cane they require, and cut it into short lengths, binding bundles of the cane round their legs. They can then walk through the long grass, and no one would dream that they had quantities of the stolen cane bound round their persons. If by any chance the owner of the cane should see the boys stealing his goods, and should give chase, they immediately scatter in all directions, and so the infuriated pursuer is at his wit's end to know what to do, for he cannot see which boys have the cane tied to their legs. He will probably chase a boy who lags behind, and who has purposely tied no cane to his legs. The boys run immense distances and gradually wend their way to their *rendezvous*, and enjoy their spoil undetected. Of course no cane is so sweet as that which has been stolen amidst so much excitement and risk. Should a boy get caught with cane strapped to his legs, he will get such a thrashing that he will never forget it. When a boy is seen to be thieving and yet runs away, the owner of the stolen goods often shouts ironically after him, telling him to catch the sun and stop its course. This is a virtual threat to catch the boy at sunset.

When the weather is wet and the ground muddy, the boys know they could be detected and followed by their footprints; so they walk backwards, and bend their heads round over their shoulders. They practise this dodge in dry weather so as to be prepared for all

SENA BOY WITH BOW AND ARROW

emergencies. When the owner notices the footmarks all tending towards his garden, he lies in wait for the boys for a long time till he feels sure they must have cut a good deal of cane. But on pouncing on the supposed thieves he finds that they have all gone, having tricked him by walking away backwards from the garden with their feet pointing to it. Sometimes the boys chew a special root before going to the gardens to steal, thinking that they can thus render their footmarks invisible. On leaving the field where they have been stealing, they chew bitter medicines and spit them out over their shoulders on to their retreating footmarks. This charm makes the pursuer silly, so that he cannot see the footmarks clearly; it also makes him stupid, so that it is easy for the boys to escape by guile. But the owners of gardens also work magic to catch the boys. Men put special medicines on the stalks of mealies or sweet cane—especially on the bruised or chewed stalks—thinking that the thieves will thus be bound to return to the garden again; the owner, who hides himself from view, can then easily catch the boys. The medicine placed on the fresh, unchewed, sweet cane is supposed to make the boys silly and mad, so that they cannot escape from their pursuers. Boys who eat doctored cane are also supposed to run about all over the country in a stupid fashion till they feel bound to confess their theft.

When there is no chance of catching birds, or of stealing sweet cane, the boys hunt for caterpillars, which they spit on sticks and roast over the fire. There does not appear to be any deliberate cruelty in roasting these caterpillars alive, for the children think that it is in the course of nature that food should be cooked, and it never occurs to them to think of the feelings of the caterpillars. Nor is there necessarily any intentional cruelty when these children pull off the wings and legs of insects; they do it half

unwittingly, wondering what sort of blood the insects have, and being amused to see how they hop with only one leg. But there is deliberate cruelty in the way they torture some insects and animals which they think hurt men and women. They often choose a harmless lizard under a mistaken idea that it stings human beings; they slowly torture it to death, talking to it all the time, and telling it that it deserves to suffer because it is an enemy of man. Sometimes parents stop boys from doing this, but often they pay no heed to what the boys are doing.

(*e*) *Bullying and Fagging*

The system of fagging is well developed. The head-boy fags all the other boys and girls under him, and each one in turn fags a smaller one if he can. If the head-boy should happen to be absent for five minutes, the next big boy will promptly order all the others about; but he abandons his air of superiority as soon as the head-boy returns. The fag-master has a glorious time of it, for he lies down in the shade and makes all the other boys do his work for him, ordering them to fetch him food or drink as he may wish. If there should not be sufficient food, the big boy makes the little ones go and steal some. If the small boy should be found out, he gets the thrashing; if successful he gets but little of the stolen food, for the big boy takes the lion's share. It therefore seems a one-sided affair. But then the little boy looks forward to the day when he will be able to fag others, and so sees that the custom must be kept up. And, moreover, if the little boy were to get into a scrape with boys of a rival kraal, his master would take his part and fight for him. The small boy is thus "under the shadow," or protection, of the big one, and this is no small advantage. There is very little fagging amongst the girls, for it is said that, in the feminine nature of the Kafirs, sub-

mission is a somewhat rare quality. If boys try to fag girls against their wish, the girls are said to retaliate by spreading the most atrocious slander about the boys, who are somewhat sensitive in this direction.

There is endless teasing and petty bullying amongst the boys, as might be expected. Children of two or three years old are teased by bigger boys, who declare the mother of the child has been divorced and sent back to her father. The small child imagines it will never see its mother again, and is thus very terrified. Small boys are chaffed mercilessly by the big ones who have been circumcised. These older boys twit the little ones with being but babies or girls, and they have a special vocabulary of offensive names for the small boys, which cut them to the quick, and which leave a nasty and bitter taste in the mouth. A boy is a nonentity in the kraal until he is circumcised, and is therefore subject to a good deal of chaff, for even the girls throw his immaturity in his face.

When old women have no children, they have to go into the fields themselves and frighten away the birds while the crops are ripening. They complain very much of their loneliness. The boys wait till such an old woman goes to sleep in the *pempe ;* then they creep up quietly and steal her mealies, and, as they are going off with their booty, make a noise to awaken her. The poor old creature has no defenders, and gets furiously angry with the young rascals, but this only makes them the more merry. Then the old woman has to go home crying ; but no one seems to trouble much, for old women are of no importance in a kraal ; they are "cast-off things." It is only fair to add that this treatment is rarely meted out to any old woman except when she makes herself obnoxious to the boys by her sharp tongue. A Kafir boy knows well how to take his revenge in a telling way, and most sensible old women take good care to

keep on good terms with the boys. A woman who was kindly and considerate would rarely be teased in this fashion, which is the boy's method of self-defence against the uncalled-for intrusions of old women.

Boys of the same age tease one another by well-known methods. One boy will say to another, "Your mother is an ugly old thing"; "Your people are all witches and wizards"; "Your mother is a crow," and so on. Strange to say, they do not tease one another much about their fathers, nor about their sisters. The great insults centre round speaking evil of the mother and grandmother. If a lad should wish to make the boys of another kraal angry, he will let the cattle he is herding graze on the gardens of the rival kraal, or on ground which the herds of the other kraal wish to keep for their own cattle. But a boy would not do this unless he were sure he could thrash the boys of the rival kraal. If a small boy should cry when he is bullied, he is made to herd the cattle all the day, while the bully lies down in the shade at his ease. Often a small child is spoiling for a fight; he goes up to another boy of about his own size and brandishes his stick over the other boy's head, whereupon the insulted boy would have to fight, or be considered a coward. But the surest way to make a boy fight is to take his stick from him, and hit him over the shoulders with it, saying, "You are an old woman; I hit you with your own stick, you tail of a dog." No boy can stand the insult of being hit with his own stick. Big boys often tease small ones by making them put their hands together, finger-tip to finger-tip. The big boy then hits the small one on the back of his hands, saying, "Point out to me the direction of the hut in which your mother's brother was born." This is felt to be a great insult.

(f) *Fights*

Squabbles arise in the case of individual boys in connection with the girls, for every small boy has a sweetheart or two. These squabbles often lead to very serious fights. But the great fights, in which as many as thirty or forty boys take part, usually arise over such things as the herding of the cattle, or the setting of bird-traps on other people's property. It is supposed to be a point of honour for boys to regard the happy hunting-grounds of rival kraals; but not infrequently a big boy will make his little fag set traps on the ground which boys of a kraal, against which he has a grudge, regard as their special reserve. The head-boy who has made his fag set the traps on the wrong ground, arranges for a fight between his fag and the herd who has taken offence. The justice of the quarrel is decided wholly by the result of the combat, though the head-boy, who sent the fag to set the traps, always takes the matter up, and fights the rival head-boy, should his own fag be beaten. But should the fag have gone to hunt on this own account, and then afterwards win his fight, he must still fight his fag-master. Whatever happens the head-boy demands the larger share of the birds which have been caught, for if his fag should be defeated, he demands payment from the plaintiff for giving him justice, and should his own fag win the fight, he sets to and gives him a thrashing so as to level up all differences—and of course demands most of the prey. The parents do not recognise this method of settling disputes, but no boy would complain to his father, or his life would be unendurable. Boys all the world over scorn to tell tales.

Fights between the boys of neighbouring kraals frequently arise from the intoxication caused by smoking Indian hemp. The boys start by smoking

together in a friendly way, but when intoxicated by the drug they become very quarrelsome, and begin to squabble without knowing what they are doing. Serious fights follow, and the boys, on recovering from the effect of the hemp, do not remember what they fought about.

When a boy has been insulted and holds back from a fight, the head-boy, when present, precipitates matters by the following method. He makes a small mound of sand or earth, and says to the assembled boys, "That is the grandmother of So-and-So," mentioning the name of the boy who hangs back from fighting. The boy who wishes to provoke the fight then goes up to the mound of sand and kicks it over in contemptuous manner, saying some very offensive and unprintable things about the grandmother. At once the head-boy and all the onlookers say to the hanger back, "Look, he is kicking your old grandmother." This insult is so great that only the most craven-hearted boy would refuse to fight. He who tamely sat down under such an insult would be called a girl ever after. A circle is cleared and intense interest is seen on every face, for fights are the great joy of life to the boys.

The favourite method of fighting is with sticks, each boy having two long sticks—one to thrust, and one to parry with, though either stick may be used for striking if required. The boys show remarkable agility at this sort of work, and keep their temper in a splendid fashion. It is amazing what knocks on the head they can stand. Sometimes the boys wrestle instead of fighting with sticks, but they never use their fists until they have come into contact with Europeans. There are strict rules in connection with wrestling which no one would think of breaking. Wrestling is regarded as a test of strength, and so no tripping up is allowed. A wrestler has to place one

arm under, and one arm over, the arms of his rival, and on no account may one boy place both his arms under those of his opponent with a view to throwing him down. It is forbidden for one boy to catch the other by his leg; boys may not bite or use any personal violence while wrestling. A boy is considered defeated when the nape of his neck touches the ground. No boy would ever think of fighting with a girl, or he would never hear the end of it, for he would be regarded as a coward—the basest of all epithets in the estimation of the Kafirs. Sometimes a big boy will wrestle with a little one for fun, but in such cases the big boy will only use one arm, or else will wrestle kneeling down so as to give the small boy an advantage. The sporting spirit of fair-play is well developed amongst the boys.

(*g*) *Drawing Lots*

When there is a dispute about unpleasant work to be done, the matter is often settled by drawing lots. There are many methods of doing this in vogue. The simplest method is as follows: A number of pieces of grass are plucked, and on one of these a knot is tied; these pieces of grass are held between the hands of the head-boy. Each boy has to choose one of the projecting ends of grass. He who draws the piece of grass with the knot on it has to do the unpleasant work. When only two boys are concerned, one of them plucks a blade of grass and presses it firmly between his thumb and first finger; the other has to guess which finger the grass will stick to when the finger and thumb are parted. When many boys are concerned, the following method is sometimes adopted: A piece of grass is taken to represent every person present. One of them takes these pieces of grass and secretly throws away a certain number. The boys have to guess, one by one, the

number of pieces of grass left in the hand of the holder. If a boy should guess correctly he is exempt. The whole operation is then repeated again and again with the others till only one is left. If at any period in the successive guessings no one should guess the correct number, then he who holds the grass is exempt, and another has to do the sorting of the blades of grass. Here is a very cumbersome method often used. One boy takes a piece of grass and marks it; he then selects a piece of grass to represent every person present, and shuffles all the blades of grass in his hands. The boys, *seriatim*, choose a piece of grass out of the boy's hand, and, should the marked piece of grass be left in the hands of the holder, he has to do the unpleasant work. But if the marked piece of grass should not be left in his hands he is free, and the boy who has chosen the marked piece of grass has to do the sorting. This is repeated until the marked piece of grass is left in the hands of the boy who shuffles the lots.

A rough-and-ready method is often used in the following fashion: If two boys have to decide who shall round up the cattle, one of them grasps a stick at one end, with, say, the right hand; the second then places his right hand just above the other boy's hand; then the first boy places his left hand above the other boy's right hand, and so on alternately, until the top of the stick is reached. He whose hand touches the top of the stick has then to swing the stick between his finger and thumb, while his rival tries to knock it out of his hand with a sudden thrust or jerk. If the latter should succeed in jerking the stick out of the other's hand, he is free; but should he fail, then he must round up the cattle. A simpler method of deciding a difficult point amongst a number of boys is that in which a mantis—an insect called the Hottentot god—is placed on the finger of one of the boys, all of whom are sitting in a circle. The mantis is dis-

turbed for a moment or two, and is then left to come to rest on the vertical finger of the person who holds it. The mantis thus points with its head to a certain individual in the circle, and that boy is chosen for the work. When a number of girls wish to decide who shall go and fetch water or wood, they pile up their hands alternately one on on the top of another, and then withdraw them one by one, and slap them down on the top of the heap of hands. The girl who is slowest at this game finds both her hands left at the bottom of the heap, and is chosen for the work.

In Gazaland the people—even boys—decide many difficult or disputed points and divine the future by means of what are called *Hakata*. These are small pieces of nut which look like shells; they are round on one side and flat on the other. The "pack" consists of six of these discs, which are thrown on to the ground as if they were dice. By the way they lie, whether with face upwards or with face downwards, the decision is arrived at. To explain the method of divining or settling matters it will be necessary to classify the possible falls under consecutive letters thus:

A = When one falls face down and five face up.
B = When two fall face down and four face up.
C = When three fall face down and three face up.
D = When four fall face down and two face up.
E = When five fall face down and one face up.
F = When all fall face up.
G = When all fall face down.

Suppose some one should wish to know whether a spirit is troubling a patient or not, whether wild pigs will be seen in the hunt, and whether a friend will arrive that day—the *hakata* are thrown. If in two throws they fall consecutively as in B, then no spirit is the cause of the sickness, no pigs will be seen and no

friend will come. Suppose the *hakata* fall as in A at the first throw, and as in D at the second, then a female is indicated : that is to say, a friend will come with his wife, a sow will be killed, and a female spirit is at the bottom of the sickness. If the *hakata* should fall as in A the first time, and as in C the second, or as in C consecutively, then a spirit is troubling the patient, a pig will be seen, but will escape, and the friend will not come because he is quarrelling. But should the *hakata* fall as in A at the first throw, and as in B at the second, then the luck is good; no spirit is causing sickness, pigs will be seen and killed, and the friend will come. Should the discs fall as in F, then blood is indicated ; the patient will die, the pigs will be killed and the friend will be prevented from coming. If the discs fall as in G, then the luck is bad. Suppose the question asked were : " Shall I find my friend at home ? " then if the *hakata* fall consecutively as in A, the answer is " No " ; if they should fall consecutively as in B, the answer is " Yes " ; and if they should fall consecutively as in A, B, C, then the reply is also " Yes." The combination of possible throws is enormous, but the above will suffice to make the ground-plan of the method clear.

(*b*) *Slang*

Boys and girls have a slang-language of their own in which they can converse with one another before their parents without being understood. The actual form of this slang varies from time to time, for it is always undergoing change. If the slang did not constantly change it would soon cease to be a private language. It is, of course, well known that there is a woman's language which arises from the *hlonipa* custom; but slang is a different thing. Boys have a slang of their own, and so do girls, neither fully understanding the other. Girls frequently use an exag-

gerated "baby" language, such as grown-up people use when talking to small children. School children also make up a number of fanciful words, or change the meaning of well-known ones, so as to bamboozle the teacher. For example, a native teacher told me that he was very puzzled what children meant when they asked one another, "Have you kissed the slate?" The native teacher thought the words meant what they appeared to on the surface; but he found out, after many months, that this was a way the children had of asking in his presence whether any one had surreptitiously written a letter which might be passed down during lesson time, so as to create a diversion from the dull work. In a somewhat similar way when natives wish to speak about a white man to one another in his presence, they refer to him as "the animal," and so say things but little suspected. They use similar methods also when talking of one another.

Boys in Natal make a secret language by taking the leading syllable of a word to which they add "lande." They then skip the rest of the word, and pick out the leading syllable of the next word, and add "lande" to that. By this method boys converse very rapidly, and their talk is utterly unintelligible to the listener who has not practised this mode of forming a language. Sometimes the method is modified, especially when it is becoming a little too widely known, by adding some other syllable, or by cutting the word in two and adding a syllable to each half of the word. Fingo boys change the order of the syllables, placing the first half of the word last, and the last half of the word first; they thus completely mystify their parents, who cannot make out a word of what the boys are saying. A friend of mine was listening to a number of boys in Gazaland talking together, and at first thought they were talking gibberish; but after some time he

discovered that they were talking a private language, which they made up thus. The language was Tshindao. The boys cut the words in half and inserted *Tshini*, *Tshino*, or *Tshina* between the two syllables. Thus the phrase " Ask for fire " is, in Tshindao, " *Kumbiro mwoto.*" When the boys changed this into their slang language it became " *Kumbitshinoro mwothsinoto.*" The effect is most puzzling when the words are spoken quickly. The boys practise their secret language when at work in the veld, and come to speak it as easily as their own normal language. And similarly the boys devise methods of talking about the cattle in a way that misleads their fathers. A boy who had lost the cattle while herding them, or who had let them stray into other people's gardens, might freely discuss such things with other boys before his father, by speaking as if it were some other boy who had been the defaulter, or as if it were a bangle or stick that had been lost. The other boys know instinctively that the herd-boy is referring to his own cattle, while he calls them the cattle of other people, or refers to them as bangles or sticks. When to all these ways of speaking in secret is added the fact that the normal woman's *hlonipa* language cannot be properly understood by a man when his own wife is using it to another woman, we see what a babel of languages exists in the Kafir kraal.

II. HERDING CATTLE

The herding of the cattle is not given to the small boys as soon as they cut their second teeth, for the people think a child should be older before he undertakes this somewhat arduous work. The natives say that a boy should not herd the cattle until a certain muscle stands out on the outside of his thigh over the trochanter of the femur. When a boy gets to the age

at which this muscle becomes prominent, the people say it is time for him to herd the cattle.

The cattle are kept at night in the cattle-kraal, which is usually in the centre of the kraal. The cattle are not let out till the dew is off the grass, but as soon as the grass is seen to be dry, the men take out the poles from the door of the cattle-kraal, and the herd-boys lead the oxen off to the pasturage. The oxen stream out of the kraal in single file and a small boy generally goes in front to lead them to the right place. Another boy frequently brings up the rear to prevent any oxen from wandering off to the gardens. In some districts the boys have to bring back the cows for milking at noon, but in many districts the cows are milked early in the morning. The little herd-boys are often but very sparsely clad, and even if they have a blanket they generally throw it over the arm in warm weather. As soon as the oxen have reached the pasturage, the boys sit down, and the biggest boy makes the little ones fag for him, and look after the cattle. If there happen to be trees in the neighbourhood, the big boy will lie in the shade, or sit up in the branches, from which he can not only get a good view of the cattle as they graze, but also issue suitable orders.

Certain rules are laid down by the men with regard to herding cattle; thus boys are told to make the oxen spread out so that they may get the best pasturage; they are bidden not to allow the cattle to go near other people's gardens; not to let them stick in marshy ground; and above all not to drive the cattle near the oxen belonging to other kraals. But no sooner are the herd-boys out of sight than most of these instructions are also out of mind. The company of their neighbours is so interesting, and the lads are such gossips, that they soon join forces with the boys of other kraals to play games.

In olden days the people trained their cattle to

race with no one riding on their backs; the oxen learned to understand the orders given to them, and could be made to run, stop, turn round, race, and do well-nigh anything the people wished. But nowadays the boys are satisfied if they can teach the oxen to obey one or two orders. If an ox should get into a bad place time after time and so should need much attention, the boys all surround the animal, drive it into a corner, and then belabour it with sticks, shouting out some pre-arranged word every time the animal is hit. The ox thus comes to know the sound of the word; then the herd-boy can lie down, and when he sees the ox straying into danger he need only call out the word which the ox has been taught. The boys make great use of whistling. They whistle one note when they wish the cattle to come and stand for milking; they use another note when they want the cattle to avoid certain pasture; they use a third note when they want the cattle to leave the pasture and follow them to fresh ground, and so on. Boys have several ways of whistling. They use the common method which every English boy employs, and they also whistle between their front teeth as street arabs do in London. They have a third way of whistling which is difficult to describe, for the sound gets its peculiar quality from the shape of the tongue and mouth. But fortunately they do not whistle with their fingers in their mouth, a method which produces such ear-piercing sounds. Girls only whistle when they have no brothers, and are bound to herd the cattle. People in the kraal sometimes whistle chants to please the children; they even take parts in such chants. The Kafirs have also one mode of whistling to call a dog, and a different mode to call a man. A small child who cannot whistle allows a certain water-beetle to bite his tongue; this is supposed to make whistling easier. Another method of improving the power of whistling is very

A TEMBU MILK BOY

disgusting: the boys fill their mouths with the urine of bulls, and then try to whistle. They have great faith in this method.

The boys are, of course, up to every conceivable and inconceivable sort of mischief when herding the cattle. They love to catch the calves, and to have races on their backs. If the father should come upon the scene at such times, the boys get a good thrashing; but should the boys get warning of the approach of the father, they slip off the calves like lightning and suddenly become suspiciously busy at their work. The boys are very fond of sucking the milk from the goats; or of milking the cows into one another's mouths, or into broken pieces of calabashes which they hide in the veld. They sometimes keep an old ox-horn for this purpose, and allow the milk to ferment and to form their beloved *amasi*. If a goat from a neighbouring kraal should cross their path, it is not allowed to go free till all its milk is sucked from it. By rare good fortune it is also possible, sometimes, to find a cow trespassing; and in that case the herd-boys have a fine time in milking it; when they have taken all its milk they career about the country on its back. The boys who herd the cattle are not given any food to take into the veld, for they are required to get accustomed to run about all day without food, the idea being that this hardening policy will be useful in after life. So the boys steal all they can in revenge.

(*a*) *Hiding Thefts*

The boys have many ways of avoiding detection. If a boy should have let the oxen stray into the gardens, he knows his father will beat him when he returns at night; and if a boy of such an age were to cry when being punished, his father would thrash him the harder for being childish. These thrashings are not very common, for the parents are very sensible; but

when they give a boy a beating they do it in the most consummate style. The Kafirs think that vigour is the soul of a thrashing, and the boys have a very wholesome fear of their father's anger. If a boy should have misbehaved himself he will frequently stay out in the veld all night, hoping that his father may have forgotten the matter by the next evening.

Boys chew certain bitter roots when they are expecting punishment, for they think they can thus bind the anger of the father. They do this when baboons come down and make a raid on the exposed gardens. The fathers tell the boys they should have fought the baboons, but the boys dread baboons too much; so they chew the medicine on the way home hoping that the father may not be excessively angry with them. Boys often get thrashed for losing the oxen they are herding. But before they harden themselves for the beating which they expect, they hunt for a mantis (Hottentot god), and place it on a reed or on a piece of grass; they then disturb it, asking it to point out the direction in which the oxen have strayed. They wait till the insect comes to rest, and follow up in the direction in which the head points. But if they fail to find the cattle, they walk home sorrowfully, looking out for small white stones to bite or swallow so as to harden their hearts.

The boy has only one chance of escaping a thrashing when he has lost the oxen. This last hope consists in taking refuge in the grandfather's hut. No father would thrash his son in that safe refuge. It would be unseemly. But suppose the boy had, in the past, been guilty of eating the birds he had caught, without taking them to his grandfather, the old man would offer him but scant protection, and might even help in the punishment. When a boy is in extreme fear, his last resort is to hide in an ant-bear's hole for several days, waiting for his father's anger to pass away.

These holes are also favourite hiding-places for cowards during war-time.

A favourite excuse, which the boys plead when the father notices that the cows give very little milk, is that the cattle have been eating certain plants that are supposed to reduce the quantity of milk, or that a sleepy lizard, called the *imbulu*, has been sucking the cows. The people firmly believe that this lizard can suck the cows, and the father is puzzled sometimes to know whether this excuse is valid or not. In connection with the *imbulu* may be mentioned the belief that a boy who imitates the sound this lizard makes is sure to get a toothache.

(*b*) *Racing and Tobogganing*

In the intervals of herding the cattle, the boys frequently run races. These may be quite informal affairs or may be treated seriously. When the weather is wet, the boys try to steal a stiff kaross, or piece of ox-hide, on which to toboggan down wet hills, two or three boys sitting on a single skin. If the cattle happen to be grazing near a river, the big boys fag the little ones and make them carry up large pots of water from the river, so as to make a mud "run" down the banks of the river. When sufficient water has been poured on the steep bank of the river to make it very slippery, the boys remove all clothing, sit down at the top of the hill, and stiffening their backs by placing their hands between their legs, slide down the bank into the river, where furious fights and scrambles take place. If the children can manage to run off with an old blanket they wrap themselves in it, leaving their heads out, and then roll down the slippery hill like logs of wood. The splash in the water at the end of the run is the climax that is awaited with excitement.

The boys are excellent runners and can travel great

distances at a rapid rate. This is, of course, invaluable for hunting, in which, however, the boys take a very subordinate part, merely acting as beaters to drive the game up for the men to kill. Hunting is hardly the work of the boys, though they help in it a little.

There are very funny ideas about methods of improving the "wind." Boys start off running slowly and hold their breath as much as ever they can; they refrain from breathing except through the nose, for they think that this saves the needless expenditure of breath, and makes the body light. They then run faster and breathe a little more fully, and at length give themselves free scope both as to pace and breathing. A Swazie boy will not swing his left hand, but will hold it slightly flexed as he runs. He works the right arm like a windmill. If he were to swing the left arm he would be called a girl, for that is the way in which a girl runs. When a woman or big girl runs, she is supposed to hold her breasts firmly with her right hand. The people are very fond of singing as they run along in company—in single file, of course. The chant which they sing in Basutoland is as follows. One boy will sing out, "Where was *Saoole* going with his big knob-kerrie?" and the other boys join in the refrain, "With his big knob-kerrie; with his big knob-kerrie." Then the first boy sings out again, "Where was *Saoole* going with his big knob-kerrie?" and the others join in the chorus once more, "With his big knob-kerrie," and so on. This chant is kept up for miles and miles, and is supposed to be a specific for giving a "second wind." It is possible that *Saoole* may be a modification of Saul, who was hunting for his father's asses; and the idea may have been gathered from missionaries, the knob-kerrie in this case being a touch of local colour. But the plan may have been evolved long before missionaries visited Basutoland. It should be added that *Saoole* is pronounced

Sowooli. However, more sensible than this charm is the method adopted by a boy when he gets a stitch while running. He lies down on the ground and gets another boy to massage the place where the pain is, and then runs on again.

When great races are held, both men and women take part, and the women not infrequently beat the men. Prizes are given for the winners; these prizes consist of ornaments in the case of women, and of nice pieces of food in the case of boys. In Basutoland the natives also indulge in horse-racing, making small boys into jockeys. Ox-racing is sometimes kept up, but it is a pastime that has sadly fallen from its former high estate. The natives bet a good deal on such races, and a man might bet an ox that a certain man would win the race. Boys bet new sticks and girls bet ornaments, though strange to say it is said that girls ought not to bet while the oxen are out of the cattle-kraal. They may bet before the cattle leave the kraal in the morning or after they have been shut up at night. Boys bet about all sorts of things; when a good fight between two boys of the same size is to be held, there is much betting on the issue. If two boys differ in judgment as to the direction in which the oxen have strayed, they may bet on the subject, one boy risking his knob-kerrie, and another boy staking his knife, or some edible root, or even a goat.

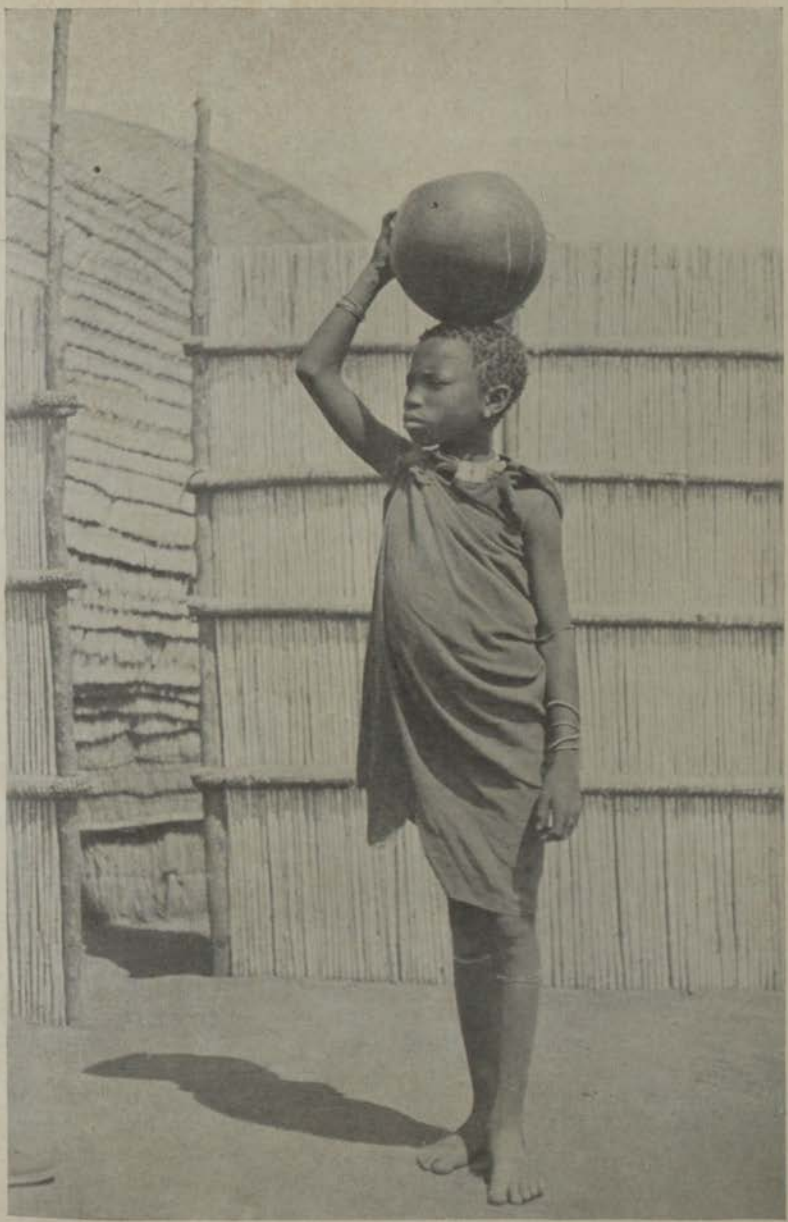
In olden days the oxen were taught to follow a certain man who blew a horn. This was done so that in case of war there might be little risk of the cattle being captured. If the enemy were trying to surround the cattle, this man would run off to a safe place, blowing his horn furiously; the oxen would at once leave their pasture and gallop after the man who was blowing the horn; thus the aims of the enemy were frustrated.

III. GIRLS' WORK

The work of the girls consists chiefly in fetching wood and water, in mudding the huts, in looking after the weeding of the gardens, in reaping of the crop (in this the men help), in winnowing the grain, in grinding it, and finally in cooking. Girls are not supposed to have anything to do with the cattle or the milk.

It is a very pretty sight to see a dozen little girls each carrying a large pot of water on her head. The Kafirs always walk in single file, the paths being worn by countless feet into very narrow tracks. The habit of carrying weights on the head gives the girls very finely shaped backs, which make them look stately. The children soon learn to balance things on their heads in the most wonderful fashion, scarcely ever dropping anything carried thus, even when walking through rivers. A girl when carrying a pot of water, generally puts some green leaves on the top of the liquid to prevent it from spilling: she also throws a small stone into the water as a charm to prevent her being tripped up by the stones on the path. The toes of the children are also very supple, and if by chance a little girl, when carrying a pot of water on her head, were to drop a stick or other small article, she could pick it up quite easily with her toes.

As the girls go to the stream to fetch water, they chant songs, bringing in the names of all the women against whom they have grudges; at such times they sing the most outrageous libels, and endless quarrels in the native courts follow. When grinding the grain they sing songs also, often using love-songs of the very coarsest nature; they also praise the brave men at such times and pour contempt on the cowards, much as in Scott's "Eleu loro," though in much ruder verse.



ZULU GIRL CARRYING WATER

In addition to such impromptu songs, the children love to sing many others which seem to date from a distant past. These songs are so old that the meaning of many of the words and references has been forgotten by the people. As the children run along the Kafir paths to the water-springs, they drone these chants on a single note, one group of children singing the first line and being answered by another group of children who chant the second line. The song is thus broken up into separate parts. My thanks are specially due to my friend Mr. Robinson, of Pondoland, for the following Pondo songs, which are also sung as far south as the Bashee River. Mr. Robinson says that when he chants these songs to the grown-up women, they simply roll about on the ground with laughter, for they are thus reminded so forcibly of their childhood.

KAFFIR CHILDREN'S NURSERY DITTIES

I

Yemagoboza amatol api ?	"Hallo! magoboza where are the calves?"
Akakwes apa wena wenzani ?	"They are not here." "What are you doing?"
Andimb amatye endlini ka geja ?	"I am not digging rocks in Geja's* house."
Atini yena andimtshayi	"What is he saying?" "I am not beating him
Ngenduk wam le emagoboza	With this my duko, it of emagoboza
Eyatshay inja iyapapateka	Even that one which beat the dog;
Iyabek elusutu, iyahlangana	It ran to Basutoland and there it met with
Namakwababa emabini ilel endawonye ilat elinye	Two jackdaws who lived together; said one to the other,
Vuka vutele, ndi vuk engapi ?	'Get up and light the fire.' 'How can I?'
Ndixoliwe nje ngamakwenkwe	Thus damaged by Sabisa's sons;
Akwesabisa. Jiji nkabi le	Twist off the tail of this ox,
Sinqunqute umsila lo	And let us devour it
Njengesonka sokuza kusa	As food that comes at the dawn.'"

* Geja is a brick-coloured mouse-hawk.

II

Hlungulu hlungulu goduka	Crow, crow go home.
Amas'omnta wako adliwe	Jackdaw has eaten
Adliwe ngukwababa	Your babe's sour milk.
Kwababa kwababa goduka	Jackdaw, jackdaw go home.
Ubuye ngezotwasa	You will come back
	At the new moon.

III

Yenangoyoyo	*Hallo there!* Noyoyo
Uyawapeteni	What are you carrying about?
Ndi ya pet'inja.	I am carrying the dog
Uyakuyosapi?	Where are you going to roast it?
Ndiyakuyosendle.	I am going to roast it outside the kraal.
Ekaya kunani?	Why what is the matter with your home?
Ndoyik izilonda	I fear the sores
Zabantu abadala	The old people have
Ziya bukuqueka	They turn upside down (literally)
Sixel'upoyoyo	We are like upoyoyo
Ndafika kwambi	I got to uBbi's place
Ku pekwizinkobi	They were cooking mealies
Ndanga ndiyasuba	I wanted to take some
Wafika uLaxoba	Then uLaxoba came
Ubefike nini?	When did he arrive?
Ubefik izolo	The day before yesterday
Wahlinzelwa ntoni?	What did they kill for him?
Wahlinzelw inciyo	They killed an inciyo ("inciyo"—not known).
Inciyo ay inanyama	An inciyo has no meat
Inyama ikomvubu	There is meat on a hippopotamus
Apo bodla bahluti	There is where those who eat are satisfied
Nezinjana zabo	And also their dogs
Tshona esizibeni!	Down to the pool with you.

IV

THE SONG OF THE TURKEY-BUZZARD.

Female Bird Sings.	*Female Sings.*
Ndemka ndemka ndayakowetu	I shall go and at once
Ndemka ndemka ndayakowetu	To my father's place
Male Bird Sings.	*Male Sings.*
Hamba hamba kade usitsho	Then go! then go!
Hamba hamba kade usitsho	You always talk so.

V

THE BOOTS OF THE COCKROACH.

Abamihlantlani ingela ngelayo	Those who have spaces between their front teeth
Apo ukozi ufak izicumo	There where the eagle puts his beads
Apo impukani itwal umnqwazi	There where the fly carries a hat
Apo ipela ipat izihlangu	There where the cockroach wears boots
Apo uhlungulu uvuka vutele	There where the crow gets up and cooks
Apo untloyili ujangajangayo	There where the great hawk wanders abroad.

VI

NJIKINJIKINJIKI.

Njikinjikinjiki	The Njikinjikinjiki *
Kwelikangatsa	That of gantsa
Apo liyayo	There where it goes
Liyakungcofela	It will go to uNgcofela
Umnta ka Tyali	One of Charlie's people
Isikukwazana	The little hen
Sinamaqanda	It has eggs
Kwabasegxeni	At the people's in the valley.

VII

Balela balela ilanga	Burn! burn! sun
Indlebe zonyoko	The ears of the serpents
Zimaqotongo	Stand out
Tshayi izicwewcwe	Crush the mealies evenly
Zompotulo	Zompotulo
Nantsi ingqoto eqolo	There is the leathern girdle
Uyabizwa endlini kwenu	You are being called from your house
Wati siginya gahle.†	Siginya says "steady" He says we must eat quietly

* It is not known what this word refers to.

† The sense is ambiguous. It is not clear whether Siginya is a person or part of the verb ginya, to chew; what makes it difficult to be sure is that if it is the former, then Siginya should be uSiginya; if the latter it should be siginy*e*.

IV. GIRLS' QUARRELS

Girls have their quarrels quite as much as boys The chief causes of quarrels amongst the girls are as follows: *First*, rivalries over sweethearts. *Secondly*, disputes about age, girls liking to be thought older than they are until they either get married or have women's work to do; then they like to be thought younger than they really are. *Thirdly*, troubles arising out of gossip and slanders. These are very common, and generally revolve round the subjects of immorality and witchcraft. *Fourthly*, many quarrels arise over the question of prettiness and good looks, vanity being plentifully developed amongst the Kafirs. *Lastly*, many quarrels arise over the question as to who is the strongest girl of the party. Women are much respected when they can lift heavy weights and do hard work, for their market value turns not a little on this matter.

Quarrels amongst women and girls are never settled by sticks or by wrestling. But good scratching, or biting matches are not unknown. Biting is supposed to be forbidden, but angry girls often forget their own rules. A great many of the disputes are decided by heated talk; meetings are held to discuss the accusations, and the parents are even called in to decide the matter in serious cases; but if the judgment should not be satisfactory, a masterful girl would make her final appeal through nails and teeth.

Girls have a much poorer time of it than boys, and often wish that they had been born boys instead of girls. There are only two occasions, I believe, on which boys say that they wish they were girls. One is at the time of sowing the mealies, when the fathers are always very cross and tired, and so are severe on the boys; the other occasion is when the cattle

have to be herded on cold wet days. Kafirs are very susceptible to extremes of heat and cold.

On the whole, Kafir children have a very good time of it. They are never overworked; they are allowed to mix as much fun as they please with their work so long as they do not neglect their plain duty. And it must be said that on the whole they do their work very well. It is often stated that the Kafirs are inherently lazy and disinclined to work. A little reflection shows how distorted is this idea. It has just enough truth about it to be thoroughly false. The Kafir shows a marvellous power of endurance and of toil when given a desirable end to work for. He does not much care for the rewards held out to him by the white man, who therefore thinks that the Kafir is indolent. He *is* indolent when there is no special end to be attained by work; but when given what he considers an appropriate reward he will work wonderfully well. There is a sense in which no man loves pointless work. In that sense the Kafir does not love it. The Kafir is only slowly learning the value of money and the advantage of civilised comforts, and so he does not show much keenness to work for what the European considers a good rate of pay. But the Kafir works hard enough when building his own hut, when hunting, or when engaged in the work he thinks worth doing. When he owns land under the Glen Grey Act, he displays remarkable industry. And the boys show quite as much exuberance of spirits and desire to exercise their muscles as English boys do. There seems therefore to be no reason why the Kafir should not become increasingly valuable as a labourer as he becomes more civilised, and as he begins to feel the need of comforts and luxuries.

CHAPTER VII

SURPRISE STORIES

NURSERY-TALES OF THE TSHINDAO-SPEAKING NATIVES OF GAZALAND

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NURSERY-TALES OF THE TSHINDAO-SPEAKING NATIVES OF GAZALAND

THE natives sometimes call their nursery-tales by the expressive title of Surprise Stories. Such tales reveal the state of the imagination of the people, and form the pabulum on which the fancy of the child is fed. The following nursery-tales are all gathered from the Tshindao-speaking people of Gazaland; and since there is but a handful of white people who know this language, it is safe to say that these stories are now given to the public for the first time. The animal stories are somewhat similar to those current in Zululand, and in one case the story is but a variant of a well-known tale. But in all these stories there is a distinctive flavour which marks them off from those to be gleaned in other districts. The wording of the stories is based on a literal translation of the actual narratives of the natives, and therefore little more had to be done than to select, classify, and render the translation intelligible to European readers. In doing this, care has been taken to adhere to the literal translation where possible, but in many cases the abrupt way in which a native speaks when telling such tales renders the tale so obscure that some editing is necessary. A native gets so excited at times over his story that he runs his dialogue into a continuous sentence,

without indicating even the full stops. He is also apt to anticipate his own knowledge of the end of the story, and so, with infinite zest, makes statements which are quite unintelligible to his listeners who do not happen to know the story beforehand.

A few of the animal stories of the *Bret Rabbit* type are also given. The story of the Lion and the Gazelle is wonderfully similar in moral to the Persian story of the Camel and the Miller, in which the camel grumbled till the miller allowed it inch by inch to put its nose, head, front legs, hind legs, and tail into the small room; finally the camel turned the miller out of doors for his charity.

It need only be added that these stories, which have considerable anthropological interest, are told usually by the old women to the small children after dark, while sitting round the fire. They are passed on from mouth to mouth, and some of them probably date from an immense distance in the past.

I. HOW SKIN-SORE KILLED A CANNIBAL

Once upon a time a man married a wife by whom he had six children. When hunger began to bite, he said, "Let us go to a place where there is food to eat."

So they started, and on reaching a river found it full.

"What shall we do?" said they. "The river is so full and is running so high."

"I will get you across," said the father.

So he ferried across four of the children, leaving two, a boy and a girl, the latter having a navel bump,* and the former having a skin eruption.

"As for you," said the father, "I have no intention

* Umbilical hernia is very common amongst all South African natives.

of putting *you* across the river ; I'm tired—I shall not put across children who have navel bumps or skin-sores."

So off they all went, husband, wife and four children, leaving behind the two children, who at once started to follow the course of the river. Two dogs had been left with them, called Black and White. Happening to see some ants carrying grain, the boy said, " Let us follow the ants and see where they come from, and pick up grain on the way." So doing they came to a cave full of grain.

" We're saved," said they.

" Grind some grain and cook for us," said the boy Skin-sore to the girl.

So she ground some grain and made porridge.

They spent several days there, and during that time the boy planted a castor-oil tree, saying, " I am going away."

" Where are you going to ? " said the girl.

" I am going to the heart of the country over there," said Skin-sore, " and if you see my castor-oil tree dying, you may know that I am dead ; now I am going to take White with me, but will leave you Black."

So he went away with his dog, leaving the other with his sister.

Coming to where a buffalo was lying dead, the dog sniffed at it, but forbore to eat any : so the boy also forbore. Passing on, the dog drank some water, so the boy also drank. He spent ten days on the journey, and at length came to a kraal that had only women living in it.

" Where have you come from ? " said they.

" From the heart of the bush, over there," replied the boy.

" There's an old woman in that hut there," said the women, " who eats people. She has finished off all the males."

The old woman happened to see the boy, and said, "Come into the hut, my grandson."

Then the old woman cooked him some porridge; but the dog left the porridge, and only took the vegetable.* So the boy Skin-sore did the same.

"Why are you leaving the porridge, my grandson?" said the old woman.

"Oh, it's our custom at home," said the boy, "to eat the vegetable and leave the porridge."

So he ate the old woman's vegetable, but left the porridge uneaten. In the afternoon he was called to a meal by the same old dame. This time the dog ate the porridge, but left the vegetable. So the boy did the same.

"But why do you eat the porridge all alone, and not eat the vegetable?" said the old woman.

"It is the custom at our kraal. Some days we eat our porridge without any relish," said Skin-sore.

"Then, good-night," said the old woman.

So the boy lay down to sleep, the dog lying at his head. Then the old woman tried to steal up stealthily with a red-hot hearth-stone, wishing to put it in the boy's ear. But the dog gave her a bite, and she called out, "Your dog is biting me, my grandson."

"Do not come near to the place where I am lying down, for you may be bitten," said the boy; "lie down and sleep over yonder."

So they lay down again; but later on the old woman arose, and having put on water to boil, tried to put it in his ear, as the boy lay asleep. But again the dog bit her, and so she gave up the attempt.

In the morning he left the hut; but the old woman remained behind, and dug a pit close to the door, and then called the boy, saying, "Come and eat."

So up walked the boy with his dog in front of him;

* In Gazaland the natives take some relish with their porridge.

but as the dog entered by the window he also entered that way.

"Do you choose to come in by the window?" said the dame.

"Yes," said the boy, "that's what we do at our kraal: some days we enter by the window."

"Then have some of that porridge," said the old woman.

Skin-sore ate it as the dog did so; he ate the porridge and vegetable—all that was there—and then went out, leaving the old woman alone. This time she started to dig a hole under the window, and in the afternoon she called the boy again; but as the dog was about to reach the doorway it turned back; and when it would go in by the window it turned back. So the boy said, "I do not want anything to-day."

"What, are you going all day without anything to eat," said the dame.

"Yes, that's what I mean to do; it is what we do at our kraal."

"Well, my grandson," said the woman, "please go and cut me some firewood in the bush over there."

"All right, let us go," said the boy.

"But leave your dog behind," said the woman.

"I cannot leave my dog behind; I like to have him with me."

"No, leave it behind this time," said the woman.

So he left the dog behind, and they came to where there was a dried-up tree in the middle of a pond. The old woman asked him to climb up the tree and to cut it down.

"But how shall I climb that tree and cut it down when it is in the centre of a pond?" said Skin-sore.

"Well, please climb up and cut," said the old woman.

So he climbed the tree and started chopping. Then the old woman called out, "To-day you die, you who were so cunning."

"But why should you kill me?" asked the boy.

"Ah, I shall just kill you," replied the woman.

Then Skin-sore began to call his dog. But the old woman said, "I shall cut you down with my big tooth," and commenced biting the tree. Just as the tree was beginning to fall, up came the dog and bit the old woman; whereupon the boy came down from the tree with his chopper and cut up that old woman all to pieces and killed her. Just then up flew her child, a bird called *Firimapimbiro.*

"Why have you killed my mother?" said the bird.

"I killed her because she tried to eat me."

"Well, I shall eat you in revenge," said the bird.

The bird, as it was speaking, was perched on a stone. Now the bird was so big that had it tried to settle on a tree it would have broken the tree at once. And as the bird tried to eat the little man, up came his dog. The bird caught hold of the dog and would have killed it, but Skin-sore came with his chopper and cut the bird to pieces. Then he cut some firewood, and burnt the bird and the old woman to ashes.

On going back to the kraal the people said, "Where have you come from?"

"I have killed that old woman and her child," said he.

Thereupon they all saluted him as their chief with their shrill cries, saying, "You are our chief."

"But why should I be your chief," said the boy.

"Because you have killed the one who was devouring us, who used to leave the girls alone, devouring only the men. On account of this the men used to live in the thickets, whither we took their food. The old woman, on the birth of a male child used to devour it, leaving the girls alone."

"Very well," said he, "then I am your chief as you say."

After staying there some time he told them, saying,

" I have left my sister behind on the way ; I want to send some one to go and fetch her."

" But how shall we know the way ? " said they.

" Oh, the messenger will know it all right, for I shall send my dog with him ; what the dog eats he must eat, and what the dog leaves alone he must leave alone ; the path the dog takes he must take."

So the messenger started off with the dog, keeping it in front of him. On coming to where a buffalo had been killed, the dog sniffed and left it alone ; on coming to where a bush-buck had died, the dog ate it, and so did the man. Where the dog rested at midday, the man rested too ; where it drank water, he drank also, until at last it came to the place where the sister was. The dog wagged its tail on seeing her, whereupon she said, " My dog has come alone : where has my brother stayed ? "

" No," answered the man, " Your brother is a chief."

" But how can he be a chief, when he was once such a poor, forlorn fellow ? "

" He is a chief because he killed that old woman who was there, and who was in the habit of eating all the people who were males."

" I once saw," said the girl, " something by the castor-oil tree that had faded ; but during these last ten days it has been flourishing again." *

" That is why I have been sent," said the man. " Let us go."

" Very well," said the girl.

So off they started, the two of them together, taking the two dogs with them. They spent ten days on the way, and the dogs had many puppies born to them during the journey. When the girl had reached the

* The girl divined the fortunes of her brother by means of the castor-oil tree that he had planted. This tree suffered in sympathy with the boy who had planted it.

place where her brother was, she was welcomed by the boy, who said, "You have come, my sister."

"*Ndawe*," answered the girl.

"I was on the point of being killed," said the boy, "by that old woman who was here; but now I have managed to kill her, and so the people said to me, 'You are our chief.' So go, my sister, to the husband to whom you are betrothed."

"Very good," said the girl.

So they two lived there, and Skin-sore became the chief of the elephants, and helped in cutting them up.

II. THE MAN, THE LION, AND THE MOUSE

Once upon a time a man, the owner of some dogs, said, "Let me go and look for my cane rats."

So he started looking for the rats, killing those he found. One day the rain said, "I shall fall!" So the man started running to a cave, and entering therein, sat down. As he did so, lo and behold! a lion came out, only to re-enter and sit down also. Then in came a mouse, and sat down also.

Said the lion, "O man, give the dogs your rats, and then you eat the dogs, and then I will eat you."

Quoth the man, "Was there ever any one who ate a dog?"

Said the lion, "Yes, forsooth; be willing to eat your dogs; do not find fault with the word that I speak."

Said the mouse, "Yes: agree to what the lion says, namely, eat your dogs, and then you be eaten by the lion, and I will, in my turn, eat the lion."

Said the lion, "Yowe! I don't agree to being eaten by a mouse, I that am so big, while the mouse is so small."

So the lion ran at the mouse, which ran off. The lion returned to the cave, and so did the mouse.

Said the lion, "Give the dogs your rats, O man, and I will eat you in turn."

The man refused, and kept silence.

Said the mouse, "Agree to what the lion says, and then I too will eat the lion."

Said the lion, "Yowe!" and chased the mouse far away. The mouse entered in amongst some roots of the trees, and the lion started digging him out, while the man stayed behind, and finally went off home. Upon the lion returning to the cave, the man is no longer there: he has gone.

Says the lion, "It's the mouse that has rescued the man, whom I wanted to eat."

The mouse, meantime, went on its way, and coming to where the man was, said, "'Tis I that have saved you; now you must cover the mountain completely with traps." This the man did, covering it from top to bottom. The mouse then kept looking there every day, eating the mice caught in the traps.

One day on looking, he found no mouse caught, and on coming to the trap furthest off, he found a beetle inside.

Said the mouse, "Hi! beetle, you it is that has been [illegible]ring off my mice."

[illegible]he beetle made answer, "I haven't been clearing [illegible]our mice."

"Where have my mice gone to, then? You it is [illegible] is caught here; what makes your stomach so [illegible]"

"[illegible]t's not full; it's only its natural shape," said the [illegible]e indignantly.

"Well then," said the mouse, "let us go to the [illegible]er."

As they were on their way to the doctor the mouse said, "What sort of doctor is it that we are going to?"

"The doctor of the path," said the beetle. "If you jump the path and die you are caught; let us go."

Reaching the path the beetle jumped clean across it. Then the mouse said, "Let me have a try too." As he did so, *fititi!* the mouse fell down dead on the path; and to-day the mouse cannot leap the path; if he should try to do so, he dies.

III. THE MAN WHO HID HIS HONEY

Long, long ago, a man married a wife, and had three children by the marriage. As hunger began to gnaw, he went out to look for food, and finding out where there was some honey, he tapped it, till he had filled a pot. He then took a reed and hollowed it out. Coming home, he dug a hole beneath the fire ashes, and placed the pot of honey in the hole, covering it over with leaves. Having done so, he inserted the reed. In the afternoon, as the sun was about to set, the father called his children, saying, "Come here and sing." Meanwhile the father was sucking at the reed which he had stuck among the ashes. This the children noticed, saying, "Father is sucking up ashes, doing so every day."

One day the father went to look for some more honey, but failed to find it. His youngest boy, who remained at home, said to himself, "Let me sit and be like my father." He also told his elder brothers, "Please sing." This they proceeded to do.

"Ah, that's good!" said the child. So again he had a suck, till his cheeks were nigh bursting, and did he cram them with the honey.

"Ah, that's fine!" said the children; "let us dig it up." So they dug it up, and lo! the pot was full of honey. They inserted that reed, and sucked up all the honey. Then they left the reed and vessel just as the father had left it.

In the afternoon the father thought of returning, and told his children to come and sing again; which they did.

"Let me draw up ashes," said the father. This he proceeded to do, spitting as he did so.

"Let me have another suck," said the man.

Again he drew up nothing but ashes, having to spit them out again.

"Why are you spitting?" said the little child. "Were you wont to do so in time past?"

"Who has been raking aside these ashes?" said the man to his wife.

"It's the little ones who have been playing there," said the wife.

Thereupon the husband raked aside the ashes, wanting to look for himself. There was no longer any honey-pot there!

"Why did you hide it there?" said the wife.

"Oh, I was just having a suck at the ashes."

"Is not that the honey-pot?" said the wife. "Ah, here it is!"

So the husband was astounded and put to shame.

That's all.

IV. THE CHILD IN THE DRUM

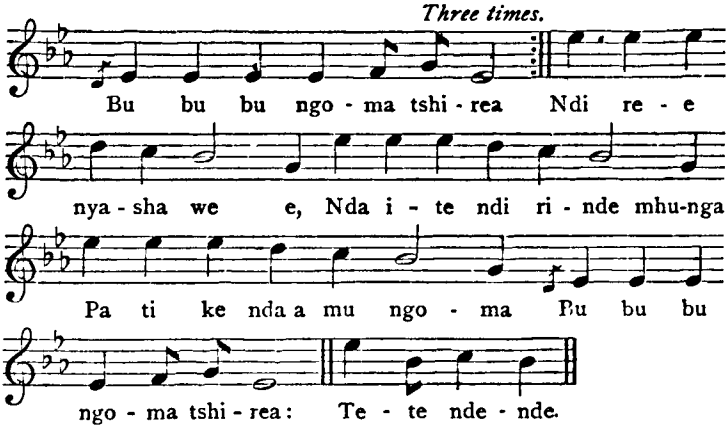
Once upon a time a man, having hollowed out a drum* for himself, went on a journey. Presently he reached a place where there was a child watching a field of millet. The man caught the boy and put him in his drum, and walked off. Arriving at a kraal the people said, "O man, please play your drum."

"Very well," said the man.

So he started playing.

Bububu, drum please speak:	*Tete ndende.*
Bububu, drum please speak:	*Tete ndende*
Bububu, drum please speak:	*Tete ndende.*
Tell me of thy mercy:	*Tete ndende.*

* The drum is hollowed out of a log of wood: a piece of skin is stretched tightly over the opening.

I was watching the millet: *Tete ndende.*
When suddenly I am in the drum: *Tete ndende.*
Bububu, drum please speak: *Tete ndende.*

Three times.
Bu bu bu ngo - ma tshi - rea Ndi re - e
nya - sha we e, Nda i - te ndi ri - nde mhu-nga
Pa ti ke nda a mu ngo - ma Bu bu bu
ngo - ma tshi - rea: Te - te nde - nde.

So the man played, and played and played; then the people cooked some porridge for him; they also gave him a fowl, part of which he ate, and part of which he gave to the child in the drum. Then when he had finished eating he continued his journey.

Arriving at another kraal the people say, "Please play your drum, and we will give you a pot of beer."

Very well," said the man. So he played, saying:

Bububu, drum please speak: *Tete ndende.*
&c. &c. &c.

When he had finished playing his drum, the people gave him beer, some of which he drank, and some of which he placed in the drum. When the beer was finished he continued his journey, and arriving at the kraal belonging to the child's father and mother he was given beer to drink. The people said, "Man, play with that drum, and we will slaughter a goat

for you, and will give you a pot of beer." So again he played his drum.

Bububu, drum please speak:	*Tete ndende.*
&c. &c.	&c.

Then the man became drunk, and started dancing in the hut; whereupon the elder brother slipped out of the hut and made a hole in the drum to see what it was that was speaking inside it. As he opened it he said, "E: my young brother."

So he took the child and put him in the hut. Then he called the man, saying, "Come out again and play your drum once more."

But when the man tried to play his drum it gave no reply any more. So he said, "Ah, that is not my drum."

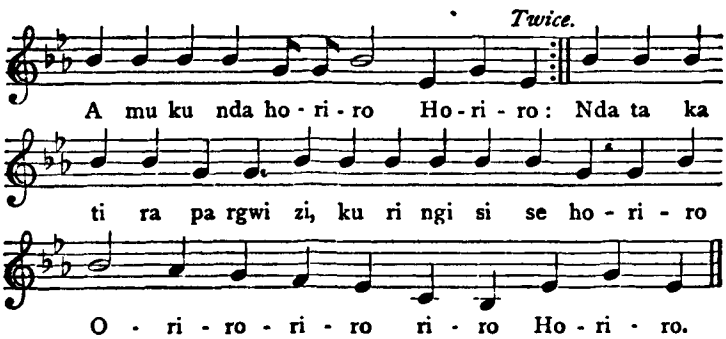
The people answered, "Ah, let us kill him."

So the man popped into his drum and ran off, saying, "Guduru, Guduru, Guduru," and vanished in the direction of his home.

Once is how many?

V. THE JEALOUS WIFE

Once upon a time a man married a wife and built her a hut. Some time afterwards he married another wife. Whereupon the first wife looked out for a little bird called an Horiro. Having found it, she placed it at the spring where the water was obtained. The wife who had been married second, having put her vegetables on the fire to cook, took a pot to go and draw water at the spring. When she got there she found the little bird singing:

Ah, my daughter Horiro:	Horiro.
We spent the day at the river:	Horiro.
To look at the Horiro:	Horiro.
Orirorirororiro:	Horiro.

When the woman returned home she found the vegetables all burnt. Of course she had been beguiled by that bird in order that her vegetables might be burnt, and that so she might be disowned by her husband for doing wrong. So the first wife said to her husband, "Husband, your wife is a bad woman; she burns the vegetables."

Upon this the husband drove his second wife away with the words, "I don't want a wife who spoils the vegetables by cooking them badly."

Then the husband looked out for another wife, and having seen her, built her a hut. When she was cooking she left her vegetables on the fire, saying, "I am just going to the spring to draw water."

On reaching the spot she found the little bird there, singing:

Ah, my daughter Horiro: Horiro.
&c. &c. &c.

Returning home, lo! she found the vegetables were burnt. Then out came the first wife, and said, "Woman, come here; you've spoilt the vegetables; they are all burnt."

The husband then asked, "Was it you then who burnt them?"

"Yes," she replied, "they got burnt; I was

beguiled by a little bird that is by the spring over there."

"What does the little bird say," asked the man.

"It sings," replied the woman.

So the man strung his bow, and got his arrows ready; then going to the spring he lay in wait for the coming of the bird. As it was about to sing he shot it, and killed it. After this the third wife always cooked nicely, and made him comfortable.

"Did I not tell you," said she, "that it was that little bird that was beguiling me? But now, seeing that it is dead, shall I do wrong any more?"

"No," said he, "you will not do wrong any more. You can stop on here all right."

That's about the end of the story.

VI. TAKING HOLD OF THE MOON

Said the people of long ago, "Let us go and get hold of the moon." So they summoned every one in those lands and gathered all together with their wives. Said they, "Let us build while the women bring us the stones." The women therefore carry up the stones and give them to their husbands. It is said, "We want to get hold of the moon, the Lord's plate, because it is so bright and white." So they kept on building, building, until the tower grew to a great height. When the people were on the point of seizing the moon, the tower said, "I shall fall down," and down it fell; and the people died, leaving only their little children. Said they, "Alas, now that our fathers have perished thus, what shall we do? They died because they said, 'We are going to get hold of the moon!' shall we too then go?" They concluded, "No, we won't go there any more, because the moon

was created by the Lord. As for us, let us start and hoe." So they began to cultivate.*

VII. WHY THE SUN SHINES EVERY DAY

Once upon a time, long ago, an old woman with her grandchild caught the sun, and put him in a pot—a big earthen vessel. The old woman was summoned to a beer-drink at the chief's kraal, and said, "My grandchild, do not uncover that pot." The little one said, "Hi." So off went the old woman to the chief's kraal, where the people spent two days drinking beer. Said the child, "Seeing that my grandmother has told me not to uncover that pot, what has it got inside?" So he uncovered it, and as he was about to look in, lo! out came the sun. It slipped from his grasp and got out. As he tried to seize the sun to put it back, the sun fled away. Then the child began to cry, for the sun which was in his charge had gone.

So the sun fled away and started shining, going off to the chief's kraal, where the beer was being drunk. Thither ran the child, going to tell the old woman that the sun had got out of the pot. When he arrived there, the chief said, "Old woman, you it is who were in charge of the sun." So he killed the old lady. The sun continued to come forth every day.

* It is extremely difficult to decide in all cases whether a story is of European origin or not. The Tshindao-speaking people have one story that is probably derived from the opening chapter of Genesis, as the points of agreement are very great. It also shows a development of theological thought far beyond that possessed by any South African tribe. The story of building a tower to the moon looks as if it were a modification of the story of the Tower of Babel. It may be original, though the use of the phrase "The Lord," is probably due to European influence.

VIII. THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

One fine day a hare met a tortoise, and said, "Tortoise, you don't know how to run."

"Get along with you," said the tortoise, "I can beat *you* at running."

"No, you cannot," replied the other.

They agreed that he who should win should have a whole mushroom to eat.

"We will have a try to-morrow," said the tortoise.

"Very well," said the hare.

Upon reaching home the tortoise summoned all his relations, and brought them with him to the place of contest, saying, "You go and stand on the slope over there; and you others go and stand over there."

But the tortoise himself remained behind at the starting-place all alone.

"Let us race one another," said the hare, "and let us toe the line so that we may get an equal start."

"Let us run," said the tortoise.

So off started the hare while the tortoise remained behind, hidden in a clump of grass. On reaching the slope, the hare said, "I am here."

"I am here too," said a tortoise, who had been waiting there all the time.

Then the hare started back again alone at full speed, saying, "I am here."

"I am here before you," replied another tortoise which had hidden at that spot.

Then the hare turned back again, and arriving at the goal the tortoise said, "I am here."

"It is no good," said the hare, "you have beaten me. Go and eat the mushroom, because you have beaten me."

IX. HOW THE HARE FOOLED THE BEASTS

Once upon a time a hare went to sleep at the foot of a Nux Vomica tree,* when down fell one of the nuts, making the hare jump up, saying, "I heard something say 'Vee!' and 'Make a grab at the head of a hare.'" So the hare began to run.

Coming up to a bushbuck, the latter asked, "What are you running for, hare?"

"I heard something say 'Vee!' and 'Make a grab at the head of a hare,'" said he.

Thereupon the bushbuck started running too, and coming to a buffalo, the latter asked, "What are you running for, hare, I say?"

"I heard something say 'Vee!' and 'Make a grab at the head of a hare,'" said the hare.

Thereupon the buffalo started running also. Then they came to an elephant, which said, "What are you running for, hare?"

"I heard something say 'Vee!' and 'Make a grab at the head of a hare.'"

So the elephant started running. So they all kept running till there was not a single animal that had not heard this tale of the hare, or that had not joined in the flight. Finally they reached a spot where there was no water.

"Now, what shall we drink," said they, "seeing you have placed us where there is no water?"

"Let us go and dig for water," said the hare.

So they started digging for water with the words, "You, hare, begin to dig that we may see whether you can produce water." So the hare tried to dig the water out, but it would not come forth. Nothing but a lot of dust! Then they told the leopard to dig, saying, "Come in here and have a dig too, that we may see whether you can raise the water."

* Sometimes called the Gazaland orange.

The leopard thereupon entered the hole, but was unsuccessful. Then the elephant was told, "Enter you too, elephant."

The elephant tried to dig it out, but failed likewise. Then all the beasts had a try, but every one of them failed to produce any water. Then the toad was told, "Enter in here, toad, and produce water."

Upon his entering, the water at once sprang forth. The elephant thereupon grew angry, and said, "Come out of there, toad, and let me have a try."

But upon his entering the hole, the water dried up.

"Stop," said the other beasts; "let the toad go in and produce the water."

"Go in, toad, and raise up water for us," said all the animals.

So the toad went in and raised water till the hole was full. Then said the beasts, "Let the hare be driven away because he put us where there was no water."

So they drove the hare right away, and off he went; but finding that he could not get anything to drink, he proceeded to tap the honeycombs, and so filled his calabash with honey. Then the other beasts which were left behind agreed, saying, "Let us leave here the leopard to watch the water."

"If you see the hare come up, leopard," said they, "you must bite him, that he may not drink this water."

"Very good," said the leopard.

Shortly after, up came the hare with his calabash of honey.

"Where are you going?" quoth the leopard.

"I too want water," replied the hare.

"What's in your calabash?" said the leopard.

"Just some broth for licking, that I've got," replied

the hare; "do you agree to make a bargain with me for the licking?"

"Give me a lick," said the leopard, "that I may taste it."

So the hare gave the leopard a lick, with the result that the leopard said, "Come now, hare, give me some more of it."

"I'm afraid of being bitten by you; but if you let me tie you up, then I could give you some more of my broth to lick."

"Very well," said the leopard, "tie me up."

So the leopard allowed himself to be tied up by the hare, who thereupon gave him a lick of honey, and then drew the water he wanted for himself.

"Untie me, hare," said the leopard.

"Not a bit of it," said the hare, who went off with his water.

Playing this game he succeeded in tying up every one of the beasts, one after the other, till they said to the tortoise, "Come now, tortoise, it's your turn to watch by the spring there."

So the tortoise proceeded to cut some gum-trees, and with them he smeared all around the spring and all the bush in the vicinity. Then up came the hare.

"Ee," said the hare, "I'm not going to give you any of my broth for licking to-day; they have only left a poor fool of a tortoise that has no strength; I will go and drink right off."

"Come and drink," said the tortoise.

So the hare went up to the spring to drink, and got caught by the gum; whereupon the tortoise called out, "Come here, the hare's caught."

Up came the lions, but the hare pretended to be dead, all its body being covered with the gum. When the beasts came up, lions and all, they asked, "Is the hare dead?"

"Yes," was the reply, "It's dead with the gum;

don't strike it; it's dead from the effects of the gum."

"Well, wash it," said the other animals, "and put it out in the sun that it may dry; we will singe it when it is dry."

So they washed the hare, and put it in the sun. After a short time they said that it was dry.

"Light a fire, and singe it," said the animals.

But off went the hare.

"Well, to think the hare was alive after all," said the animals, who proceeded to abuse the tortoise, saying, "Why did you not kill it outright; who ever heard of a hare dying just from being caught in the gum?"

"Well," retorted the tortoise, "why didn't *you* kill it?"

X. THE LION AND THE GAZELLE

Once upon a time, a man was wont to set his traps and catch game therein. A lion, however, kept inspecting that man's traps, eating the meat. So the man set a big trap in the lion's track, and the lion got caught there. When the man arrived on the spot, lo and behold! the lion was caught.

"Let me free, O man," said the lion.

"I won't set you free," said the man, "because when I set you free you will bite me."

So off the man went, leaving the lion there. The lion spent four days in the trap. Finally up came a gazelle, with her six children.

"I entreat thee, mhara we," said the lion, "let me out; if you will only let me out I promise not to bite you any more; and I will also forbid all other lions to bite the mhara and her children."

"Will you promise," said the mhara, "never to bite me?"

"I will not bite you, for being the one who set me free," said the lion.

So the gazelle set the lion free, and the latter said, "Many thanks, mhara, for setting me free; good-bye."

Off went the mahara with her children; but as she was hopping away the lion called out, "Mhara we, give me one of your children to assuage my hunger."

"E, uncle, will you deprive me of one of my children when it was I who set you free?" said the gazelle.

"I entreat you," said the lion, "I want to assuage my hunger; I can no longer manage to walk so as to look for my food till I am strengthened by having your child inside me."

So the mhara consented, saying, "Take this one."

The lion devoured it. Then the mhara went off, the lion stopping behind to finish his dainty tit-bit, which left an uncommonly nice taste in his mouth. So he called the gazelle again, saying, "We mhara, mhara, mhara, oo! Stand still there for me to talk to you." So the gazelle stood still.

"Give me again one of your children," said the lion, "I am still hungry, and I have no power to walk."

"Uncle," said the gazelle, "will you finish off all my children?"

"Let me have just one little one to eat," said the lion; "then I won't eat any more."

So the gazelle gave him one, leaving only four alive.

"All right, you can go," said the lion.

So off she started; but again the lion called out, "Ye, mhara, mhara, stand still there, E!"

Upon her standing still, the lion said, "Mhara we, give me again one child; do you think I'm satisfied with only two of your little things? Don't you see

I'm a big person and need to eat something big. To eat anything small does not satisfy me."

So the gazelle gave him another of her children, which the lion ate. Then she started off again, but again he called, "Mhara, mhara."

Upon her answering, he said, "Give me one of your children; I've not been satisfied; my mouth is just aching for something more."

So she gave him one more child, leaving only her little one remaining. She started off with a run, when the lion called out, "Ye, mhara, mhara we."

But the gazelle kept perfectly silent.

"If you don't speak," said the lion, "I'll eat you and your child; stand still there, E!"

So she stood still. Coming up, the lion said, "Give me that remaining child of yours."

"But, uncle," said the gazelle, "now that you're started, are you going to deprive me of all my children?"

"Give me just that child of yours," said the lion, and you can go free yourself.

So she gave the lion the child, and he devoured it, saying, "You can go."

So she went at a run.

"Ye, mhara, mhara we," called the lion.

But there was dead silence.

"Ye, mhara, mhara we."

Again there was dead silence.

"If you persist in being silent, when I see you, I'll eat you," said the lion; "I can see you keeping close over there."

But the mhara did not see through the lion's devices, and foolishly answered the lion.

"Stand still there," said the lion, coming up to the place where the gazelle lay hidden; "Ee, give me a chance, mhara we! Just give me one front leg to eat, and then you can go."

"But if you take off one of my legs how shall I manage to walk?" said the gazelle.

"Oh, you can walk very well on three legs."

Then up came a hare, and said, "What are you two squabbling about?"

"We are squabbling," said the gazelle, "because uncle here has eaten up all my children after I had set him free from the rope that bound him; he has rewarded me by eating up all my family."

"What sort of rope was it that could hold uncle," said the hare.

"It was a big one," said the gazelle.

"Let us see whether the lion can really be held," said the hare.

"All right," said the lion, "twist a rope and see whether I can be held or no."

So they made a rope and looked out for a big tree wherewith to make a trap.

"Come, set the trap," said the lion.

So they set the trap, and said, "Come along, uncle, have a try and see whether you can be held." They tied his leg then to the trap and let the pole carry him up in the air.*

"Come on, mhara," said the hare, "let us run off."

So off they ran, while the lion said, "Certainly the hare was deceiving me all the time, was he? that I might remain a prisoner here."

"Yes," answered the hare," I did so because you finished all the mhara's children."

So the lion remained there, while the gazelle and the hare got away safely, leaving the lion to die of hunger.

* The pole was bent as a spring: on being released, it carried the lion up in the air in a noose attached to the pole.

XI. THE CRAB WHO HELPED A MAN TO GET HIS SPEARS

Once upon a time a toad lived in its hole. Up came a man, saying, "Toad, why do you live in a hole?"

"I live in a hole," said the toad, "because that's where I like to live."

So the man killed that toad, and the toad said, "Why have you killed me?" *

"I have just killed you," said the man, "that's all."

Then he took his spear and stabbed it again that it might die. And die it did. The man continued his journey, and coming to where there was a lizard, said, "Lizard, why are you sitting on a stone?"

"I am just sitting here," said the lizard.

"I am going to kill you," said the man.

So he killed it, and continued on his way, and coming to a tortoise found it in a pool. On arriving at the pool the man sat down on a flat rock, and took a pinch of snuff. Then the tortoise gave out a flood of water, and caused that man to flee, leaving there his spear and blankets. Going on his way he came to where there was an elephant which said, "Man, why are you running?"

"I am running because I have been robbed of my spears by something that is in the water over there."

"Let us go there, and I will get you your spears," said the elephant. So off they went, and on reaching the spot the elephant said, "Where were you?"

"I was on that flat rock over there by the pool," said the man. "Please go and get my things if you have the courage; as for me, I have not the courage to go there any more."

* When a Kafir is very much injured by an accident he says he is killed.

So the elephant went up, and as he was about to reach the spot the little tortoise, as it lay in the pool, let flow the water, and made the elephant flee. The man then said, "Didn't I tell you the thing in there is too dreadful for words; it makes such a crickly crackly noise."

"You're right," said the elephant. "I'm not going there any more."

So off they went, and, meeting a buffalo, were asked what they were running away from.

"Ah, my friend," said the elephant, "the thing we've seen is too dreadful to be mentioned: it is too terrifying; this man was robbed of his spears, and then I saw him running away, and asked him what he was running away from; he said he was running away because his spears had been taken away; and," added the elephant, "I've been driven away too."

"Come on," said the buffalo, "I will get them for you."

"Let us go," said the man.

So they went, and reaching the pool, the man said, "I was robbed just over there."

So the buffalo went up, and as it was on the point of entering the pool, lo! it saw the water coming with a crickly crackly noise. So off it flew, saying, "No, no, my friend; your spears will have to stay there."

Then the man met a crab, which said, "What are you running away from?"

The man said, "Ee, to think of stopping to answer a crab's questions. If I were to tell you, would you go and get my spears, seeing that the buffalo and elephant asked me the same question, and on going to get my spears were driven away in flight? I can fancy I can see you too, crab, going to get my spears!"

"I mean to have a try also," said the crab.

"Well," said the man, "if you give me trouble and fail to get them, I shall kill you."

"I'm just going to have a try," said master crab, and off he started.

"Go to the pond over there," directed the man, "that's where I was robbed of my spears."

The crab accordingly went over there, calling out, "Who has taken the spears?"

On this the tortoise gave forth the water, and the crab too entered the water, though the tortoise gave forth the crickly crackly noise. So they had a struggle in the water, till the tortoise cried out, "It's no good; neither of us has overcome the other; let us both live in the water here."

"I don't want to live in the water," said the crab.

"Please stay here in the water," besought the tortoise. "I'll give you the spears and you can give them to your man."

"Well, give them to me," said the crab.

So the crab went out of the pool and gave the spears to the man, who thanked him. Then the crab re-entered the water, and lived, as well as the tortoise, in the water there. That is why crabs live in the water.

XII. THE MAN WHO BECAME A PYTHON

Once upon a time a man married a wife, and commenced to hoe his land. The woman gave birth to a child, and said, "Let me fetch my young sister to come and play with my babe."

So she went to fetch her, and brought her back. The little sister played with the infant.

One day the mother went to the lands and forgot the child's porridge; so she sent her sister, saying, "Sister, go and get the child's porridge which I left by mistake in the house." So off the girl went to

fetch it. Reaching the hut, she found that the husband of her sister had become a python, and was singing, thus :

Brother-in-law, O brother-in-law,	*Teera mangaingai.*
I have been sent for the porridge by my sister.	*Teera mangaingai.*
Enter and take it.	*Teera mangaingai.*
I'm frightened, brother-in-law.	*Teera mangaingai.*

" No, enter and take it," said the python.

The girl went in and took the porridge, and came out again to go to the field to join her sister.

" Sister," said she, " Your husband has been changed into a python."

" Hi ! You are libelling my husband, in that you say he has been changed into a python."

So the woman beat her little sister.

" To-morrow," said the married woman, " we will put the porridge in the hut on purpose, and I shall be able to see for myself."

" Very good," said the child.

Early next morning she left the porridge in the hut on purpose. When in the field she said to the younger sister, " Come, let us get the porridge."

Reaching the hut, lo ! the husband was a python. The young sister sang :

Brother-in-law, O brother-in-law,	*Teera mangaingai,*
&c. &c.	&c. &c.

Then she entered the hut and took the porridge and reproached her sister thus : " Sister, seeing that you beat me because as you said I was libelling your husband that he was a python, now haven't you seen for yourself ? " *

Said she, " I have seen."

Then she took some grain wherewith to cook beer at the home of the wife's father ; she cooked her beer

* This delightfully mixed sentence is too typical to be altered.

in company with her husband. When they began to drink the beer, the younger sister started singing:

Brother-in-law, O brother-in-law, *Teera mangaingai.*
The husband is a python: *Teera mangaingai.*

Then the man answered, saying, "Do not sing; be quiet sister-in-law." But she persisted in singing, till finally the man began singing also. And lo! he become changed into a python. Upon that the people who were in the hut fled, having set fire to the hut so that the python might be killed in it.

So that was the end of the python.

XIII. THE PAUPER WHO BECAME A CHIEF

Once upon a time there was a man who said, "I am a wretched beggar; I shall go for a tramp through these parts."

"Very well, begone," said his people.

So he started off, and coming to a kraal, said, "I have come here; give me something to eat."

"Give *you* something to eat, you beggar," said the people of the kraal; "why should we give *you* anything to eat?"

"Why shouldn't you give it to me?" said the man.

"We will not give you anything to eat, because you are such a wretched sort of fellow. Forsooth, what would you give us in return if we were to give you something to eat?"

Just then there came out a small child belonging to the kraal. The child said, "Will you not give this man something to eat?"

"No," said the people, "we will not give him anything to eat."

"But why," said the child, "will you not give him something to eat?"

"Because a pauper such as he is has nothing to give us in return; that is the reason."

"Well, but even if the man be a pauper, is he for that reason to be given nothing? Just give him something, so that he too may eat."

"No, we won't," said the people.

The child entered his mother's hut, saying, "Mother, give me some porridge that I may give it to a man who says, 'I'm perished with hunger.'"

"No, child, I will not give you any food," said the mother.

"Well then," said the child, "I will take it myself." Upon this the mother beat the child, and made it cry.

The child went to the garden and picked some mealies, which he gave to the hungry man; and when the mother had gone out from the hut the child remained behind, and took some porridge, which he gave to the man.

"Many thanks," said the man; "you have saved me; had it not been for you I should have died of hunger. I thank you for having saved me, and for having had mercy on me."

When the beggar had eaten, he said, "Good-bye, my child; tell me what is your name."

"I too am a friendless pauper," said the child; "but tell me in return what your name might be."

"Oh, as for me, I am a friendless pauper; that's all; but good-day; I must be going. You'll see me when I return."

"But whither are you going?" said the child.

"Well, seeing that you have given me something to eat, I shall succeed in getting to my destination, eating the food you have given me. I shall return before the food is all finished."

So off went the beggar. Coming to a kraal he said to the people, "I have come here; give me something to eat."

"We will not give you anything to eat," said the people, "because you are a poor friendless beggar."

"Very well," retorted the beggar, "stick to your wretched food."

The man walked on into the heart of the bush, and slept by the side of the path, where there was no human being.

"What shall I do?" said he, "I have no fire; how shall I manage to roast my mealies?"

As he was saying this to himself he met Tshibrumandzi, who said to him, "Why are you sitting in the darkness, without any fire?"

"Where should I find any fire; I who am a poor beggar?"

"Well, look for some wood," said Tshibrumandzi, "and I will give you the fire."

So the beggar looked for some wood and lo! "*Pgwa!*" said the fire, and kindled into a blaze.

"But why don't you carry fire about you when you travel?" said Tshibrumandzi.

"Where should I see it—I who am but a wretched pauper," replied the beggar.

So he was given a red stick with these instructions: "Whenever you want to sleep, first chop some wood, and then take the stick and put it among the chips of wood, and the fire will burst forth; then withdraw your stick. You can do so daily without the fire giving out."

"Good," replied the beggar.

"Why did you give yourself that name," said Tshibrumandzi, "saying, 'I am a friendless pauper'?"

"I called myself by that name because I am a friendless pauper; I have nothing in the world; others are chiefs; others have wives; others have goats, and fowls, and cattle, and everything; but I—No."

"Suppose I were to give you a kingdom," said

Tshibrumandzi, "would you consent to receive it?"

"I would consent," replied the pauper.

"But the kingdom that I would give you would be such that you would overcome all other chiefs, for the possessions that I would give you would be many. I would give you a great number of people, men, women, and children, together with large herds of cattle, and goats, and dogs."

"Well," said the beggar, "I am willing."

"But suppose I come to you when you have built that kraal of yours; will you promise not to revile me?"

"I promise not to revile you. Why should I revile you, my father, who has given me the kingdom?"

"Well," said Tshibrumandzi, "go to the place where that child lives; the child that gave you food; that is where you are going to be chief; for it is only right that you should be made a chief after having been so continually laughed at on account of your poverty. And as for that child who gave you food, you shall give him a kraal, because he had compassion upon you."

So off the beggar went to the kraal. No sooner had he arrived than the people saluted him with the words, "Thou art our chief." (The former chief had long ago been killed.)

"But now," said the beggar, "seeing that you salute me, why do you salute me?"

"We salute you," said the people, "because you are the chief."

"But when I came to this kraal long ago, did you give me something to eat?"

"No," said the people, "we played the fool; we refused our chief."

"Well, now, shall I not put you all to death, and just leave the child who gave me food?"

"Nay; kill us not; would you kill your sons?"

"Very well," said the beggar.

So he stayed there, and all the people of those parts came to salute him; there was no longer any rival chief. Then the beggar gave a kraal to the child who had given him food, saying, "This is your kraal too, because you gave me food that day."

"Many thanks, O chief!" replied that small mortal.

So the child lived at his kraal, and to him too came the chiefs, even his elders, that they might salute him who had been given that one kraal.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CHILDREN'S EVENING PARTY

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WHEN a party is to be held, the parents have to consider very carefully which kraals should be invited. There are frequent feuds between certain families, and if the boys and girls from these rival kraals were to meet, quarrelling would be sure to follow; there would be bruised limbs, and probably broken heads, before the party broke up. It is therefore necessary to consider what kraals are on good terms with one another.

The Kafirs have no written language, and therefore invitations have to be sent out by word of mouth. As a rule the boys invite the boys, and the girls invite the girls. In the early morning, when the boys are driving out the cattle to pasturage, they arrange to meet the boys of another kraal, and the chief boy says, "Will the boys of your kraal come and play with us on such and such a night?"

"We shall be very glad indeed to come," replies the head-boy of the kraal invited, "but at what time shall we arrive?"

"Oh, come when you have finished milking the cows in the evening."

"We shall be very glad to come."

It is always understood that the invitation is addressed to all the boys of the kraal, for no one expects a separate invitation; only the very small children are kept at home and not allowed to go out to the party.

In similar fashion, when the girls go to fetch the

water or wood for the day, they get into conversation with the girls of the kraals to be invited When they have all filled their water-pots at the river, they sit down to chat, and the chief girl says, "We invite the girls of your kraal to a party at the Mabeleni (or whatever the name of their kraal may be) on such and such a night."

"We shall all be delighted to come; but tell us the hour at which you will expect us."

"Come at the time of the cooking of the evening meal."

The invited guests tell by the amount of time allowed for preparation how great a function to expect, and how to dress up. When the party is to be a great affair, the invitation is sent out a fortnight in advance; if only a few days' notice be given, every one knows that the party will be a small one. It takes about a fortnight for the boys and girls to prepare paint, bead-work, karosses, bangles and other ornaments for great occasions. At these great parties fully a hundred children may be present, and every one does his very best to look as smart as possible so as to attract attention.

For several days before a party, the children are very busy in the kraal; the girls bring out small grinding-stones very similar to those used by grown-up women for grinding corn; soft white stone is then broken into little pieces which are ground into a fine powder between the grinding-stones. This white powder is mixed with water, or fat, and smeared on the body. The children frequently paint their bodies in very fantastic ways, invariably making themselves look extremely ugly from the European point of view. There is much variety as to the colours used for painting, and as to the parts of the bony painted. In Basutoland the girls are fond of red paint, while in Fingoland they prefer white. In these tribes the

boys do not often paint themselves for parties; but in Zululand the boys frequently smear their head, trunk and legs with white paint, the girls only painting a white circle or band round their waists, sometimes adding a few touches of white on the cheeks.

The bigger children make extremely pretty bead-work, choosing very good combinations of colour. Bangles are made with grass, or with brass wire, and are worn round the ankle, calf, knee, waist, neck, elbow and wrist. Blankets are well rubbed with red clay, and often have their edges very prettily ornamented with bead-work. The skins of wild animals are worked up with grease until they are very soft and supple, and the tails of wild cats are made into ornaments for the loins. The children frequently tatoo themselves specially for these parties, using a pointed stick, which makes whitish marks in the skin; these marks only last for a few days. Thus the face and arms can be richly tatooed without leaving any permanent marks, as would be the case if they used hot embers. However, the girls sometimes make permanent marks on their skin; they cover a small portion of the arm with cow-dung, and then place glowing embers against the protected flesh. As soon as the heat reaches the skin small circular burns are made. When these burns heal, smooth circular patches of a lightish colour are left. The girls think such patches very beautiful.

On the day of the party the girls sometimes make garlands or coronets of leaves, very occasionally adding a few wild flowers to heighten the effect. The contrast of the bright green leaves against the dark burnt-sienna skin is very effective. The children have a special coating of grease given to their bodies so as to make them look smart and clean. It is striking how much improved in appearance are the boys after they have received a good rubbing with grease, for

the scratches, which usually cover the body as a result of playing in the veld, are thus hidden.

The anxious mothers are also busy for days in advance of the party, telling the boys to be sure not to quarrel with other boys, lest it should be said they come from a quarrelsome kraal, and so the whole family should be disgraced publicly. They specially impress on the children not to eat too much; they tell them that if they show any signs of greediness the people will all say, "See, those children come from a kraal where there is famine." After that cutting sarcasm no one in the kraal could look the world in the face for many a day. But in spite of these days of coaching by anxious mothers, the children always eat too much, and the boys always quarrel and fight. As the children go off to the party the parents finally impress on the boys that they must not annoy the girls, nor forget to be very polite to the owners of the kraal who are giving the party.

The children are all very excited as they put the last touches on their toilette, which is very simple and strangely scant according to our ideas of what is decent. Europeans are inclined to call children *un*-dressed when they are thus decked out in bead-work. As the twilight dies and a rich afterglow of the deepest purple or violet suffuses the sky, there can be seen a string of little children streaming out of a hut on hands and knees—all silhouetted against a few low-lying clouds of orange colour—and hurrying over the veld in single file along the narrow Kafir footpath. At length this thin, wavy line of excited, talkative, chattering children arrives at the kraal, which is the focus of many other groups of children, dimly seen to be converging on it in the dusk.

On arriving at the kraal the guests have to salute the head-man of the place. If there should happen to be a chief present, the children walk up to him

SCENE OF THE EVENING PARTY

in single file, and as each child passes the chief, he or she has to stand still, shuffle the feet, point to the sky with the right hand, and say, "Bayete." If the greatest man present is only an ordinary head-man, the children shuffle their feet, and say, "Numzaan," rarely pointing with the hand to the sky. In some tribes it is not correct etiquette for guests to speak first on arriving at a kraal; it is expected that they should sit down in silence until the head-man first addresses them.

The greeting of the head-man of the kraal is one of the ways in which a Kafir shows respect and honour to him. But it has another very practical aspect. It is an excellent way of attracting attention, not so much to the head-man, as to one's self. It is as if the person were to say, "Take notice, all ye people; it is I who have arrived at the kraal." A Kafir loves to draw attention to himself and to obtain recognition; and of course he thinks a person cannot start too early in shuffling to the front in the race of life.

When the guests have saluted the great person, they next go and shake hands with his "great" wife, and after that they shake hands with the other women present and with the various guests, not a little kissing being indulged in between the women and the small children. When this process is over, the guests are told which huts are set apart for the evening, and, if the weather be cold, the children are ushered into one of the other huts, where the girls of the kraal usually hang up their blankets on a leather thong stretched between two poles. The guests pile their blankets on these leather ropes; they will not need their blankets again till the morning, for there are fires kept burning in every hut all night.

Since the party is to last till dawn, any children who may get unduly tired are free to go to one of the huts and enjoy a sleep whenever they like; when

refreshed they can return to the party. If the party does not last the whole night, the children all sleep at the kraal of the person inviting them. Beds are quite unknown, for the people sleep in their blankets on grass mats, using blocks of wood for pillows. It is therefore a simple matter to find floor-space for a hundred visitors.

The Kafirs have no brightly lighted rooms with charming furniture and costly pictures; there are no soft carpets and draped curtains; nor are there any marble chimney-pieces. No carriages drive up to the door, and no liveried servants usher in the guests. The children creep in through a low doorway on their hands and knees, and find themselves in a large round hut with a fire burning in the centre of the floor. The smoke wanders round the blackened rafters and fills the hut, escaping as best it may through the dense thatch, which may be several feet thick. The walls of the hut are made of wattle and daub, and the floor consists of dried mud. Everything is of the colour of the earth, and at the back of the hut are to be seen some earthenware pots and calabashes. A tiny calf, or a few goats, may be tied up to one of the poles which support the roof, and a number of hens and dogs are sure to be found prowling round the hut, hunting for any small pieces of food they may chance to find.

When the visitors become accustomed to the smoke and darkness, they see some earth-coloured children putting the finishing strokes to their toilette, for there are no nurseries or nursery-maids. A number of gleaming eyes and glistening white teeth indicate these children.

As the guests arrive, one chubby little fellow about five years old is to be seen walking about with immense dignity; he looks as if he were weighted by vast State secrets which he is bursting to tell to some one. He

is the eldest son of "the great wife," and so takes precedence of his many elder brothers. This little boy, who is called the "Bull of the Kraal," runs up to each party of guests as it arrives, singles out some big boy, and confides to him in a loud stage whisper, and with a most confidential air, some great mystery. It is impossible to translate the baby-talk of one language into the baby-talk of another, without making use of a very free translation.

"I say; do you know? Don't tell any one, but we have got twenty-free mouses all being cooked with their skins on; and we've firteen ickle birds which are to be eaten on the hill in the dark; they have all got their fevers and moufs and heads and tails on; so they will be ever so nice; but you won't tell any one, will you? it's a secret." This pantomime is acted over again at the arrival of each fresh batch of children. Since the little boy is to be a chief one day, and since every one is in a good humour at the beginning of a party, all the big boys patronise the little chap in a fatherly fashion. It is always well to keep in with the prospective chief.

The first great interest of the evening centres in the food. The big boys eat by themselves, and the small boys by themselves; the girls club together for their food. In ordinary daily life, as we have seen in a previous chapter, the men eat their food first by themselves, and give what is over to the women and children. If there is not much meat, the men eat this by themselves, giving none to the women and children. But at a party, the children have the best of everything. The food may consist of the following: beef, mutton, goat and old hens; these are always boiled, unless small portions are cooked over the fire on little wooden skewers, or are placed on the embers. In addition to meat there is usually sour milk, pumpkins, fried locusts, Indian corn, and mice. But the favourite

food is beef. Eggs are not eaten in most tribes, for it is sometimes thought that the eating of eggs causes the eyes to squint. A number of small birds, caught in traps, are sure to be found roasting over the fire. Such birds are cooked with their feathers on, and without receiving any cleaning. The little "Bull of the Kraal" has informed every one by this time of the fact!

The Kafirs have no "tea-things," but the children are very fond of making small toy clay plates and dishes, which they dry in the sun and afterwards bake in the fire. These are arranged on the floor for the small guests, for of course tables and chairs are unknown. Wooden spoons are supplied for these parties. In Basutoland the children imitate their elders and make, not small plates of earthenware, for Basutos do not use such things, but small grass mats and baskets to eat the food off. Small toy pots are also made to cook portions of food in.

Black girls are denied the supreme pleasure of white girls which consists in "pouring out" at a tea-party; but one privileged girl is allowed to "preside at the pot" (of the girls) which is the Kafir equivalent to pouring out the tea. A big boy presides at the boys' pot, unless the little "Bull of the Kraal" is very importunate. Most of the food is eaten out of the fingers because forks are unknown. Big boys, however, frequently have pocket-knives nowadays, and feel very proud in producing them at parties.

The small children get themselves into a dreadful mess during meal-time, for they are not bothered with bibs or napkins. They smear their faces and bodies with their food, and at the end of the meal the dogs come up and lick them clean.

No sooner is the food eaten than the children clamour for a game involving violent exercise. They may play at "horses," or the big boys may start off

at once to disregard the coaching of their mothers; they cover themselves with blankets or karosses, tearing round the dark hut shouting "Woooo, Wooooo," at the top of their voices, in imitation of wolves. The small future chief, who was but a little while ago bursting with importance and with the desire to tell his State secrets, has a special fear of wolves; as soon as he sees the rough play of the big boys, and hears the dreaded sound of the imitation wolves, he runs off to his mother for protection. A tremendous romp ensues, and all the boys pretend to be wolves or other wild animals, till, after a long period of confusion, the head-man interferes and suggests a quieter game. So the boys play at "wagons," or else drag one another about the floor on old ox-skins. Then the perspiring children sit down and discuss the next game. A little boy about twelve years old seizes an old coat his father has brought from the Goldfields, takes a stick, and marshalls five or six diminutive boys who have lost their first teeth. The little fellow who is dressed up says, "I am a schoolmaster," and at once begins to teach the small boys their A, B, C. These three letters are known in kraals where masters or schools are unknown. So the little schoolmaster says to the row of small boys, "Now, say A, B, C."

The first tiny fellow begins, "A, B, Thee."

"Wrong," says the teacher; "hold out your hand; it is not Thee but C."

The child, who has no front teeth, says, "But I *didern't* thay Thee, I thaid THEEEEE."

"Exactly," says the inexorable teacher; "so hold out your hand and be beaten." Amid roars of laughter the schoolmaster pulls up his coat-sleeves, which are about a foot too long, hitches up the old pair of trousers, whose legs have been doubled up half a yard, and having thrashed the first child, says to the second boy, "Now, sir, say A, B, C."

The little fellow wriggles on his feet with confusion, and says, "But I can't thay it."

"Oh, you can't 'thay' it, can't you? Well, I'll teach you to 'thay' it. Now, sir, say A, B, C."

The embarrassed boy thinks that he may sound the letter correctly if he pronounces it with great emphasis. So he calls out, "A, B, FTHEEEE."

"Wrong again," says the teacher; "it is C, and not Ftheeee."

"But I can't fthay FFFTHEE; I've lost my tooths."

"Then hold out your hand, and I'll teach you to loose your 'tooths,'" says the mischievous teacher. Amid roars of laughter the small boy is beaten. After this the teacher pretends to get very angry, and makes the next boy say his A, B, Thee, rejoicing inordinately in the joke he is indulging in. The entire audience, men, women and children, roar with merriment, and call out, "Again, again." So the whole farce has to be re-enacted from the start. At last, however, some big boys pull the schoolmaster's borrowed plumes, one pulls his coat, another catches at his trousers, and in a few moments that game is over.

A big boy says that he has been away on a journey and has seen a Mission Station; he retires for a moment to the back of the hut, takes a piece of goat-skin with hair on it (or the hairy strands plucked from a mealie-cob), and gums this on to his face with the thick juice of the euphorbia plant; he borrows an old coat, a pair of trousers, and an odd boot, and then begins to play at Missionary. The other children, who do not really understand what they are saying, call out one after the other, "I am God," "I am his sister," "I am his auntie." Nothing has escaped the observation of the boy who acts as preacher; he parodies the Sunday service to the delight of the company present, imitates the action of playing the concertina, gives out a hymn from an imaginary book,

PLAYING AT HORSES (ZAMBESI)

and preaches a mock sermon in which he pillories every mistake in language made by the missionary, who thought that the sober face of his audience was a proof that his language was perfect. No mistake in the use of the language escapes the observation of the boys. The people living on a station get used to the endless mistakes of their missionary, and grow accustomed to his accent and pronunciation, but a strange boy is immensely tickled by these stereotyped mistakes which the courtesy of the people ignores. It is but natural that the missionary new to the country should make mistakes in the language. These mistakes are frequently very slight, arising from placing a wrong letter in a word, or some other such trifle. A young missionary in Swazieland, who disliked killing animals, wished to say to some boys, "Bring me a goat and kill it for me, and I will give you six shillings." Unfortunately, he made a mistake of a single letter when using the word for "goat," and asked the boy to bring a *rat* and kill it. The boys consequently brought a rat to church on Sunday, and amputated its head with a carving-knife before the face of the astonished missionary and congregation; then they demanded six shillings for having fulfilled their part of the contract. Such a mistake as this would cause endless merriment amongst the high-spirited boys at the next party.

So the play-preacher with a serious face, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, imitates all the errors he had noticed at the church service that he had attended, and finally calls up a small boy and girl, and pretends to marry them, amidst peals of laughter from the audience.

When the mock service is over, the boys propose playing at "lovers"; the girls are as keen as the boys over this amusement. The boys rush off into the dark with their sweethearts and build small temporary

huts with a few sticks, placing their blankets over the rough wickerwork erection. In these huts the small boys and girls play at husband and wife, the boy making the girl cook for him; they imitate every detail of the actual life of husband and wife.* Even little boys, who do not in the least understand what is taking place, want their sweethearts, and go up to big brothers or sisters—it does not matter which in their case—and beg them to act as sweethearts for the evening. Sometimes a big girl who is not a favourite of the boys, will humour the little fellow, and will build him a hut for fun.

Previous to the holding of the parties there is much bargaining with doctors for love-charms, which are innumerable amongst the Kafirs. A classification of such charms is impossible, but there seem to be four main varieties; a boy may use (1) charms to make him attractive in the eyes of his favourite girl; (2) charms to make the girl dream of him; (3) charms to make other boys (of whom his favourite girl may think highly) appear unattractive; (4) charms to counteract the charms used by others to make the girl dislike him. Everything, from the simplest weed in the veld up to imported steel magnets, is pressed into service, traders sometimes charging high prices for the most absurd charms, which may consist of anything likely to appeal to the imagination of the natives.

When it is thought that the lover's game is played out—and it takes a long time to play it out, for it is ever fresh—dancing is suggested. A dance is a never-failing source of delight to the children. The European must first empty his mind of all his ideas about dancing if he would understand how the Kafirs dance. To start with, boys and girls never join hands

* For a description of the *hlobonga* custom, which is indulged in on such occasions, the reader is referred to a Zulu dictionary: the custom cannot be described in a work of this nature.

or touch one another when dancing; the action of the arms and trunk is as important as, or more so than, that of the legs and feet; chanting is indulged in by the performers themselves; posturing forms a large part of the dance; and finally, jerking of the body in fantastic ways is essential.

There are three main types of dance held by the Fingos, for example. The *Umgubo* is danced sedately by men and women fairly well advanced in life. The chant used is sung in a slow and stately fashion, and the dancers are careful to avoid any excess in posturing. The *Ukubaca* is a wedding-song, and so the music is a little more lively, the dancing being in keeping with the music. Then there is the *Umsino*, which is very brisk, being the favourite dance of the young unmarried people. This gives great opportunity for a young man to show off his gracefulness and agility, for sticks are held in the hand during this dance. There are other dances which consist of the lewdest posturings.

The following rules hold, more or less, in most tribes. The children are told to keep time as they dance; they must sing, but must not force their voices or attract attention by loud singing; they must remember that certain posturings of the body are suitable for certain dances, and other postures suitable for different dances; clapping of hands is only allowed in certain dances. If they dance with sticks, they are told to raise the stick in the left hand while they lift the leg on the opposite side; they must not raise the stick on the same side as the leg they are lifting. The boys and girls have to keep the dancing-lines separate. There are dances at which only men perform, and others in which only women take part; sometimes men and women join in the same dance, but it is a general rule that boys should dance more briskly than the girls, who are supposed to move more slowly. There are dances in which

people need not pay any attention to the harmony of their chants, and in these dances the children may make what posturings they please. In Basutoland, during such dances the people call out "*Seweliwelele*" repeatedly, for it is an exclamation which is supposed to make people very excited and wild, and in such free dances wildness is part of the charm. When soldiers dance the war-dance, they do so solemnly and sedately, for people are about to die in the fight; boys are told that they must not imitate or make fun of it. For this reason they love to "play" this dance when they are not being watched. In wedding-dances the music chanted is in harmony with the words. Young men and women have a special dance which they engage in very smartly, using sticks to add to the gay effect. Let us try and picture the children dancing one of the Basutos dances in which the music is wild.

Imagine thirty boys in a row in the open air at night; they are clad in slender bead-work, or with the tails of wild animals tied in small bunches and suspended round their loins; the rest of the body is naked, except for bangles and ornaments. Opposite these boys are as many girls clad in blanket or skin petticoats of a scanty nature; frequently they are dressed only in very slight bead-work; round their arms, legs and waists are innumerable ornaments of brass or copper wire, or of bead-work. Every boy and girl holds a stick (or a bundle of sticks) in each hand. The dance begins with a low dull chant, to which all the dancers stamp the feet in time. Every now and then at certain turns in the chant, the rows move nearer to one another, and at other periods in the tune everybody lifts the right leg and left arm, bending the body into an awkward shape. The leg is poised in the air and suddenly thumped down on the ground. The music grows louder and faster, and the contortions of the limbs increase. Little children look on with

interest as the tune grows wilder. Suddenly every one sings out, "*Seweliwelele, Seweliwelele,*" and at the sound of these words the contortions of swaying and stamping bodies grow more fierce, and each dancer moves round and round a little faster on his own small patch of ground. Soon the singing increases to a tremendous pace, and every one shouts "*Seweliwelele, Seweliwelele,*" till a wild frenzy of excitement seizes the dancers, who stamp and jump, and swing their bodies in the most bizarre way. Every one vies with every one else to be as fantastic as possible. The appearance of the dancers in the moonlight is most weird, for it is chiefly on moonlight nights that these open-air dances are held. The shouting, contorted, perspiring boys and girls, each intent on his or her own tune and contortions, make the most absurd grimaces as they chant their song. The admiring crowd of onlookers, young and old, applaud the various dancers and egg them on to wilder attempts. Suddenly the whole dance collapses abruptly in a torrent of sound; then dancers and audience chatter and jabber about the fun they have had. A boy, who thinks he has been doing wonders before the eyes of the girl whose love he wants to win, goes up to her boldly to make love, and is repelled by the biting saying of the girl, whose heart is fixed on another boy, "A cat and a mouse do not associate." The boy feels his ardour damped by this spiteful saying, and vows he will tame the girl later on. Dance after dance is held till every one seems tired, though it is surprising what an amount of dancing can be indulged in without tiring the people.

When it is about an hour or so past midnight the great event of the party—so far as the boys are concerned—takes place. For this the boys have been watching all the evening. The head-man tells the big boys—what they knew hours ago—that he has a sheep cooking for them in a large pot. The boys all

fly off to the vessel, pull out the cooked sheep and tear it to pieces with their hands. Then they all rush off to some hill close by, where wood for fires has been collected before the party commenced; camp-fires are made, and the boys have a royal feast. 'It is at such times, when everything is in confusion in the kraal, that the boys pay out any grudges they owe to cantankerous women. The cats belonging to such women are stolen and carried off in the darkness, and are killed and cooked with their fur on. The unpopular aunt may complain next morning that she cannot for the life of her make out what has happened to her cat: it has vanished during the night; have any of the boys seen it? Though uncomfortably conscious of having eaten too much cat, and though they are feeling rather unwell from over-eating in general, the young culprits affect the utmost interest in the lost cat, and offer with unusual courtesy to go at once and hunt for it in the bush. Truly the Kafirs know how to pay out any person who makes himself or herself objectionable.

The cooked heart of the sheep is often impaled on a pointed stick, which is fixed in the ground. The biggest boy, whose hands are tied behind his back, tries to bite a mouthful out of the heart when it is fixed thus, and all the small boys are allowed to belabour him with sticks while he is trying to eat it. Then the next biggest boy has a bite under the same conditions, and as a result very little of the heart is left for the small ones. Lest the parents should think the tiny boys have received no share of the heart, the bigger boys smear the faces of the little ones with the half-cooked blood, and so the phrase, "You smear me with blood," comes to mean, "You accuse me falsely." The parents are supposed to imagine that since the faces of the small boys are bloodstained, they have had their due portion of the heart, though it is hard

to believe the fathers forget the customs of their boyhood. The small boys dare not complain to their elders, or they would get unmercifully beaten for not having the sportsmanlike quality of refusing to tell tales.

The boys produce from their pockets the most marvellous things. Most boys carry under their arms a small bag which is suspended from the neck. This bag does duty for a pocket. It is proverbial what the pockets of an English boy can contain, but the Kafir boys have no cause to be ashamed of their performances in this direction. Here is a list of things found in the pockets of a few Kafir boys: string made from grass, mice, old pieces of food, bangles, dead birds, pins, needles for sewing frayed skins (these needles have no eyes), wooden spoons, snuff-boxes, edible roots, Indian hemp and a small horn to smoke it with, tobacco-pipes made from roots of trees, caterpillars, and, finally, lizards. A weird confusion of such articles is turned out beneath the silent stars, and all that is edible is cooked over the fire. Thus the sheep is supplemented with mice, rats, lizards, caterpillars, birds, edible roots, and other things of a similar nature.

When the mutton has vanished—all except the skin and the bare bones which have been gnawed clean, broken, and robbed of the marrow—the boys wax fat and "coxy." Every one seems to develop a fighting spirit. It needs but a few whiffs of the intoxicating smoke of Indian hemp to precipitate matters. Sides are soon formed, possibly one set of kraals fighting another set as in real life. The boys all pretend to be soldiers; there may be as many as twenty or thirty boys on each side. To prevent confusion in the dark, the boys of one side deck themselves with white paint. If there should be no men looking on, a war-dance is indulged in, the war-song being sung slowly and solemnly in subdued voices, for in all things the boys

imitate their elders. The excitement grows as the song increases in volume and rhythm; before long the chant becomes boisterous and noisy, and when the spirit of the boys gets beyond control, the fighting commences in real earnest. Sticks are freely used, and many are the bruises received, and many are the scalps cut open. The natives say that in olden days boys were even killed in these midnight fights. There is such a strong sense of honour amongst the boys that they would scorn to "sneak" about their injuries, just as much as English boys at a public school would scorn to do so under similar circumstances. Wounds are patched up with a free coating of mud, and if any awkward questions should be asked next morning, the boys account for the suspicious-looking marks of mud, which rather accentuate than hide the wounds, by saying that they fell down hill in the dark, or got cut while playing games. The parents do not press their questions at such times, though they are shrewd enough to know what value to attach to the excuse.

Later on, swinging and dancing are indulged in on the hill-top, some suitable tree being selected for hanging the swing on. Games are played in the dark, and contests of skill are held. The boys do a good deal of betting over these contests in the darkness, and one may bet a hen, a goat, or some edible roots, when the comrade whom he idolises stands forth to fight a rival. If any one should misbehave himself, a court of imaginary chiefs is held to try the case. These boys' courts are often held in the veld by day, when the boys want to have some fun; but there is a peculiar charm in a court held at night. The ablest boy sits as chief, and the accused is brought before him; a full inquiry, with regular accusers and defenders, is instituted. But the decision of this play-court—like many of the more serious ones in after life—is fixed in advance. If the boy be popular, he

is sure to be acquitted, but if he be not liked, he is certain to be found guilty. The boys thus pay out any one who makes himself disagreeable. The victim when found guilty is often tied to a stick, and another boy is told off to beat him; the blanket is, of course, removed for the operation, and the beating, which is given in real earnest, is usually taken in silence, for tears would but lead to a more severe thrashing for cowardice. But sometimes, in addition to corporal punishment, the little fellow is condemned to fag after the cattle all the next day, and is not allowed to eat any food in the veld, having to look on while the others enjoy themselves. If the weather should be cold—and children hate the winter, for they say the country is then desolate and devoid of edible berries—the boy may be made to go long distances to fetch wood for a fire in the veld, at which the others warm themselves, while the victim is made to sit far away from the fire, and is left to shiver in the cold.

Before returning to the huts at the first streak of dawn, the boys sit round the fire telling stories, all bragging of their prowess. At length a move is made to the huts, and an uproarious crowd of naked boys is seen sweeping down the hill with blankets waving from many an arm, for a race is being held, and blankets are carried on the arm so as not to impede the movement.

All the time the boys have been enjoying their midnight orgy on the hill, the girls have been occupied with quieter pursuits; some have been playing with clay dolls, and others have been gossiping about their sweethearts, while not a few have coaxed an old grandmother into a good temper, and have persuaded her to tell them some of the old nursery-tales, samples of which have been given in the preceding chapter. During the night some of the smaller children have

been sleeping peacefully in another hut, having been worn out with excitement.

The return of the boys, who rush into the kraal like a hurricane, is the sign for the party to break up. Blankets are fetched out, and the tired children go to say good-bye to the head-man, shake hands with the women, and then emerge from the hut on hands and knees. There are many last words between the departing guests, and slowly a number of straggling rows of children file off along the various pathways to their respective homes. The children walk home with wavering, unsteady gait, for most of them are tired, and all of them are grumbling and cross. As the children reach home everything looks dreary in the false light of dawn; the old people are cross at being roused too early from their slumber, and resent the barking of the dogs and the sudden intrusion of the children. There arises a confused noise from the shouting out of angry orders to children and dogs; children are crying or simpering; the very cocks and hens are flying about the hut, for they have been disturbed from their roosts. Every one votes parties a nuisance; the girls wish they were boys to enjoy the midnight feast on the hill; the boys are aching in limb and bruised in body; the parents are suffering from the irritability that comes from a disturbed sleep. Yet with wonderful wisdom everybody will look forward to the next party with delight, not being one whit disillusionised by the memory of their experiences. It would be hard to recognise in these grumbling, weary, bedraggled boys and girls the eager and excited children who started off for the party but twelve hours previously with such gaiety and joy.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

IDHLOZI AND ITONGO: THE PERMANENCE OF THE SELF

It is doubtful whether a white man will ever fully understand the thoughts of a Kafir on the subject of religious beliefs. The most we can hope for is to arrive at an approximation to the truth. The following note is therefore presented with considerable hesitancy, for, in spite of its positive tone, it is purely tentative; the reader is warned that the whole subject is most debatable.

Having taken an amateur interest for fifteen or sixteen years in the meaning of the words *idhlozi* and *itongo*, I have asked a considerable number of missionaries to explain the difference between the words. Without exception all have stated that there is no distinction in the meaning of these words. When it has been objected that it is very unlike the natives to have two words for a single thing of such importance, the answer has been, that, in spite of the strangeness of the matter, the two words have no distinction in meaning. Bryant's *Zulu Dictionary* gives the following translation of these two words: "I(LI)DHLOZI, *n.* Spirit of a man, when gone from the body in death; ancestral spirit, *q.e.*, spirit of some former member of family = i(li)Tongo." On turning to the other word, the following is found: "I(LI)TONGO, *n.* Ancestral spirit = i(li)Dhlozi." Thus the words seem to be interchangeable and synonymous.

To test the accuracy of this universal statement I have from time to time asked many natives as to what the distinction between these two words might be. One and all have com-

plained that the European wrongly states that they are synonymous. The natives consulted have all said that it is quite true that the two words are used nowadays, even by natives, as though they were synonymous; but they equally agree that in their grandfathers' days the words had entirely separate meanings. When asked how the misunderstanding arose, a most intelligent native told me that he remembered being puzzled on the subject when he was a boy, for he heard some old men confusing these words in speech. He asked his grandfather why he used these two words as though they meant the same thing; the old man replied that natives never confused the words in olden days, but that when white men asked for an explanation of these two words the natives tried to explain the difference. The white men, as usual, asked leading questions, saying, "These two words mean the same thing, don't they?" A Kafir could only give one answer to a question put in such a way. Wishing to please the white man, and disliking the trouble of explaining a distinction that was somewhat subtle and none too clear to their own minds, the natives answered, "Yes, they mean the same thing." It must be remembered that Kafirs do not naturally think out such problems. The old man told his son that since they began to misuse these words when speaking to white men, they also formed the habit of using the words carelessly even when talking among themselves. And so the words are used nowadays as though they were synonymous. Possibly, therefore, a dictionary which must give the modern usage of words is quite justified in saying that the words are synonymous. They have become so.

This contention of the above-mentioned native has been corroborated by others along the same line. Without for a moment suggesting that the following distinctions are proved, it may be well to give an outline of the distinctions given me by natives. (The contention that the word *idhlozi* may be connected with the word *Umkosi* or even with *Inkosi*, and the fact that the ancestral spirits are sometimes called *Amakosi*, have a very doubtful bearing on what follows, but reference

in this connection may be made to those words in Bryant's dictionary.)

(1) The *idhlozi* is an individual thing, and so every person has an *idhlozi* of his own. The *itongo* is a corporate thing, and various members of a family have part of the *itongo* of the same grandfather. It is the *amatongo* who are the "ancestral spirits."

(2) The *idhlozi* is born with the child in the ordinary course of nature, no ceremony being required to impart it to a baby. The *itongo* is not born with a child, but is imparted to it by a ceremony after birth. (So far as I can find out there is no Totem-ceremony performed in infancy.)

(3) The *idhlozi* is never lost during life, for it cannot be forfeited even if the person should become a Christian. The *itongo* can depart from a person who abandons tribal custom. It then returns to the grandfather or to the bosom of the *amatongo* from whence it came out. The *idhlozi* would thus seem to be an inalienable part of the man's individuality, while the *itongo* can only be retained in connection with the life of the clan.

(4) At death the *idhlozi* continues its individual life, and generally lives near the grave of the dead man. The *itongo* does not haunt the grave, but lives in the hut of the living members of the family. Thus it would seem as if the *idhlozi* represented fairly well the European conception of a ghost, which haunts the place of death or burial, the *itongo* being more like the theologian's immanent Divine Spirit in man.

(5) At death the *idhlozi* may enter a snake or whatever the totem-animal of the clan may be. The *itongo* never enters the totem, nor does it seem to have anything to do with it. Is it possible that the *itongo* and the *idhlozi* were developed during two different stages of culture and progress, the *idhlozi* being the relic of the totem stage, while the *itongo* was developed later?

(6) Offerings are frequently made to the *itongo*, but rarely to the *idhlozi*; such offerings to the *itongo* are usually placed on the *Umsamo*, or that part of the hut where goods are stored.

The offering placed in the grave of the dead man at his burial may be intended for his *idhlozi* to feed on; but the matter is not quite clear in the minds of the Kafirs.

(7) The *idhlozi* does not as a rule appear to people in dreams: it is the *itongo* which causes men to dream and which visits them thus. When a man has a dreamless night he says the *itongo* (and not the *idhlozi*) has gone visiting its friends.

(8) Sickness is not sent by the *idhlozi* but by the *itongo*. All the Kafirs I have questioned critically are strong on this point. Some even state that *itongo* was originally a name for a special kind of sickness sent by the ancestral spirits.

(9) The *idhlozi* cannot transcend space; if it is present in the snake, or totem, which visits the kraal, then, so long as it is in the snake, it is not in the grave; if it is in the grave, it is not in the totem. But the *itongo* has the power of being in several places at once. Thus, it may be living in the huts of a number of different people at one and the same time, and can also, at the same time, be an immanent spirit in several people as if it were a deity or being of wide powers. A man has a whole *idhlozi* to himself; a hundred individuals may share the *itongo*.

(10) An animal might have an *idhlozi*, even as a dog might have a ghost: but no animal could have an *itongo*. When I have asked natives whether a dog or an ox could possibly have an *idhlozi*, they have generally been taken back by the question, and have said that they never heard the idea mentioned before; but on reflection they have said that there is no reason why a cow should not have an *idhlozi*. Asked whether she could have an *itongo*, the natives have laughed out, "No, no, no; quite impossible; who ever heard of a cow with an *itongo*? Oh, no, no, an animal could not possibly have an *itongo*." It is difficult to see how the words can be synonymous in the face of this clear distinction.

(11) When a tribe migrates, the *idhlozi* of the grandfather remains near his grave, while the *itongo* travels with the tribe.

(12) After death the *idhlozi* lives for a limited time. A European ghost seems vaguely to die out of men's memory—

in which alone, indeed, it lived and had its being. Even so, as soon as there is no one to remember the actual grandfather, his *idhlozi* ceases to live in the people's minds; his successor attracts the attention of the living. (Whether the *idhlozi* actually is annihilated or not, the Kafir never stops to consider; probably the idea of annihilation never entered his head till Europeans placed it there.) But the *itongo* has a long-continued and vigorous existence. The *itongo*, being a corporate thing, has a long life even in the memory of the people. The individual *idhlozi* gets forgotten owing to neglect, while the *itongo* lives through constant attention, for it is prayed to continually. The light that this throws on the Kafir's ideas as to the permanency of the self is suggestive.

(13) There was an old Zulu ceremony, which is being forgotten nowadays. When a chief or head-man was dying, the heir was brought to the dying man that the brass bangle worn round the forearm of the head-man might be taken off the dying man and placed on the forearm of the heir. All the members of the family had then to kiss the bangle. It was said that by this ceremony the *itongo* (not *idhlozi*) possessed by the dying man was passed on to the heir. If the heir were to sell that bangle, he and his family or clan would lose the *itongo*, which would return to the grandfather. The members of the family would then become fools, devoid of good luck; and they would lack the mental qualities which are essential to success in the life of the kraal. But none of them would lose their *amadhlozi*. My informant took me to a kraal where the head-man had sold this bangle, and pointed out to me the fact that since the selling of that bangle every member of that family had become a drunkard, or a waster, or hopelessly depraved by excessive smoking of hemp. The Kafirs in the neighbouring kraals all say that this result is due to the fact that the people have now no *itongo*, though they say each of these people has an *idhlozi*.

The above points were elicited by a great many discussions with natives, and force one to regard the *itongo* as wholly different in every possible sense from the *idhlozi*. The Kafirs

consulted did not all agree as to every detail, for most of them said that natives nowadays thought very little about such subjects. One of the difficulties in investigating such questions consists in the fact that those natives who are able to explain their thoughts have unconsciously absorbed European ideas in a distorted fashion. They love to find analogies between Kafir and European thought, and show plainly that they do not really understand Western ideas.

The conclusion of the matter seems to be that what we would call the man's personality is split up at death into two things: the *idhlozi*, or ghost, retains its individuality, and lives on for a variable period close to the grave, slowly dying out in course of time; the *itongo*, or spirit, retains a certain amount of individuality so long as the people in the kraal remember the dead man; when those who knew him in flesh and blood have died off, the *itongo* becomes merged in the corporate "spirits of the ancestors." The *idhlozi* is the individual side, while the *itongo* is the corporate or clan side of the personality. Consequently the living are more interested in the *itongo* of a man than in his *idhlozi*. It must never be forgotten, however, that the Kafirs have not thought out the philosophy of the thing. The white man has to interpret to the Kafir the logical conclusion of his vague ideas.

APPENDIX B

TRIBAL VARIATIONS OF BIRTH CUSTOMS

EVEN in Zululand many details in the ceremonies described in the text have long since been discontinued, so that only the old people remember them. This same proviso must be borne in mind when any custom is described, for since European civilisation has been in contact with native customs, the latter have suffered great changes. There are also slight tribal or clan modifications of every detail in the list of ceremonies described, which must be regarded as an attempt to weave together isolated scraps of information received from various native sources so as to construct the original pattern or primitive type adopted by black men. It is quite common for the mother to be isolated for but a day or two in what old Kafirs regard as " these degenerate days." In some clans the mother is said to be isolated for seven days if her child be a boy, and for three days if it be a girl. In Gazaland the period of seclusion is usually five days. In other districts the mother's seclusion is supposed to last until the cord sloughs off from the baby. (The cord is usually severed midway between the mother and child.) It will be seen that the period of seclusion varies immensely, and no rule on the point is held with any strictness. In Basutoland the mother does not smoke her child over a fire made with scented wood, nor does she smear her own hut; this is done for her by the midwives on the eighth day after the birth of her child. As soon as her child is born, the people place a reed outside her hut, which is understood to be a sign that a child has recently been born. According to one of the nursery-tales common amongst all South African tribes, men

were originally " broken off " from a reed, or " came out " from a bed of reeds. The accounts of this origin of mankind have many variations, and it is difficult to get hold of the exact idea in the mind of the natives, who usually say that white men have much misrepresented their meaning in regard to this matter. But the presence of a reed outside the hut is a sign to the Basutos that no one may enter the hut without first obtaining permission. Casalis says that the Basutos have also a queer way of informing the father of the birth of his child. If the child should happen to be a boy, a friend walks up to the father from behind his back, and hits him on the shoulders with a sharp instrument ; if the child should be a girl, a calabash of water is thrown over the father.

There is considerable variation concerning the date on which the feast of purification is made, and concerning the " ox of the ancestors " which is given to the girl on her marriage. In some tribes, as, for example, the Fingos south of Basutoland, there is no ox of the ancestors at all ; in other tribes, as in the case of the Basutos, this ox is killed on the day of marriage ; while in other tribes this ox is sacred and is never killed, except when ordered by the diviner in times of great family disaster. In consequence of these variations there is concomitant variation in the custom of placing a hair from the tail of the cow round the child's neck. A striking thing about tribal variations in customs is that it frequently happens that when one tribe abandons a custom a neighbouring tribe, which never practised it before, adopts it. There is therefore a continual but slow change of tribal customs which tend to move in cycles.

There is a rite performed when the child is about ten days old, that is said to have been practised by the Zulus, though I have been unable to find any Zulu who has seen it practised. Some modern Zulus say the custom has lapsed, as it was found to do no good ; but this excuse is palpably artificial. The parents are said to have taken the child into the veld, and to have placed it in a large hole dug in the ground. Earth was filled in till the baby was buried up to

its neck. The parents then walked away to a distance where the mother wailed as if for a dead person, refusing to look back at her child when it cried. It was thought that if she were to look back at her baby, the charm would not only be spoiled, but evil would also befall the child through life. When the baby had been left for a sufficient time in this half-buried condition, the mother and father returned, took it out of the hole, and caressed it most affectionately. It is difficult to get at the real import of this custom, for the people scarcely know how to explain the rite. It may be a method of appealing to the tender hearts of the *amatongo*, who are thus induced to take a special interest in the child, being touched by the wailing of the mother; or it may be that the people in olden days imagined that their babies were changelings which some sorcerer had given them instead of the real child born to them; by the burying rite it may have been thought that the *amatongo* gave back the original child.* If we must choose between these two explanations, it would seem preferable to choose the former, for the latter theory is somewhat too fine-spun for a Kafir's brain to conceive. The former idea is in keeping with the custom of wailing during periods of excessive rain or thunder, so as to make the heavens melt in tenderness at the sorrow of the people, and thus to cause the sky to stop the rain or thunder out of pity for the people.

Though this burying custom seems to have died out in many districts, yet a very similar custom is observed at times of severe epidemics. A number of mothers go to a sandy spot, each carrying a small baby on her back. Having arrived at the spot selected, a number of holes are dug in the sand, and the infants are buried up to their necks; then the mothers retire and wail for a short period, after which they dig out their babies, which are thus rendered immune to the disease.

With regard to the period at which the father is allowed to see the baby, there seems to be much variation, the rules on this

* A somewhat similar custom is practised in Syria. *See* Robertson Smith, *Religion of the Semites*, new edition, p. 174.

point not being very strict. In Gazaland the father must not see his child until the cord drops from the baby in the course of nature. As he enters the hut to pay his first visit to his child, he has to step on to a piece of white cloth laid on the floor.

APPENDIX Ç

FERTILISING THE CROPS, &c.

CONSIDERABLE importance attaches to the method of fertilising the crops referred to in the text, for it throws light on the methods recorded in Frazer's *Golden Bough*.

The details of the process as practised by the Zulus are as follows. The doctor selects the corpse of a man who has died in full vigour, and proceeds to cut minute portions of tissue from the foot, the leg, the arm, the face, and the nail of a single finger. These portions are so minute that a cursory glance at the corpse reveals no traces of its having been tampered with. I have heard that even medical officers, when making a *post-mortem* examination, have at first overlooked these excisions of skin. But the most important part of the medicine consists in the dead man's generative organs, which are removed entire. All these selected portions of the corpse are dried, after having been fried with herbs and other medicines in an earthenware pot over a slow fire. The fried medicines are ground to powder, and the whole mass is made into a round ball about the size of the fist. Small portions of this ball are sown all over the fields.

Other methods of increasing the productiveness of the fields are also used. A small plant (pink gladiolus) is kept in the seed-pot, and is said to increase the productiveness of such seed. The vomit of wild animals, such as lions, is also said to be very valuable for the purpose. Sometimes a pregnant woman grinds corn, which is subsequently burnt amongst the half-grown crops; this custom is thought to fertilise them.*

* These three facts are gathered from Byrant's *Zulu-English Dictionary*.

In addition, there are many customs for killing locusts and other pests. The locust cure is as follows. An ant-heap is cleared out, and a sparrow's nest, which has been built under the eaves of one of the huts, is placed in it. Special wood is brought from the mountains and is piled up till the ant-heap is full. The wood is made to burn furiously, the fire being fed with the special wood till the earth is red-hot. A number of locusts (in the hopping stage) are thrown into the fire, and the hole in the ant-heap is filled in with clay. The women in the district have to abstain from washing for six days, at the end of which period the charm is considered to be complete. No locust pest is expected for at least a year after this charm has been performed.

Caterpillar pests are removed by a number of small girls who go singing through the fields. They wail as they pass through the affected crops, and thus invoke the aid and pity of some ancestral spirits. The ceremony closes with a dance on a plot of ground overlooking the fields.

APPENDIX D

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

THE case of the baby referred to in the text may be but an instance of the awakening of what Mr. Chauncey Wright has called *the outward self-consciousness.* Two or three short extracts from *Mental Evolution in Man,* by Romanes, may be given :

" Alike in conflict, rivalry, sense of liability to punishment or vengeance, &c., the truth is continually being borne in upon the mind of an animal that it is a separate individuality ; and this though it be conceded that the animal is never able, even in the most shadowy manner, to think about itself as such. In this way there arises a sort of ' outward self-consciousness,' which differs from true or inward self-consciousness only in the absence of any attention being directed upon the inward mental states as such. This outward self-consciousness is known to us all, even in adult life—it being but comparatively seldom that we pause in our daily activities to contemplate the mental processes of which these activities are the expression." (*Loc. cit.* p. 199.)

" All observers are agreed that for a considerable time after a child is able to use words as expressive of ideas, there is no vestige of true self-consciousness." (*Loc. cit.* p. 200.)

" The change of a child's phraseology from speaking of self as an object to speaking of self as a subject does not take place —or but rarely so—till the third year. When it has taken place we have definite evidence of true self-consciousness, though still in a rudimentary stage." (*Loc. cit.* p. 201.)

Unfortunately, it only occurred to me to test the age at

which Kafir children commenced to refer to themselves as subjects too late to make any adequate inquiries on the point. It would be very easy for people living amongst the natives to record the result of their observations on this point.

The passage in the text referring to the way in which a dog bit its tail, recalls a passage from Professor Sully's *Outlines of Psychology:*

"*The Pictorial or Bodily Self.*—The first crude idea of a self arises in the child's mind in connection with the perception of his own organism. This is from the outset known as an object different from external objects, partly by its continuous presentation, and still more by its intimate connection with his painful and pleasurable sensations. It is only gradually that he attains to his first differentiation of the self from the not-self. Thus it has been observed by Preyer that his boy when more than a year old bit his own arm just as though it had been a foreign object. This first stage of self-representation, in which self is the ever-present body that feels, seems to correspond roughly at least to the early period of life in which the child speaks of himself by his proper name. In this crude idea of self, before the meaning of the 'I' becomes clear, we have to suppose that the child does not fully realise the opposition of self and not-self, but rather tends to regard himself as a kind of thing after the analogy of other objects.

"*The Inner or Mental Self.*—This pictorial representation of the body remains an integral part of the idea of self throughout its development, forming, indeed, its fixed presentative base. The next stage in the development of the idea of the ego is the separation of an inner or mental self from the body. The child is led on to this by a closer attention to his pleasurable and painful sensations, more particularly the organic sensations, with their preponderant accompaniment of feeling, which play so prominent a part in early life, and which are known to constitute the organic basis of the later self-consciousness. As he learns to abstract from outer things and attend to his sensations, his desires, and his actions, he begins to form a dim conception of an inner self. His power of doing things

when he wishes, would be among the most interesting of the manifestations of this self, and among the first to attract his attention.

"This idea of an inner self would not, however, attain any great clearness until the development of the life of ideation, as distinguished from the observation of external things, had reached a certain point. It is only when this inner representative life is sufficiently strong and coherent to assert itself against the more powerful stimuli of sense, and when as a consequence of this the child begins to realise the difference between imagining and actually perceiving, that he is able to demarcate the self from the not-self.

"This attainment of an idea of a self is greatly aided by language. The fact that the child is always addressed by one and the same name has a powerful effect in impressing on his mind the fact of his individuality. Still more effective is the use of the second person, you (or thou), in bringing home to him this idea of himself. By the use of such language, as in condoling with the child when hurt, in inquiring as to his feelings, in asking him whether he wishes to do something, and so forth, his companions have a very powerful means of directing his attention to his inner states." (*Loc. cit.* pp. 295, 296.)

APPENDIX E

THE USE OF THE LEFT HAND, AND VARIATIONS IN NAMING THE FINGERS

It is said amongst the old Zulus that no person of importance ever counted with his left hand. They admit that the common people sometimes used both hands thus, but maintain that no one of good birth and breeding would have thought of doing so. Even to-day a child is taught never to give anything with the left hand. When a child offers something to another with the left hand the old people hit the hand without speaking to the child; and they go on hitting the hand till the child sees its mistake. If the child should drop the article through pain, the old people pick the thing up and give it to the child into its right hand, as a sort of prompting suggestion. If a child should eat porridge with the left hand, the people place both of the hands of the child into the hot porridge as an object-lesson. The left hand is used for mean purposes such as scraping away dirt, and so it must not be used for other purposes. If a child should seem to be naturally left-handed, the people pour boiling water into a hole in the earth, and place the child's left hand in the hole, ramming the earth down round it; by this means the left hand becomes so scalded that the child is bound to use the right hand. This dislike to using the left hand led the people to count only with the right hand; and so it is said that in olden days the number six would have been represented by holding up all the fingers of the right hand, closing them quickly, and then holding up the right little finger. If an old Zulu held up all the fingers of the right hand thrice and then held up his middle finger of the right hand, the number indicated was eighteen. Occasionally they held up all

the fingers of the left hand bunched together when they wanted to indicate one, but this seems to have been a plan of more recent growth. The old people who assert these facts admit that when they saw white men using ten fingers to count with, they followed the custom ; but even to-day in some out-of-the-way places the Zulus retain the old custom, and count only with the right hand. But the other method of counting with ten fingers has already become stereotyped in the language of the people.

That the method of counting with the ten fingers is now common amongst the Zulus is shown by the fact that this is the method described in Bryant's new Zulu dictionary, where an entirely different set of names from that given in the text is given for the fingers. (*See* under *Ucikicane*.) Mr. Hawkins assures me that the people around his Mission station in Zululand all count as in the method given in Bryant's dictionary. The following is the list supplied to me by a Zulu who maintained that only the right hand was used in counting. The translation is also his.

Right hand :

(1) Little finger : *Ucikicane* = This is the little one that goes into the ear. (The word is onomatopœic, and is said to represent the sound caused by " waggling " the end of the little finger in the ear. No other finger will fit the ear in the case of a native ; the sound of the two clicks in the word represents the tinkling sound caused by the action wonderfully well.)

(2) Ring finger : *Umunwe Munya* = the finger next to ten. (This meaning seems somewhat to contradict the alleged counting with only one hand.)

(3) Middle finger : *Umunwe mute* = the long finger.

(4) Index finger : *Unkota* = the one used for licking or scraping up things.

(5) Thumb : *Untupa* = the dwarf.

There is no need to point out the bearing of the above on the subject of ambidextry.

APPENDIX F

THE GREGARIOUS TENDENCY

In the games and work of Kafir children there is much that looks like sheer animal love for gregarious fellowship. A small boy will tickle or scratch another, provided the other will scratch him in return. This reminds one of the Kafir proverb, "The cow licks the one that licks her." At an earlier stage the child expects to be scratched without giving any *quid pro quo*; at a later stage a Kafir will do a good turn for another, without expecting any return: he begins to realise that his friend is a person, and that he has similar feelings to his own.

Professor Baldwin writes:

"It is evident that if the objective epoch precedes the subjective—if the child gets objects and reacts upon them without reflection, first, and only later deliberates upon their meaning to himself, and then aims at his own pleasure or profit in his behaviour towards them—it is evident that there will be a great difference between the way he looks at other persons at these two stages of his growth respectively. Before he understands himself, that is, during the objective epoch, he cannot understand others, except as they are also objects of a certain kind; but in learning to understand himself, he also comes to understand them, as like himself, that is, as themselves having objects to act toward and upon just as he does. Here are, therefore, four very distinct phases of the child's experience of persons not himself, all subsequent to his purely *affective* or pleasure-pain epoch; first, persons are simply *objects*, parts of the material going on to be presented, mainly sensations

which stand out strong, &c.; second, persons are very peculiar objects very interesting, very active, very arbitrary, very portentous of pleasure or pain. If we consider these objects as fully presented, *i.e.*, as in due relationship to one another in space, projected out, and thought of as external, and call such objects again *projects*, then persons at this stage may be called *personal projects*. They have certain peculiarities afterwards found by the child to be the attributes of personality; third, his own actions issuing from himself, largely by imitation, as we shall see, in response to the requirements of this 'projective' environment, having his own organism as their centre, and his own consciousness as their theatre, give him light on himself as *subject;* and, fourth, this light upon himself is reflected upon other persons to illuminate them as also subjects, and they to him then become *ejects* or social fellows. . . . If by 'project' or persons we understand the infant's consciousness of others before he is conscious of himself, by 'subject' his consciousness of himself, and by 'eject,' as Clifford suggested, his consciousness of other persons as similar to himself, we have, I think, safer terms than before and, at the same time, full opportunity to define the content of each as the facts require.

"The parallelism with animal development is quite clear from this new point of approach. The only stage for which an evident analogy has not been pointed out by other writers is that called 'projective.' Now in the fact of herding, common life and arrangements for the protection of the herd, animal societies of various kinds, animal divisions of labour, &c.—whatever be the origin of it—we have what seems to be such an epoch in animal life. These creatures show a real recognition of one individual by another, and a real community of life and reaction, which is quite different from the individualism of a purely sensational and unsocial consciousness. And yet it is just as different from the reflective organisation of human society, in which self-consciousness and personal volition of the individual play the most important *rôle*. I see no way of accounting for the gregarious instinct anywhere,

except on the assumption of such an epoch of animal consciousness." *

The above extract from Professor Baldwin's book throws much light on the subject of the "Dawn of Self-consciousness," as well as on some details of the social order developed by the children, and described in the above chapter on "Work." In the case of the Kafirs it would seem as if the development from "project," through "subject," to "eject," were very slow. Even in adolescence there seems to be something of the "project" stage visible. Is it possible that the existence of the clan-system indicates the fact that the race has not as yet fully emerged into the "eject" stage? The rights of the individual are often ignored in the interests of the demands of the clan. When the claims of the individual are clearly seen, there arises a discontent with the clan-system and the way in which it tramples on the interests of the individual. The Kafirs are the most gregarious of beings: when they become "educated" they lose some of this pleasant characteristic.

* *Mental Development in the Child and the Race*, pp. 17–19.

APPENDIX G

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF PLAY

"AMONG man's surviving instincts none is more important nor presents features of greater interest than the love of play. Young animals of a purely instinctive species, most insects for example, never sport. Their lives are entirely businesslike. Play would be useless to them, since their bodies develop without exercise, and their minds without experience. Young ants are said to play, and the statement is very probable, for their power of making mental acquirements is very great. . . . The young of the higher animals, however, are full of play. The kid, the kitten, the puppy, the young monkey, and the young elephant spend their lives in eating, sleeping, and especially in sporting. The higher the animal the more capable of making physical and mental acquirements, the more sportive it is. Man, unlike most animals, loves sport even in extreme old age, because even in old age he is somewhat capable of learning. It is a significant fact that the sport that every animal loves and follows in youth is such as exactly fits it for the future business of its life. The kid delights in climbing steep places. The kitten goes elaborately into ambush and stalks and pounces just as the old cat does later in life. The puppy sports in quite a different fashion. His play is a pretence at furious pursuit and fighting—but only a pretence; his instinct prevents the infliction of injuries on his companions. The young monkey delights in climbing trees. His eager curiosity, his very mischievousness, are due to instinct, and are indications of his high powers of making mental acquirements. Similarly, games that children delight in are all educational. The very young child is content with play that involves mere 'physical'

activity. When the baby moves his limbs aimlessly, he is learning to move them purposefully. When he crawls on hands and knees or totters on uncertain feet he is learning to co-ordinate his muscles that he may be active; he is supplying them with the stimulus necessary for growth that he may be strong. The little girl dandles her doll as later she will dandle her baby. The little boy for ever pits his strength against the skill and strength of his childish companions, as later he will pit them against the skill and strength of adult competitors, and as his savage ancestors pitted them against the competitors and the wild beasts with which they contended. The games of older children, especially those of boys, almost always involve a contest. Not only do they tend to increase strength and activity, but the intellectual faculties are brought into play and developed. This intellectual element in sport increases as the individual approaches maturity, since long after his body has ceased to grow, his mind is still capable of some increase. After maturity active sports do no more than maintain the previously acquired physical development, or supply temporary additions to it.

"Play is in fact educational. Without it the higher animals could not reach their full development; the stimuli necessary for the growth of their bodies and minds would be lacking. The first and by far the most important part of a child's education, therefore, is achieved by itself through the medium of sport aided by the instincts of imitation and curiosity. On the foundation thus laid it is possible for the parent or teacher to build. Without that foundation all formal education would be impossible; for nothing the parent could do or say would convey any meaning to the blank mind of the baby; by no imaginable means could the child be taught to co-ordinate its muscles or think rationally. Play, a new instinct, which has been evolved in the higher animals, therefore, brings into effective operation the new power of making physical and mental acquirements."*

* Archdall Reid. *The Principles of Heredity*, 2nd edition, pp. 241–243.

The following quotation from Professor Baldwin throws further light on the subject:

"The phenomena of the infant consciousness are simple, as opposed to reflective; that is, they are the child's presentations or memories simply, not his own observations of them. In the adult consciousness the disturbing influences of inner observation is a matter of notorious moment. It is impossible for me to know exactly what I feel, for the apprehending of it through the attention alters its character. My volition also is a complex thing of alternatives, one of which is my personal pride and self-conscious egotism. But the child's emotion is as spontaneous as a spring. The effects of it in the mental life come out in action, pure and uninfluenced by calculation and duplicity and adult reserve. There is around every one of us a web of convention and prejudice of our own making. Not only do we reflect the social formalities of our environment, and thus lose the distinguishing spontaneities of childhood, but each one of us builds up his own little world of seclusion and formality with himself. We are subject not only to 'idols of the forum,' but also to 'idols of the den.'

"The child, on the contrary, has not learned his own importance, his pedigree, his beauty, his social place, his religion, his paternal disgrace; and he has not observed himself through all these and countless other lenses of time, place, and circumstance. He has not yet turned himself into an idol, nor the world into a temple; and we can study him apart from the complex accretions which are later deposits of his self-consciousness.

"Perhaps one of the best illustrations we can find of the value of this consideration in the study of the child-mind is seen in the reversion to the child-type occasioned by hypnotism. One of the signal services of hypnotism, I think, is the demonstration of the intrinsic motor force of an idea. Any idea tends at once to realise itself in action. All conventionalities, proprieties, alternatives, hesitations, are swept away, and the developed mind reveals its skeleton structure, so to speak, its composition from reactive elements. But hypnotism

need not have been waited for to show this. The patient observation of the movements of a child during his first year would have put it among the safest generalisations of the science of mind. In the absence of alternative considerations, reflections, the child acts, and act it must, on the first suggestion which has the faintest meaning in terms of its sensations of movement." *

The motor force of an idea is very clearly seen in the case of the play of savage children, who are less self-conscious than civilised children. No sooner does an idea enter the head of a small Kafir child, than he wishes to realise his idea in action. A child sees another do a certain thing; the idea which the observed action produces at once urges the child to imitate the action he has seen. If adults are looking on, the child represses his inclinations. If the child is free from external causes of inhibition, he at once imitates the action, and finds pleasure in so doing. No wonder such games as "Follow my leader" are world-wide; they are natural, and arise spontaneously without suggestion from grown-up people. The children educate their nerve-muscle mechanism, and learn useful adaptations by means of games. The more a teacher studies the games of children, the better able will he be to make lessons pleasant and effective.

A striking literary recognition of the motor force of an idea is seen in the case of the charming essay on *Dream Children*, by Lamb. The children realise so vividly the story that is being told them—in the dream—that they unconsciously imitate the chief actions described. This essay alone would show that Lamb had remarkable powers of observation.

* *Mental Development in the Child and the Race*, pp. 4, 5.

APPENDIX H

THE DANGER OF LOOKING BACKWARDS

It must have sorely puzzled the inquisitive minds of many European children why Lot's wife should have suffered such calamities for the apparently small sin of looking backwards. But the idea that evil consequences are certain to follow such an action under some conditions is widely spread amongst primitive peoples. Three examples may be added to that already referred to in the text on p. 24.

When a small child is sick, it is sometimes told to go to an ant-bear's hole, and to call out, "Imbulu, come and stand on my back." The child has then to kneel down on all fours, and must wait to see whether the ant-bear will come and do as requested. It is thought that if the animal can be persuaded to stand on the back of the child, the sickness will depart. But the child must not turn round so as to look at the ant-bear; it must scamper off home, without once looking round, or the sickness will overtake it.

When a small child is ill, it is sometimes taken to an ant-heap and washed with water. The dirty water has to be placed in a hole in the ant-heap. When this is done, the hole has to be filled in with earth. It is thought that the ants cement up the hole, and thus prevent the sickness from escaping. But the child must help in the process. On no account must the child look back as it is being carried home. The little patient has its eyes smeared over thickly with grease or with lard, so that it may not be able to look back.

When mealies are ripe, the children are sent into the fields to help in stripping the white glistering cover from the cob.

The cobs and the white coverings have to be gathered into a heap and burnt. When the flames are mounting high into the air, the children are told to run away home, and to take great care not to look backwards. Should the children have eaten any of the new mealies while helping in the reaping process, the grain would swell in their stomachs unless they made the fire as described above, and ran away without looking back. Any child that looked back by accident would find the mealies swelling in a very painful fashion.*

There are probably many factors in the problem, but it seems clear that the Kafirs think that evil spirits or evil influences can see a person best when the person could see the spirit (if it became visible to human eyes). The consciousness of the person has much to do with the process. The fear is personified, objectified, and rendered concrete through the person's consciousness. A Kafir would dimly think thus: "If I cannot see the place where the spirit is, then the spirit cannot see me; if I cannot see the object to which the sickness has been transferred, then the sickness cannot see me; if I cannot see the ant-bear, the probability is that the ant-bear cannot see me very well; if the tendency of the mealie to swell is burnt in the fire while I cannot see it, then the tendency of mealies to swell cannot see me and take hold of me. If I look back at such critical moments I am at a disadvantage, for the evil can pursue and overtake me." The calamity taking place in Sodom and Gomorrah could only follow and overtake the person who looked back and saw it—at least that is the sort of thing people in a primitive state of culture might think.

* *See also* Appendix B.

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